December 25c

Scribner's

MA NE

PORTRAIT OF AN OPERA SINGER ★ PAGE 4

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responsibility

Photographs, the great realists, can distort the truth by a wanton emphasis on the evil, the cruel, the sensational of life.

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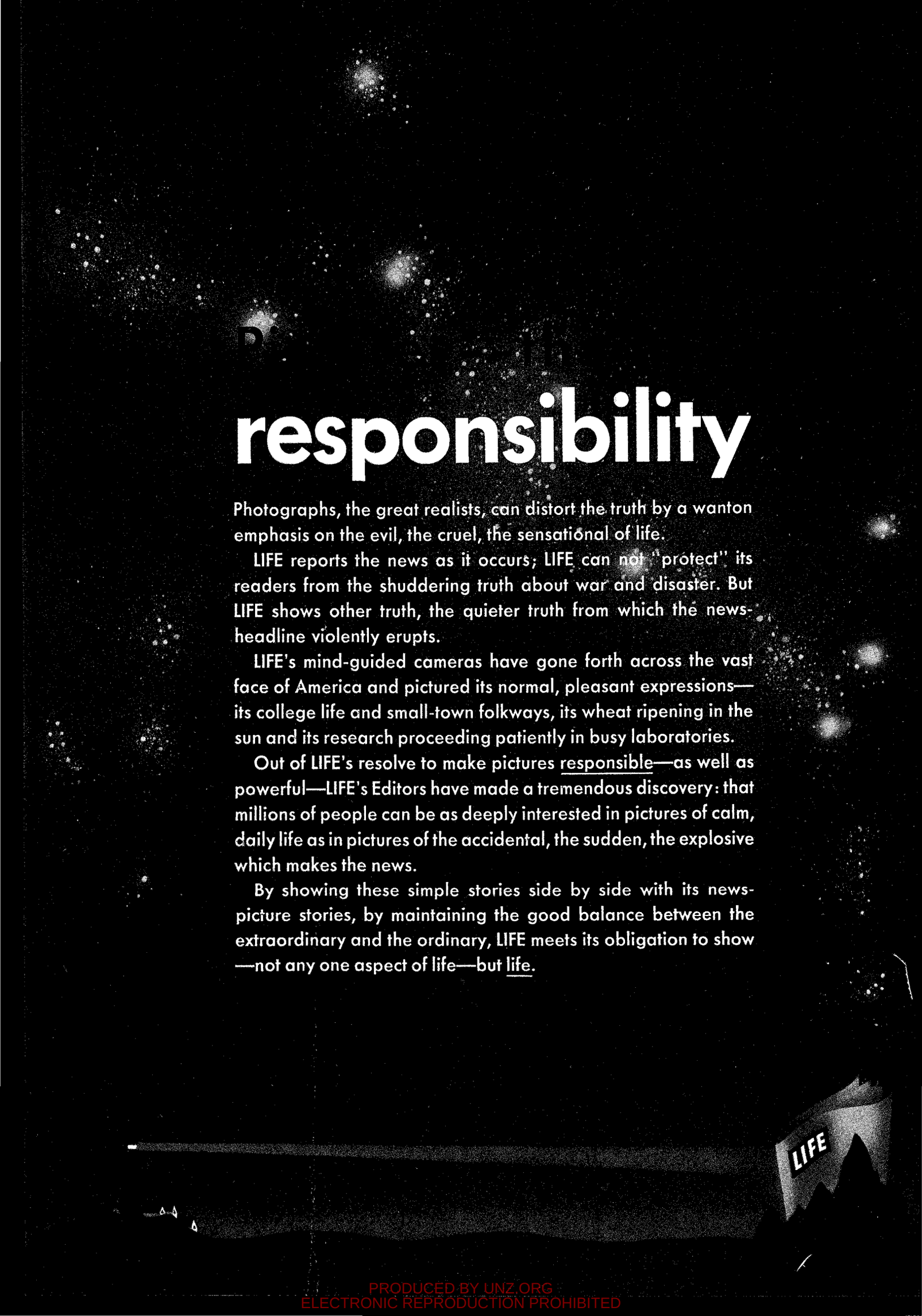

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Scribner's

Volume CII, Number 6 MAGAZINE December, 1937

Page		by
	FICTION	
14	SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS: De Wind an' de Tide	GENEVIEVE CHANDLER
33	Emma and Frank	WILLIAM M. JOHN
37	The Gift	JOHN LANG
	ARTICLES	
9	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Miller McClintock	THOMAS SUGRUE
19	I'm Not the Budget Type	WILL CUPPY
26	What Is Evidence?	EDMUND PEARSON
	LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES	
39	Contest Winners	
40	Honorable Escape	GABRO KARABIN
42	Coming Out Party	VIRGINIA BLACK
45	Susie	TENNIS E. LYONS
	THE PEOPLE AND THE ARTS	
51	Motion Pictures	GILBERT SELDES
53	Theater	GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
57	Books for Christmas	MARGARET CHENEY DAWSON
60	Christmas in Children's Books	JOSEPHINE DODGE KIMBALL
67	Book Notes	KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
72	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
	TRAVEL	
82	Sports Along the Pirate Trail	CHARLES B. PARMER
89	Bon Voyage	K. K.
	FEATURES	
4	Straws in the Wind	
18	The Perverse Poet. *Verse*	SARA HENDERSON HAY
22	SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS: Christmas Cards, 1937	
32	American Painters Series — No. 10, Flood	JON CORBINO
47	don herold examines:	DON HEROLD
77	The Scribner Quiz	IRVING D. TRESSLER
92	Wines, Spirits, and Good Living	G. SELMER FOUGNER
96	For the Home	KATHERINE KENT

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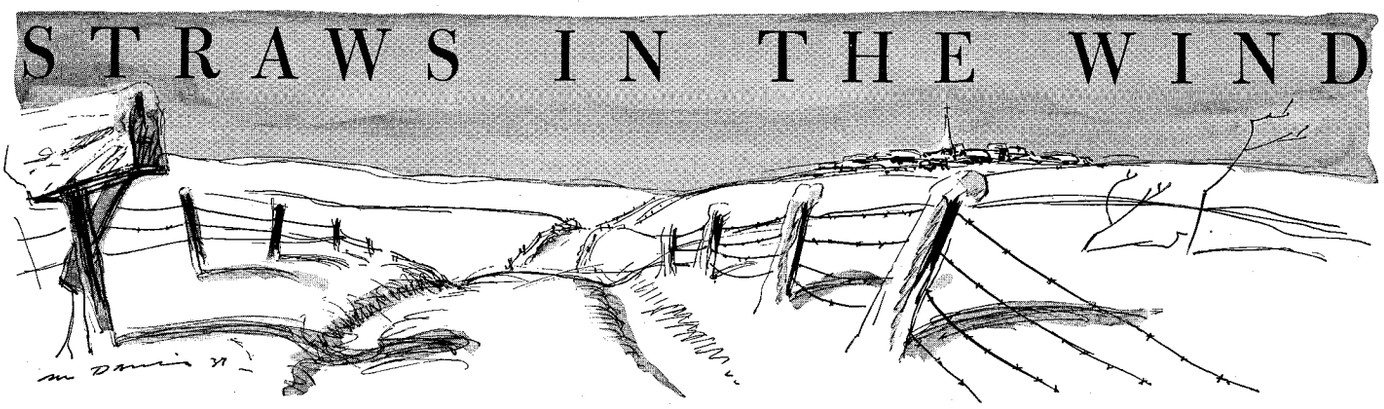
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Portrait of an Opera Singer

(See Cover)

Five years ago when Lucielle Browning came to New York from North Carolina to study operatic singing, there was only one real difficulty: Italian arias didn't mix well with her Southern accent.

Now her drawl has disappeared, and she is moving steadily forward in her career as a singer. Already she has achieved a real place in her profession —she is singing her second season with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

When she was attending high school in Durham, North Carolina, thoughts of the Met never entered Miss Browning's red head. She was worrying over mathematics then, because she wanted to get a job in a bank. She had studied piano, but just for fun. Perhaps, too, it was just for fun that she joined the high-school choral club. After the director of the club—W. P. Twaddell—had heard her sing several times, he asked her if she had ever thought of singing as a career. When she answered, no, he suggested that she begin thinking about it. She did.

Under Mr. Twaddell's coaching, she won a state-wide competition sponsored by the North Carolina Federation of Music. In fact, she won the contest three consecutive years, and, after studying at Duke University for a year, she won a more practical honor—a scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music in New York City.

At Juilliard she studied under Marcella Sembrich and, for the first time in her life, began to have some confidence in her ability as a singer. After two years at Juilliard, Miss Browning was offered a place with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. Her work there helped her gain a place with the Metropolitan Opera, where she is now singing her second season. Last year she gave forty-eight performances.

Of all the rôles she has sung, she likes the part of *Siebel* in Faust best, and it is the costume of *Siebel* she is wearing on the front of SCRIBNER'S this month—the seventh in our series of covers presenting younger people who are pursuing successful careers. One of the reasons she likes this rôle is that it allows her to dress up prettily. Most contralto parts, she says, require portrayals of old hags or homely wenches.

Miss Browning sings in French, Italian, English, German, and some Spanish. All trace of Southern accent is gone, but her Southern graciousness and charm remain intact. She is not at all like the conventional conception of an opera singer—she has no exaggerated temperament, is pleasantly slender, and never eats garlic. She likes modern American music and has sung on the radio programs of Paul Whiteman and André Kostelanetz. She can't sing swing, but would like to. Her manner, her outlook, and her training are all completely American.

Her daily routine is far from leisurely. She gets up at 7:30 in the morning, spends several hours at the Juilliard School, where she is taking her fifth year of work, takes lessons on the side in dancing and languages, plays tennis and golf, reads a bit, cooks, and keeps house.

She is married to Robert Somers, an accountant, and lives in an apartment on West 106th Street, where she spends her off-hours practicing. So far, there have been no complaints from the neighbors.

Gloria and William-Thomas

The other day SCRIBNER'S was paid a visit by Miss Gloria Ryan, aged six. Gloria, you may remember, is the Child on a Barge, whose portrait was reproduced on the cover of the magazine last March. With her mother, Gloria dropped in to tell us what has happened to her. The Ryans have moved from the tiny quarters on the barge *Ansonia* and are now living in a seven-room house in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Gloria, who entered the first grade in September, likes the new home fine, for it is only two blocks from school.

As soon as the March SCRIBNER'S went on sale, Gloria began to receive letters and presents from all over the country. She got a music box, a book about Peter Pan, and many other things, but most important of all was a big Shirley Temple doll. She was still telling us about this doll as Mrs. Ryan led her off toward the Weehawken ferry.

After Gloria's visit, we began wondering about the boy who was presented on one of our covers, so an editor walked over to Second Avenue to see William-Thomas Gilpin, the young man who was pictured sleeping so soundly on last December's SCRIBNER'S. Tommy wasn't in, but Mrs. Gilpin and Eugene, aged eleven months, were very cordial. Tommy is now ten and in the fifth grade, where he is doing nicely in everything but spelling. A crisis in his career occurred three months ago when he decided to give up the idea of being a Texas Ranger and to train to be a prize fighter. He has already developed a neat left hook. Tommy took a modest pride in his portrait on SCRIBNER'S. When his mother vetoed his plan of carrying the magazine down to the Kip's Bay Boy's Club to show it to the gang, he overcame the difficulty by staging a private showing in the living room for a select group of pals.

The portraits of Gloria and William-Thomas have received critical as well as popular approval. Both of Mr. Waxman's fine pictures will be exhibited as examples of the best work of this kind being done, in the traveling photographic salon of *U. S. Camera*. SCRIBNER readers in several cities should have the opportunity of seeing the original color photographs from which the covers were made.

Life in the U. S. Contest

The *Contest* is over. The 8823 manuscripts have been read, reread, laughed and cried over. The ones that were kept till the end came to be like old friends. We had special, familiar names for

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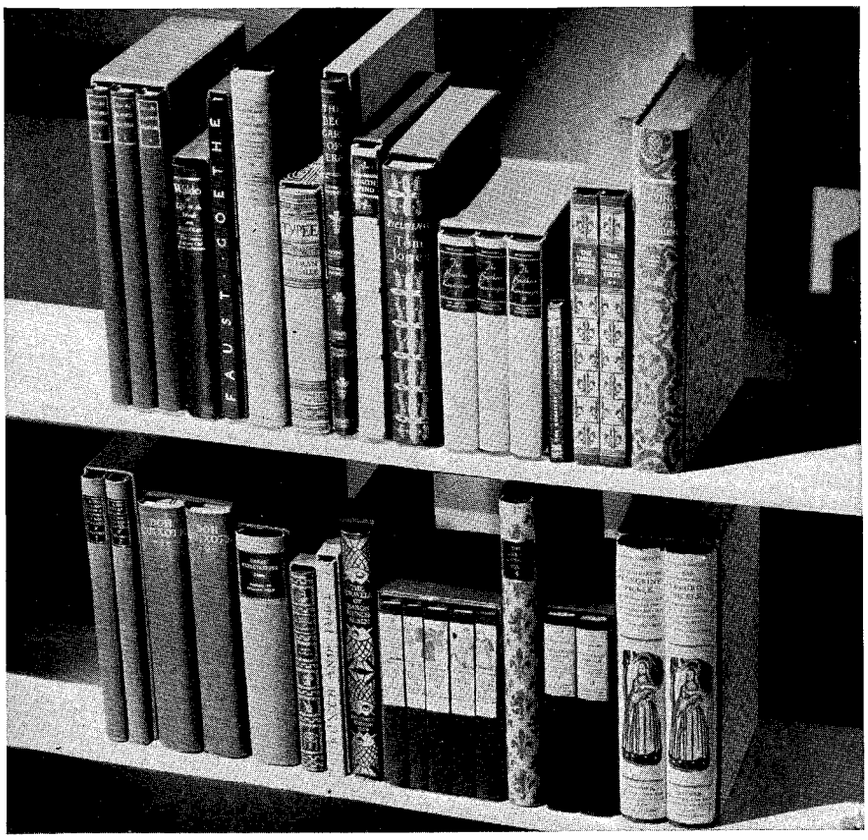

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them, we quoted them over the lunch table, and we argued over personal favorites. And when in the end we couldn't keep them all, sending some of them back was a little, we imagine, like sending beloved children to an orphanage.

It is unquestionably true that many we had to send back are stories that, under ordinary circumstances, we should have been glad to publish. Yet there is no question of the superior quality of those thirty-seven manuscripts which in the end won the prizes. They are tops.

The eight thousand came from all over the country and outside it. From all the forty-eight states, the District of Columbia, Alaska, the Canal Zone, Hawaii, Canada, and the Philippines. From England, France, Bulgaria, Russia, Italy, Germany, Costa Rica, Newfoundland. Our farthest east was India. New York State led with a total of 990 manuscripts; California was second with 806.

By far the greatest number—many hundreds—came from schoolteachers, and though three won prizes, we regret to say that not all of the teachers' manuscripts were good, or even readable. Toward the very end, almost the last day of reading, when hundreds of school stories had been disposed of, we came across four more, all in a heap. With the third was this gentle little note. "I know that no contest such as yours could be complete without an article from a schoolteacher. Here it is."

No one knows how we welcomed such breaks in the regular reading routine, some funny, some pathetic, all human. Yet it gave us the rather terrified and responsible feeling of playing confidant to a nation. They explained their hopes, aims, and ambitions, trustfully.

A lady from West Virginia wrote: "Enclosed you will find a manuscript. A sketch of a mother and children, which, one knows, fills most of the homes in the United States."

A gentleman from South Dakota prefaced his manuscript with a bold note to the Editors. "In submitting this manuscript to SCRIBNER'S contest, I say that it is the best social short story ever written. Based on fact, it contains a master plot. Please *read* it. Do not *scan* it. [The italics are his.] Should it prove not available for your contest, try it for your other pages." His piece was entitled *How to be Saved,* but it wasn't.

And one little lady from Virginia wrote us in earnest confusion: "I am herewith mailing (insured) my manuscript 'Life in the United States.' My love for Virginia gives me the urge to write. If, by any chance, it appeals to you, and there are parts you wish to omit, you have my permission. I fear I have been too reminiscent. I almost cannot help it. From the fifth generation back, my mind is full of anecdotes and facts, passed down from the Revolution, and the other wars since. I belong to a long-lived race where generations over lapped."

So we have laughed, but it hasn't been scornful laughter.

We have been enormously impressed with the number of good industrial stories which we received. It seems to us that there is something significant in the fact that for the first time, so far as we know, a whole new group of people is becoming articulate about how it feels and thinks and acts. A large percentage of our prize winners deal either directly or indirectly with the industrial picture, and we had to send back many more that nearly made the grade. The picture is not always pretty, but it is vital and real, and these people have something to say.

That is our major boast. In our "Life in the United States" department we have a place in which people from all over the country can tell, simply and directly, what has happened and is happening to them. We are eager to hear their voices. We have been berated, capably, during the contest, by professional writers whose manuscripts have been returned to them. And though they may not understand, it is a simple matter, from our point of view, to explain that in this department it is the validity of the personal experience, the genuine pull of the human story, that makes a piece eminently fitted for publication. Professional, self-conscious writing, or a fictionalized style often actually detract from the impact of a "Life in the United States" manuscript. That is why there are so few known names among the prize winners. We are interested primarily in the personal stories of the little-known but very important people who are living in this country today. The telling must be adequate, but it is secondary to the feeling. And many times the telling is far more than "adequate."

In this issue we present Gabro Karabin, first-prize winner, Virginia Black, fifth-prize winner, and Tennis E. Lyons, one of the twenty-five winners of $100.

All the work that all of us put into the contest fades into the background, we feel, before the discovery of a story such as GABRO KARABIN'S. To be the first to see the work of a man who, in our judgment, has the qualities of a great artist, is worth slaving many days for.

He was born in 1912 in a small, mainly Slavish mining community outside of

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Pittsburgh. His father was a Croat from Ljubljana and his mother a Croat-Magyar from south of Novi Sad in Dunavska. His father, a miner for many years, went into the mills during the War, and the family moved to a mill suburb of Pittsburgh. The rest of his factual story he tells fairly completely in "Honorable Escape."

A few things the story does not tell: When his brother was killed in the mills, as his father had been eight years before, his mother "returned to Ljubljana and a few peaceful earth-hugging years in my father's sister's home. A Slavish friend of mine, who saw her in Yugoslavia this summer, says the land is rocky and sterile and the country unbelievably poor. Yet in her letters to me, she says she wants no more of America."

When we wrote him, he answered:

"It seems odd that there should be any curiosity about my life. Around Pittsburgh a Croat is commonplace and at no time distinctive. As people think of us, we are cultureless, creedless, and colorless in life, though in reality we possess a positive and almost excessive amount of those qualities. Among ourselves, it is known that we keep our culture to ourselves because of the heterogeneous and unwholesome grain of that about us. I myself can see where this is not healthful for us as a people—where we are growing corrosive, surly, and unapproachable because we are unwilling to loosen our close circle of living. People do not know the best of us because our older folk are afraid of being exploited according to sham standards of quaintness. Consequently, we are, in the light of general impression, just another type of laboring foreigner . . . fit only for industrial fuel. I have moved slowly out of the conventional Croatian pattern without alienating myself. I wanted it that way. I have known, ever since I have been aware of my racial 'taint,' that I would be happier out of the mills. This way, I feel in possession of a perspective. Perhaps I stand a better chance of making Croats and Slavish art and literature and customs more than mere mill energy."

Virginia Black, who writes "Coming Out Party," has published stories before, one in Scribner's. She lives with her husband and two sons on a ranch in California, and her varied experience has included turkey raising, mural painting for an undertaker's chapel, and the kind of thing she writes about here.

Miss Tennis Lyons has been for many years a rural schoolteacher in Reno County, Kansas. She graduated last year from the University of Kansas.

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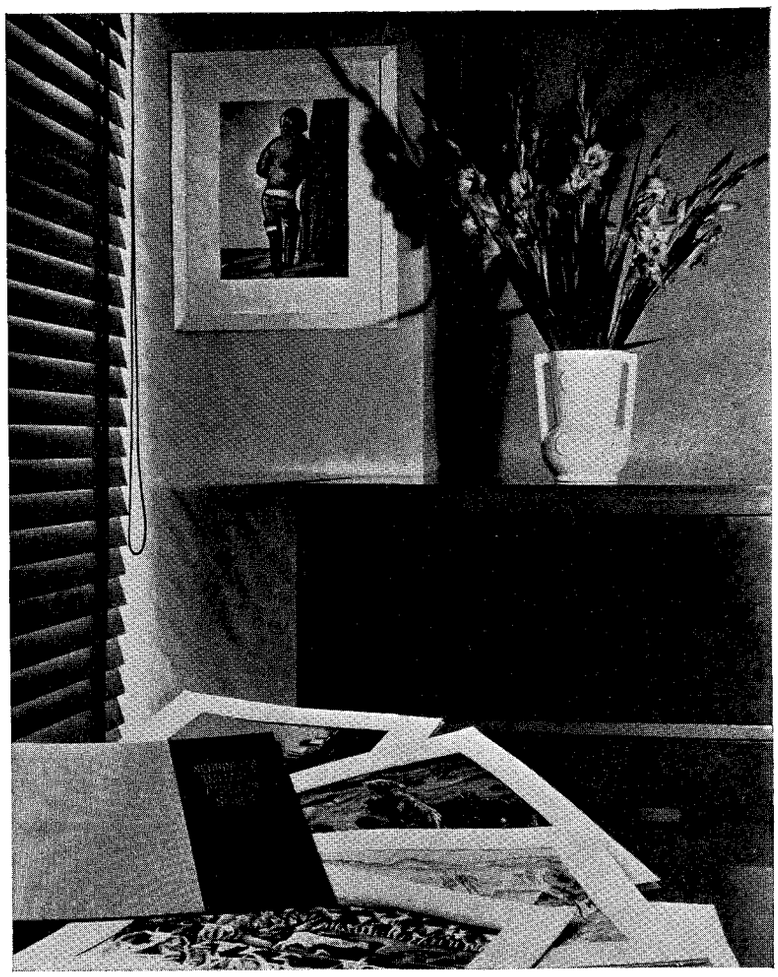

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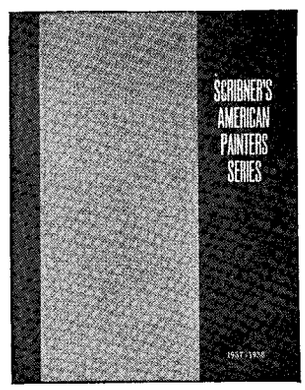

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Scribner's MAGAZINE

Volume CII, Number 6 December, 1937

Miller McClintock

BY THOMAS SUGRUE

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the man who has made traffic a career . . . whose concern is for the safety of millions of motorists . . . his methods, aims, plans for the future*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was the most forward-looking Englishman of his time. He recognized as his country's most serious problem a friction of language that was impeding and choking the wild weed of a vigorous native literature. The people of England spoke a language that was English, but their songs and stories and didactics were indited in French or Latin. So Chaucer wrote his poems in English, to illustrate to his friends at court that their popular language was neither dull nor shoddy as a vehicle for the written word, and far better than French or Latin as a carrier of wit, satire, and simple humor.

Contemporary poets in other countries, of course, thought very well of Chaucer, and eventually he came to have quite a reputation at home. Whether he thought he was any good in a permanent sense is hard to tell, but he certainly had no idea that literary folk through the ages would study his works and, paradoxically, labor to learn the language in which he wrote. That permanence came from his own genius, something that went along unseen with the original purpose of emancipating a language. And yet if he had not been possessed of a cause, if he had not written in English, but in French or Latin, students would not today be struggling to master his grammar and enjoying the rich humanity of *The Canterbury Tales.*

Nor would a young English instructor at Stanford University have been making exactly these same remarks to a class in Chaucer in the spring of 1920, in Palo Alto, California, justly proud as he did so that his master's thesis, *The Classical and Medieval Origins of the Character of Diomedes as He Appears in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida,"* was completed and accepted. The young instructor had every right to be happy, being twenty-six, married, securely established in the teaching profession, a lay preacher in the Episcopal Church of California on Sundays, and headed with immunity toward a baby and a Ph.D. But he wasn't happy.

Every day when classes were over he got into his automobile and drove home at a pace which, if kept up for the distance between London and Canterbury, would have given Chaucer's pilgrims hardly time to get acquainted and pass the time of day. The young instructor pondered this, for he recalled that Chaucer was a forward-looking man, concerned not with digging into scholastic dust heaps but with breaking new roads through virgin fields.

One day the young instructor went home, slammed his books on the table, and said to his wife, "I'm fed up. This isn't living; it's dying. I thought I would be happy shaping the lives of young men, but I'm not doing much shaping, and even if I were, I wouldn't be happy at it. I want to get into something that has to do with modern problems—real ones."

"What would you like to do?" his wife calmly inquired. She had seen him give up a newspaper job two years before, and come to Stanford as a result.

"Let's go East. I'd like to study under Professor Munro, the head of the Department of Government at Harvard. Municipal government—there's a field that's alive!"

"All right," said Mrs. McClintock. "When do we start?"

"Right away."

They sold their household furnishings, their automobile, and with $600 capital were off to Boston. Three years later the young instructor's Ph.D. thesis was completed. It was called *Street Traffic Control,* and so important had this question become while it was being compiled that the thesis was published as a book, and the young instructor found himself not only in the middle of a real problem of

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daily life, but astride it. He had to stay in the saddle, too, there being nobody to take his place, and he ended up in a few years as director of the Bureau for Street Traffic Research at Harvard, director of the Traffic Audit Bureau, and the founder and foremost member of a new engineering profession whose job it is to make over the highways, the byways, the trade marts, and the social habits of America, and fit them into our greatest national problem—the free and unrestrained movement of motorcars.

He became the man whose job it is to stop the savage massacre and mutilation by automobile on our highways —36,000 dead, 100,000 permanently crippled, 1,000,000 injured every year. Yet he remained, and still remains, practically unknown to the public. Even well-informed people have never heard of him.

II

Miller McClintock has excellent pioneering credentials. His ancestors left Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Wisconsin for new homes farther west. Miller was born at Cedar Rapids, Nebraska, on June 13, 1894, his parents being George Henry and Elizabeth Miller McClintock. George Henry was a druggist, and with such a quiet business it was to be expected that the family would remain where it was for a while. But about the time Miller showed his first interest in automobiles, when he was four, his father began again to think of moving.

The automobile which fascinated Miller was a one-cylinder Oldsmobile, and when he was left in it one day while his mother went to do some shopping, he ran off with it. The motor was running, so he pulled the lever, and trundled off. A gutter stopped the runaways without harm. A few years later the family of three, after a final decision by the father, moved to Omaha. It was a mistake. At the turn of the century Omaha was a bleak, dirty, soft-coal railroad town. Miller found himself refused admission to all of the street gangs and therefore a prey for any of them. After a year of fighting his way home from school every day, he gratefully discovered that his parents didn't like the town any better than he did. They picked up and went off again.

On a bleak day in 1903 they disentrained at a tank station west of Needles, Nevada, and took a stagecoach back into the mountains to a mining camp called Searchlight. There were eleven buildings in the town, nine of them saloons. The McClintocks had the only private residence, and Miller was the only white child in the school for Indian boys and girls. The lack of other white children was due to a dearth of marriages. Except for the McClintocks, the town was divided into men and prostitutes. The town prostitutes were very fond of the nine-year-old, and would stop in the street to pat his red head and heave long sighs.

Miller did very well in school at Searchlight, going through the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades in two years. Meanwhile, his father, who had abandoned pharmacy, was also doing well. The town grew rapidly, and the canny McClintock soon owned all the lumber yards, all the banks, and every other utility that was needed to service the mines. One of the family properties was a buckboard express company, which was chiefly used to transport dynamite to the mining camps. Miller's favorite sport after school was riding on these springless, TNT-laden wagons. Whenever they went north he would ask to be let off at a spot along the way, where another one-cylinder Oldsmobile, broken and abandoned, sat proudly by itself. There, in a glory all his own, the boy would sit, playing at taking his mother for drives in the country until the buckboard returned and picked him up on the way home.

Searchlight's growth was phenomenal, and Mr. McClintock prospered. With an associate he bought a large copper-mining property and moved to Los Angeles to set up a company and sell stock. He never sold a share. The panic of 1907 ended his enterprises and Searchlight's growth. To make matters worse there was a run on one of the Searchlight banks, and Mr. McClintock had to go up to the camp with $30,000 in cash to save the day. He saved it, at complete ruin to himself.

Now the family lived quietly in Long Beach, and Miller went to school. He was examined to discover his fit position in the grade system, and was finally assigned to 4th grade, where he had been when he left Omaha. His only gain in Searchlight was an ability to speak Indian. His father died when Miller was a sophomore in high school. By that time the son had decided on a career in art. He had read John Locke's *Beloved Vagabond,* and although he later could not recall why, it inspired him for a time to express himself in life as an artist.

College life at Leland Stanford disappointed him. He found no deep and serious students ready to sit around evenings and discuss life, love, and literature. The boys spent their time listening to gramophones and talking about football. Apparently they didn't think much of Miller, either, because they didn't invite him to become a brother in any of the fraternities. Lonely, and very much in love with a Long Beach girl named Hazel Barton, he married her at the end of his junior year and brought her to Palo Alto.

It was a rash thing to do. He was editor of the university magazine and was the school's best debater, but there wasn't much money in these occupations. He took a job as a chauffeur to the mother of a well-to-do professor, and then was offered the Willys-Overland agency by a local banker who found himself saddled with it when he took over a garage. Miller still likes automobiles, and he made a persuasive salesman, rolling off the fine points of his cars with the love of a chef reciting his menu. As a result he averaged, between his editing and his salesmanship, $180 a month during his senior year.

After graduation in 1918, he went immediately to San Francisco, to begin his literary career as a reporter on the *Bulletin* under Fremont Older, then the inspiration of all young journalists on the West Coast. One of the copy readers was Maxwell Anderson. After six weeks, the staff was informed that Older was going to the *Call* to work

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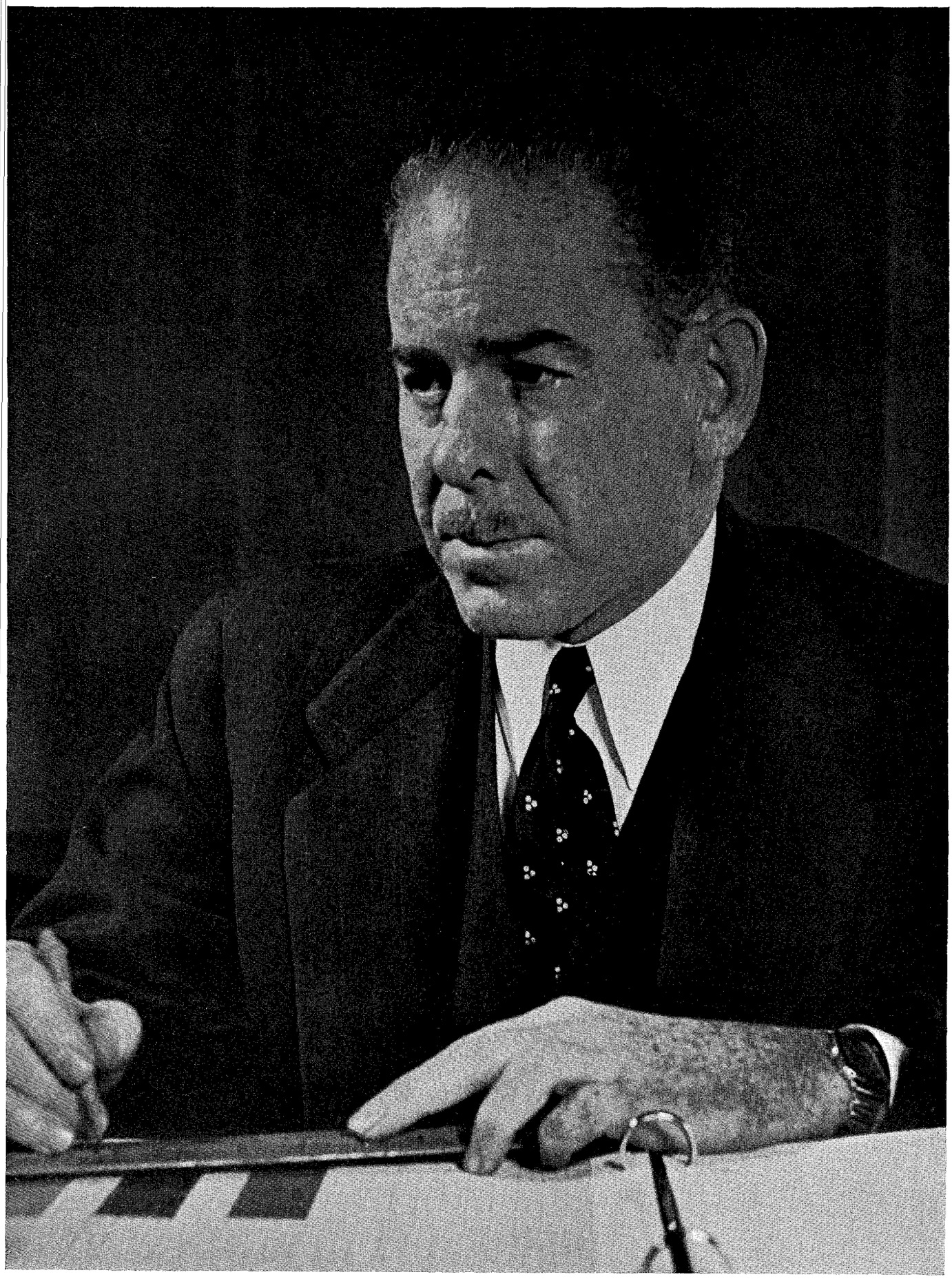

ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Miller McClintock, whose job it is to make motoring safer

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for William Randolph Hearst. When he left, he took most of his men with him. Anderson remained, writing editorials. Young McClintock, bitterly disappointed in Older, also stayed, and by reason of this loyalty found himself a veteran of the staff after six weeks' work. The new managing editor, Lem Parton, now of the North American Newspaper Alliance, gave him his pick of jobs. He chose to cover the civil branch of the Superior Court. Wandering down Kearney Street one day, he bought a second-hand book for twenty-five cents, to read on the streetcar. It was Zola's *Débâcle*. He finished it some time the next morning, and at breakfast informed his wife that he was intellectually starving, that he was in a blind alley, and that he was going to accept the offer he had received from Stanford of a job teaching English and coaching debating. The job would pay $1200 a year. He was getting $1800 on the *Bulletin*.

When he told his boss about it, Parton jumped his pay to $2400. Miller said it wasn't a matter of money.

"Of all the goddam fools I've ever known you're it!" said Parton. "You can't live on $1200 a year. You'll have to cover Stanford and Palo Alto and the vicinity for us to get that other $1200. Now get out!"

In the late fall of 1918, just in time for the second semester, Mr. and Mrs. McClintock returned to Palo Alto, having bounced themselves into a $50-a-week income less than six months after graduation. From then until the spring of 1920 everything was fine, except for the time Miller, who because of his debating ability and his ideals was an excellent lay preacher, found himself tempted to enter the church by an appeal from the bishop himself. He resisted the temptation, feeling no call to the ministry.

III

The first thing McClintock had to do, once he had decided to give up teaching and go east to study government, was to get a job. In Boston, the obvious spot was Boston University, which had an extension business school that carried public-speaking courses. But the last one of these had just been assigned. The only course left was in Financial Publicity. "I'll take it," said Miller. "I don't know finance and I don't know publicity, but no one knows anything about the subject. The students and I will find it out together." The dean was so flabbergasted by this frankness that he agreed, and Miller taught the course for two years. He also instructed, during the next three years, at Harvard, Radcliffe, and Tufts, teaching sixteen hours a week, carrying full graduate work at Harvard, correcting from 250 to 300 quiz papers every week, and reading, on an average, a book a day. Everything that has happened to him since has been a vacation.

He chose traffic control as his thesis subject to fit his ideals of usefulness. He found that scholars in general looked down upon such a plebeian task. They did not approve in the summer of 1923 when certain research fellowship committees at Harvard traded a Japanese politician and a Chinese historian to give McClintock a chance to study traffic conditions in major American cities. The vulgar work of streets, thought the scholars, was getting pretty uppity.

On this tour the student stopped at Los Angeles. Leaving the city's traffic department, he inquired the way to the city engineer's office. On his way out of the engineer's office he met a man who had traced him. The Los Angeles Traffic Commission was having a meeting, and would he come over and make a speech? For an old debater there was but one answer. He went, spoke, and met Paul Hoffman, president of the Commission and distributor for Studebaker in Southern California.

By that time there was the threat of a real traffic problem in the country. Registration had increased alarmingly. More than a million more pleasure cars were manufactured in 1923 than in 1922. The roads were being clogged and tied up.

In June of 1924 McClintock received his doctorate, and was offered two jobs, one as a teacher in the University of California at Los Angeles, the other as consultant for the Los Angeles Traffic Bureau. He accepted both, combining the jobs. At the end of a year he knew what he was in for. The traffic situation in the country was almost hopeless. Tie-ups of fifteen and twenty minutes' duration were common. Policemen on corners were helpless, and manufacturers, pouring more cars onto the highways, were worried. Never before, and not since then, has there been such a bad situation on American roads. Up until that time the automobile had grown normally, making way for itself with a road here and a road there. Suddenly there was volume. The roads were choked. There was no place for the increasing number of cars to go. Something had to be done, something such as Dr. McClintock suggested in his new book, just out, *Street Traffic Control*.

It was a sound approach to the problem, and traffic commissions sprang up over the country to put its ideas into effect. The solution seemed to lie in two directions, (1) better regulation of traffic over existing streets, as with signal systems, one-way streets, limited parking, loading zones, and (2) the widening, straightening, and connecting of major traffic arteries. Dr. McClintock pointed out that the problem of transportation was a problem of business, and that automobile traffic had become the index to all social and economic life in the country. Therefore businessmen were needed on traffic commissions, and they joined them. With their co-operation during the next five years, Dr. McClintock and those who became associated with him carried on a broad program of research in such cities as Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, Providence, Washington, and in the state of Massachusetts.

Meanwhile the Bureau for Street Traffic Research had been founded. After a year in Los Angeles McClintock received a request from Paul Hoffman, who had become vice-president of Studebaker. He wired for McClintock to come to South Bend. In conference there he said, "You have demonstrated that your principles can bring relief.

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The solution is the ultimate question of the future of the automobile. Tell me just what I can do to help you." "Make it possible for me to set up a traffic research bureau to train young men," McClintock replied. So the Bureau for Street Traffic Research was set up. It lived for a year at U. C. L. A., and then was taken to Harvard by its director.

Hoffman's remark—that McClintock had demonstrated principles of relief but no solution—was true. Even today there is not as much congestion as there was in 1925 and 1926. Light systems, one-way streets, loading zones, and restricted parking areas increased the safety and capacity of streets—but not by very much. Widening highways and connecting them helped some, but as cars became faster it was found that widening a road merely raised the accident toll. A lot of money was being spent, and the main achievement was a higher death rate. The toll of American dead and injured in the War began to look small beside the highway carnage, with its resultant economic loss exceeding a billion dollars a year.

Yet that first experimental period was necessary. It brought alleviation. It relieved bad congestion, giving the engineers time to sit down and think out the next move—a permanent system of traffic control.

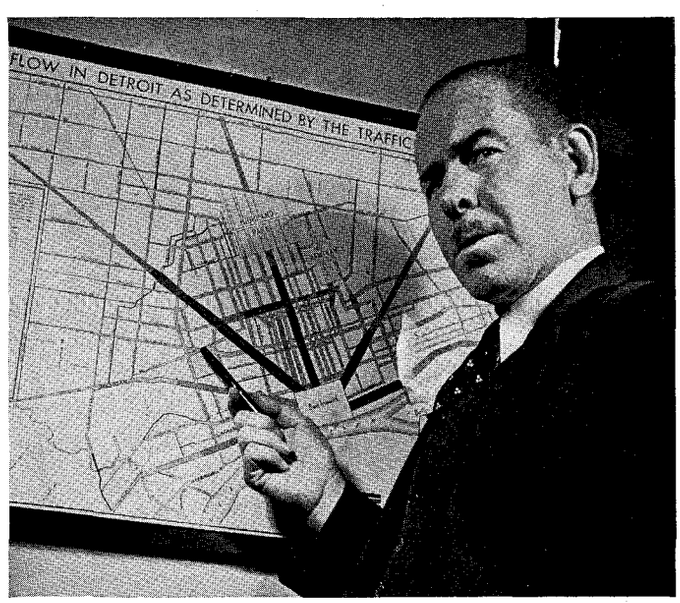
IV

GRADUALLY McClintock and his colleagues arrived at a scientific solution. Streets, they pointed out to themselves, are functionally the same today as they were in the most ancient times. They are harder, smoother, and wider, but nothing more. They provide a common intermingling of all forms of traffic, despite the fact that one form has achieved a norm of fifty to sixty miles an hour while the others have not. And this new juggernaut could not, as were the chariots of Rome, be ruled off the streets for running down people. It had to be dealt with positively. It had to be made safe for itself and for other forms of traffic.

Like Chaucer, McClintock and his men discovered that *friction* was the cause of the trouble. There were four forms of it in automobile traffic: Intersectional Friction, when one street crosses another; Marginal Friction, when there is impediment at the edges; Internal Stream Friction, when cars going in the same direction at varying speeds impede each other; Medial Friction, where two lines of opposing traffic are not separated, as in the average road, and cars can meet in head-on collisions.

Eliminate these dangers, the McClintock men said, and traffic will be all right. Build limited-way roads, sunk or elevated, with overhead passes for intersectional friction, a boundary abutment for marginal friction, speed lanes for internal-stream friction, and a separator of concrete, steel, or earth, for medial friction. In larger cities urban buildings should be erected in the form of a square, with ramps to the streets and garages and loading zones within the buildings. Raise all pedestrian traffic one story off the city streets, and let express, limited highways go through every area that is now congested. In brief, scrap the 3,000,000 miles of United States roads, costing $15,000,000,000, and do the whole thing over again, in the way we have seen depicted on the covers of popular science magazines for the past twenty years.

This is a dream not to be accomplished overnight, but it is no longer to be laughed at. Short stretches of highway approximating the limited way have been built—part of Chicago's Outer Drive, Henry Hudson Parkway in New York, Manhattan's recently opened West Side Elevated Highway. San Francisco has a McClintock traffic plan. So has Chicago, which has begun a financing plan for the first section of it. The new city hall of Los Angeles has an "internal garage." So have new buildings in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and such hotels as the Edgewater Beach in Chicago. The Pure Oil building in Chicago has a 20-story garage in its core. The automobile is here to stay; the next 100 years in this country will be automotive. By applying the new principles of traffic engineering, they can be made safe. Accidents can be virtually eliminated, and it won't cost any more than it now costs to keep our present system in repair, and to expand it in a useless attempt thus to solve the problem. That is like taking a purgative for a broken arm.



McClintock's presentations of his findings and his plans are logical, simple, forceful. He works with ordinary citizens, public officials, and trained engineers, and speaks a language whose terms are quickly understood by all of them

Cities and city life will inevitably change under this system. The pattern of land use will be altered; business population will be more concentrated, residence population will be more dispersed. Ease of individual travel will put everyone to work in the city, to sleep in the country. City architecture will be more functional. Buildings will combine within themselves all services required by their inhabitants and will throw out bridges in a system of high-level streets. There will be more sunlight available in our cities and fewer tenements.

(*continued on page* 99)

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DRAWINGS BY PAUL CHAPMAN

De Wind an' de Tide

GENEVIEVE CHANDLER

CHRISTMAS was comin'. Ain't hab nothin' for de chillun. Ole woman was a-wantin' some church shoe. She foots was pure naked. An I ain't hab one pipe of tobacco.

It was dampish an' rainin', with a nor'easter blowin', an' de rice field was full up with duck. Now de mind come to me that if I jest had a shot at a bunch of them duck, I could knock down enough for to fill up de chilluns' stockin' wid Christmas, an' put shoe on Cindy foots, an' hab my pipe full of tobacco.

It jest happen I hab de shells in my pouch, so I started out. I no more than shove my dugout from Hagley Landin' when I come in sight of a big mud flat where de rushes was thick wid blue-peter an' bull-neck ducks. Now you know blue-peter duck ain't fetch you but fifteen cent. Bull-neck fetches you thirty. I want to creep up on 'em. So I been cautious. De tide goin' right my way past dem sandbar. I lay in de bottom flat as I know how, an' give de boat over to de tide. When us get opposite dem sandbar I hab a good line on de duck, an' when I pull down on 'em I deposit with four—four of dem bull-neck. Lawd, I was happy. But when I looks at 'em I see dey ain't de right size for de white man I usually hab fetch my duck to. He allus like de big black duck. Mine was black but dey was too small. Howsomever, dey is all I got, so I grab my paddle an' catch de tide for town, all de time a-studyin' what to do. Fifteen miles I hab to paddle, but I got de wind an' de tide.

Now dis ain't been de right time for shootin' duck. Since all dem big mens come in an' buy up all us plantation, po' man an' nigger can't eat duck. De white folks hab somethin' dey calls a closed-up season, an' you don't know when you can eat duck an' when you can't. You got to be mighty careful. So when I hit de hill under by de town, an' ties up my dugout, I is a-totin' my duck under my jumper. Four duck—two brace, what would jest buy a little Christmas for dem chillun, an' gib Cindy her shoe, an' fill my pipe with tobacco. An' by dat time I sho' been ready to light up my pipe; it was so cold an' de wind a-blowin'.

Well, I brace myself against de wind an' take my course where I been think I could place dem duck in some buckra kitchen. On my way goin' down I meets up wid Tight Eye Swinton—his real name been John Henry, but us give that basket name to him. He work backwards an' forwards wid de Sheriff.

I say, "Tight Eye, I got four little duck here dis mornin', an' de folks ain't got up yit to de house where I usually place my duck, so de cook ain't take 'em. Where can I git rid of dese duck?"

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An' Tight Eye say, "See dat same house yonder?"

An' I say, "Yass."

An' Tight Eye say, "See dat tin roof? See dem red kinda shade to de window?"

An' I say, "Yass."

An' Tight Eye say, "So long!" He gone on, an' I stand dere lookin' back at him. He ain't never look back at me none 'tall.

Den I gone to de house like he direct me, an' rop on de porch.

When de serbant girl hab come with all she frill an' she white apron, I lift my cap an' say, "Miss, I hab two small brace of duck here. Thought maybe you'd take 'em from me for breakfast or dinner."

She say, "Where your duck?"

"Right here, Missus," an' I pull 'em out from under my blue jeans jumper.

"What kind is dey?" she say.

"Dey is bull-necks," I say.

"Where you git 'em?" she say. "What is dey worth?"

An' I answer her, "Now I ain't rightly know. Least I ain't able to tell you. All I know is dey is fine fat duck, an' fresh-killed. Now, if I could talk to de white Missus."

"Well, come round to de kitchen door, an' I'll go in de house an' find out about dem duck."

Den I gone through de flowers yard an' rop on de kitchen. De cook come an' I 'splain how she must take dese duck to de missus.

She say, "Missus in de house. You wait awhile." An' she gone in de house an' take de duck wid her.

De next one to come been de white missus, an' she ask, "What you want for dem duck?"

I jest begin to answer her dat I ain't rightly know, dat I is glad to get a little somethin' for dem, when in walk de white boss man! He in he night garment. He ain't take time for to dress. An' de thought come to me: dey hab ask a powerful lot of questions 'bout dem four duck!

But before I take action he snap at me, "What you name?"

"Who? Me?" I answer.

"Yes, you."

I jest couldn't 'member my own name, an' I say my name Sandy Dease.

"Sandy Dease? Where from?"

"Plantersville."

"Plantersville?"

"Yass, Cap'n." I try to git my cap in my pocket, an' he stand dere in he nightgown.

"You wait awhile," he say. An' he gone.

An' when dat man turn an' gone in de forwards part of de house, I turn an' gone out de back. An' I ain't tarry none at de gate. When I hit de sidewalk I start in to run. Think if I fast enough I can git away from all dem questions. But I look back an' I see dat man's boy hab he head poke out of de front door, jest a-starin'.

He holler, "Daddy! You wanta catch dis man? Dis man gone!"

'Bout four steps more an' I hear a big man's voice. He sound loud an' he sound close.

He say, "Don't you walk another damned step! I'll bust yo' head open!"

An' I think it best to rest my foots—dere is a forty-four a-pokin' in my back.

An' dat man keep on talkin', say, "I ain't after no foolishness."

An' he little boy come rushin' up. Ole man on one side, boy on de other. Both of 'em grab me holt.

I can't run, an' I say, "I ain't try for to run."

An' he say, "Shut up! You tell me you ain't try for to run. Ain't you know I de game ward man?"

"Lawd! No! Cap'n, a feller tell me to come an' sell you dem duck." An' I was partly weepin'. I was wet an' hungry an' cold. It was a long row to town—close on to fifteen mile—an' I had been gone since four in de mornin'. An' dere ain't been no coffee nor neither bread in de house. An' I row dem fifteen mile in de rain—but I hab de wind an' de tide, thank Gawd! It do seem like things ain't workin' right, an' I starts to sing a song I allus carries with me when trouble fall:

Let Jesus fix it for you, for you,
For he know jest what to do, to do!
Whensomever you pray,
Let him have his way!
'Cause Jesus will fix it for you!

An' I is so fret up I ain't rightly know where I is, when I hear a voice like an angel say, "Don't do de ole man like dat!" An' dere was two white ladies comin' along.

One of 'em say, "What he done?"

An' dat game ward man throw back at 'em, "You ain't know what he done!"

An' I asks help. I asks de good Lawd to please fix things for me dis day. All de time de white ladies stand dere an' beg.

"Don't make de ole man weep that-a-way!"

By dat time I was a-cryin' an' a-hollerin'. An' cryin' as I was, dat man took me in to de jail house—de big white jail house. I is sure Sheriff Bullintine ain't gwine want to git no message 'bout me so early in de mornin', but all de same de game ward man rop on de door, an' he call, "Got a man for you!"

An' Mr. Sheriff call down de stair, "You do?"

Scribner's Presents a New Author

Genevieve Chandler's first interest in the arts led her to study portrait painting, at the Art Students League in New York City and then for a year at art school abroad. During the World War she served as a Y. M. C. A. secretary, and was with the Rainbow and Fourth Divisions in Germany. In 1922 she returned home and married a Thirtieth Division sergeant. Since his death, a number of years later, she has been busy dividing her time between her five children and the one-teacher school over which she presides in Horry County, South Carolina. Sometime in the near future she expects to collect her short stories for publication in book form.

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I ain't look up. I been studyin' dat jail-house floor—an' it none too clean, but my ears is wide open, an' I hear Mr. Sheriff say, "Who yo' man?"

Game ward man say, "I ain't know exactly. Let me get him upstairs an' we'll know."

An' I whoop out again, louder than ever, I been hope dem white ladies'll hear.

Den us gone up dem dark jail-house stairs step. That sure been a sad place. Even smell lonesome. An' I think about dem chillun. An' I think about de Christmas. An' I can see Cindy cold naked foots. An' where my tobacco comin' from?

Us reached de top an' come to a light an' a fire. An' by dat fire sit Mr. Sheriff. Now I know de Sheriff an' de Sheriff know me.

An' when he see who I was he say, "Where your man? Dat you, Mike? Why if it ain't ole Mike Maybank! I is glad to git my hand on you! Come here."

An' den it was I see dat key. Dat been a long key. First jail-house key I ever see, an' I ain't feel no pleasure to make acquaintance wid it neither. Den de door creak, an' I feel I got to explain before I is shut up for good an' de Sheriff gone on.

So I bust out, "Dat feller, Tight Eye, sent me dere, Mr. Bullintine. I ain't know dat was de game ward man! You know me. You know I ain't want for to make no mistake like dat."

An' de Sheriff say, "Mike, you stay right dere till I come."

De door slam.

Dem ladies gone on an' tell all de white folks dat a ole man been in trouble, an' do, please, come an' see whether he killed someone or no.

Dat night Mr. Sheriff say, "'Liminary hearin' in de mornin', Mike."

An' dere I was. Cindy an' de chillun was at home round a big lighted fire. Plenty of firewood. Dat one thing don't cost us nothin' but hard work. I know dey wasn't hungry. Plenty of potato for roast. But where they papa been? I can hear de littlest boy, little Mike, a-cryin' for he daddy. An' I can hear Cindy tellin' him:

"Yo' papa can take care of hisself. Ain't nothin' big enough to harm yo' papa, chillun."

An' I think about how little Mike fears them river varmint. He was allus talkin' about de 'gater an' de snake an' things. An' Cindy know dem rice field been full of bogs. Den too, a woman is powerful funny sometimes. If a man don't turn up dey all time 'spicion somethin'. An' I reckon Cindy'll be sayin' to herself, "I'm feared Mike musta got in trouble."

An' if she think dat, dis been one time when she think what so.

At supper time dey send me up some bread. But it been hard. It so hard my tooth can't break 'em. An' I let 'em go back to de cook what bake 'em. Den de Sheriff send for me to come downstairs in de kitchen.

An' he say, "Mike, you didn't take no supper!"

An' I tell him 'bout dat bread, an' he say, "How 'bout some coffee?"

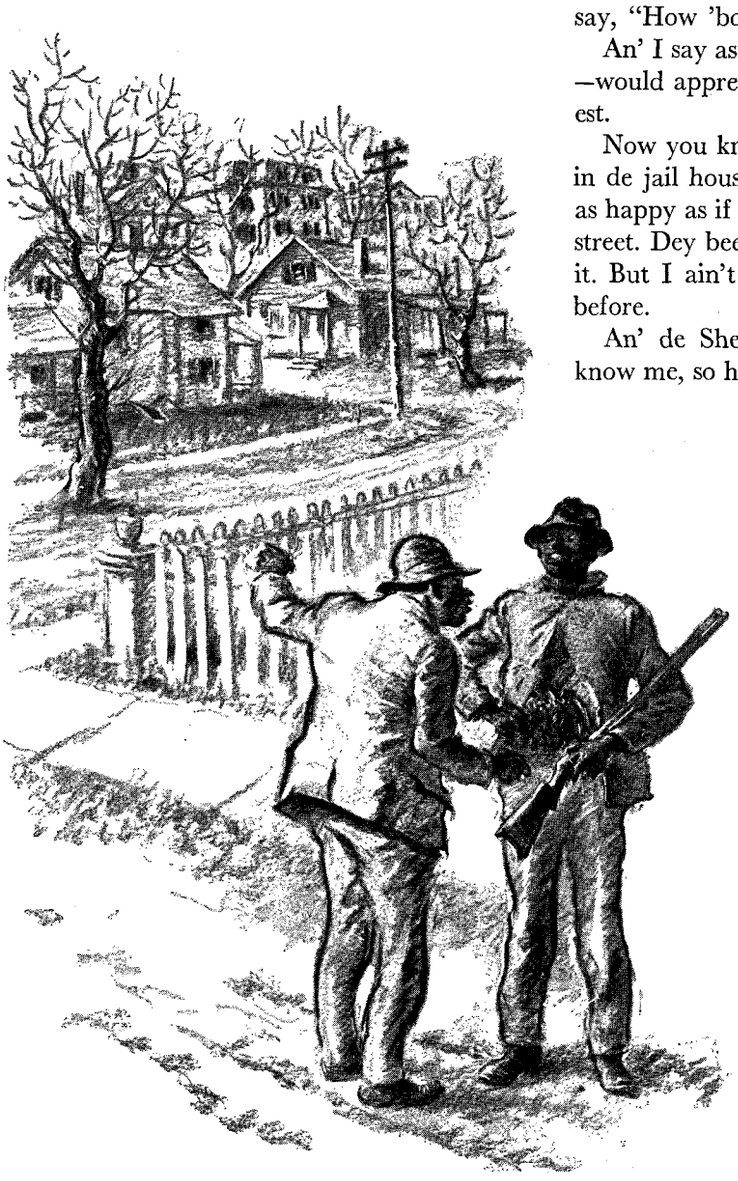
An' I say as how I'd be glad for coffee—would appreciate dat to de berry highest.

Now you know, dey is plenty of mens in de jail house. An' some of 'em is jest as happy as if dey was walkin' out on de street. Dey been dere too much. Used to it. But I ain't never seen de jail insides before.

An' de Sheriff, he know dis, an' he know me, so he say, "Mike, I gwine give you a good supper. Set right down in dat chair an' eat. Eat dose hot biscuit an' dem fowl. Clean up de whole rice an' de gravy. You eat 'em all before you leave dis kitchen."

An' I scared not to mind de Sheriff. So I took de plate in my hand an' pulls my chair close to de hearth an' git all de meat off dem fowl bone. An' when de plate clean an' all de gravy been mop up wid de Sheriff biscuit, I make a move for to take de plate to de table where de cook been washin' up. An' when he been hear me move, de Sheriff look round from he paper an' say, "Drink all?"

I say, "Yass, sir!"



Tight Eye say, "See dat same house yonder?"

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An' before I think I calls out, "Seven head, Missus! Seven head!"

He say, "How you feel now?"

"All right now, Cap'n," I say.

"Know what you eat?"

I say, "Nice diet like fowl. Musta been chicken, Sheriff."

"No, Mike," he say, "dem fowl wasn't chicken nor neither goose. Dem was duck. You been eatin' de fruit of yo' doin', Mike. An' now, I got to put you on de Gang."

"Lawd help! Sheriff, boss! My people ain't know where I is!"

"Dey'll know! Dey'll know soon enough when you been on de Gang."

*

When I gone back an' dat door been lock, I stay away from dat window. I too 'fraid somebody gwine see my face behind dem jail-house bars. An' too much sleep ain't come to me neither. I toss an' I toss. An' when I does go to sleep it ain't no time till de fowl crow.

After breakfast de Sheriff send up a dep'ty, an' he take me to de 'liminary hearin'.

When I gone in de Sheriff office, dere sit de lady typewriter before a big fire in de chimbly. I gone over an' squat wid my face to de fire an' my back to de people. While I was a-thawin' out, I hear mens comin' and gwine.

I hear one man say, "Dere's de man yonder."

An' other man say, "Turn yo' face round."

I turn.

"Dat ain't no Sandy Dease. Dat's Mike Maybank."

An' dere was my ole friend de Magister. I like Mister Higgins, and he like me.

So I tell him, "Mister Higgins, I was goin' to de big mill to hunt work. An' I happen on four little duck. I fetch 'em to Mr. Mercer, but he ain't up yit. An' de cook didn't know. So I try for to sell 'em, when I meet up wid a colored man I know, an' he say, 'Take 'em to de house I point you to.'

"An' I done jest dat, an' take 'em to de gentleman what fetched me here, to de jail house. I ain't mean no harm. I only try for to sell 'em so I could buy some victuals, an' maybe a little Christmas."

An' Mister Higgins tell me, "Mike, you convict on two crime—reportin' yo' name wrong an' sellin' duck. Boy, ain't you know you can't sell no duck now we have so much law in de land? An' you got a license, ain't you? No? Well, dat make three crime—you convict on three. Boy, dat look serious."

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Den de Magister turn an' talk low-like to de Sheriff. I jest can't help but hear what he say.

"Sheriff, before I left Bucksport, dat de last nigger I work. Dat man ain't give you no trouble."

Den he turn to me an' say, "My fine is twenty-five dollar or thirty days. Reckon he'll have to take you to de Gang, Mike. You got twenty-five dollar, ain't you?"

But I ain't have nothin'. So I stay in de jail. I does hate to go to dat Gang, but dey ain't nothin' else to do. When night come on, de Sheriff give a order for to have me ready for de Gang at four in de mornin', dat dey gwine make a start before day clean.

An' I lie in my bunk an' think. Nobody up dat time of day, so no chance of anybody seein' me goin' off wid de Gang. An' before I close my eye de fowl crow. By sun-up we is started an' been way down yonder about eighteen or twenty mile from a town next Carver's Bay. Dat mornin' I rode till I so tired I don't know whether I is sleepin' or wakin'.

Dat been Christmas week!

De head of de Gang arrange wid ole Mike. He tell me for to assist de cook. Cut de wood an' tote water, an' wash up de dirty dishes.

Two days gone by like two month. Christmas Eve come. An' here come de Magister ridin' up in he fine car, bringin' de fruit an' de Christmas to de mens on de Gang. All git dey portion except me. I ain't make no move till I hear Mister Higgins say, "One man ain't got he share. Where Mike?"

An' de boss tell him I must be in de kitchen, dat it look like he jest can't keep Mike out of de kitchen. An' when dey calls me, Mister Higgins say, "What you got to carry back to town, Mike?"

An' I say, "Nothin' but shoe, Cap'n! Nothin' but shoe!"

"Ready? Less us go!"

An' dat been three o'clock. At six we been sittin' in de Magister's kitchen. An' whiles I set by de stove a-watchin' de cook a-workin' over a fat turkey, an' a smellin' gingerbread in de oven, I hears Mister Higgins talkin' to he wife.

"Man ain't done nothin'," he say. "Hate to leave de boy away from he chillun an' it Christmas. Must give him one of my pipes of tobacco, an' a little Christmas."

An' he wife say, "I got two sack of orange. One enough for us, ain't it? An' dey is a extry little red wagon. Is Mike got any chillun?"

An' before I think I calls out so she can hear me, "Seven head, Missus! Seven head!"

Den she ask dey age, an' how many been gal chile. An' she ask can dey read book. I tell her how de oldest been in de fifth grade. An' while she is fixin' up some sack an' little stockin', de Cap'n come walkin' in de room. I well remembers dat. It was a warm sweet-smellin' place. Dere was boxes piled all up on de table an' tied wid ribbon. Dere was yaupon an' holly-berry stuck behind de picture an' de window curtain. An' de coffee pot hab de right smell. In come de Cap'n. An' before he quit wid me I sho' git a right decent scoldin'.

He tell me: "Mike, dese lyin' schemin' plan put you in trouble. Keep away from de duck business, an' watch yo' own color. Yo' color an' my color dig pit for you. Now, dem two little pair of duck ain't so valuable. I got 'thority from de law. My lawyer say you been a good nigger, an' I can relieve you now an' set you free."

An' he gone on an' tell me how lots more people in favor of relievin' me an' settin' me free.

Take me! I know how to give honor where honor belong. Good friend help. Good friend sho' help. But as de song say:

Don't take ever'body for yo' friend!
Don't take ever'body for yo' friend!
Dey will make you weep an' moan,
Dey will cause you to leave yo' home!
Don't take ever'body for yo' friend!

An' you know what de Magister done? He ain't stop till he put me down to my very boat. Den he stand dere an' watch while I pack all de Christmas in de bow.

Den he say, "Can I help, ole man? Glad de stars is shinin'. Moon'll rise soon. Ain't too cold. Paddlin' will warm you up. Merry Christmas, Mike!"

An' I too full. I bust out, "Thank Gawd for de white friend, Cap'n! Thank Gawd!"

An' when I take up my paddle, good Lawd, I find I hab de wind an' de tide!

The Perverse Poet

SARA HENDERSON HAY

Alas, how sad a thing —
Now that no heavenly anger sits
Troubling the waters of my wits,
I have no song to sing.

This stupefying wealth
Of happiness has struck me dumb.
Those sweetly jangled nerves are numb,
Which were my spirit's health.

No sharp, perceptive pain
Turns in my side. I am not glad
To be so well! I would I had
My old disease again!

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I'm Not the Budget Type

WILL CUPPY

It is amazing, the number of people who ask me why I don't live on a budget—as if I hadn't enough troubles already. I had no idea that budgets had taken such a hold on the country until people began shooting that question at me from all directions. Why didn't somebody tell me? It turns out that some of my best friends have been living on a budget for years, and heaven knows, they look it.

I've been going into the matter, and from what I hear, you would think I was the only budgetless human left on earth. The fact is, the Pinga-pingas of Central Melanesia do not budget, and there must be a lot of others.

Now a budget, as I understand it, is a plan for making both ends meet, or almost meet, which is certainly all you could expect of any plan. If it ever succeeds, or if it ever comes anywhere near succeeding, it might be just what I'm after. Anyway, it's an idea. So I may have a budget myself next year, or the year after—let's make it 1940, a good round number. That will give me time to turn around and settle a problem or two. For one thing, am I the type?

Such momentary budgeting as I have attempted lately, just to see how I like it, hasn't panned out any too well. I seem to be stymied right at the start, where you list your income on the one hand and the things you need on the other. (My income, indeed!) Of course I know I shouldn't put down everything I need. There isn't that much money. Still, why put down only a few, and these the ones that don't matter anyway, such as food, clothing, and shelter? Does it make sense?

Veteran budgeters tell me that I confuse what I need with what I want. To me there's no difference, because what I want I practically have to have. They say I must get over that, but that is exactly the sort of thing I don't get over. You see how it would complicate any rigid system of economic supervision on my part.

Not that I'll get everything I listed on a trial budget just now. Far from it. I'll get about one in ten, barring some unforeseen change in the laws of cause and effect. But I'll put them all down on the list if I feel good and like it. I may not even get that new sofa, but I want it, and it will duly appear on any budget or budgets I may make now or later, until further notice. I shall pursue the same course with the Oriental rug, and if the budget can't take it, so much the worse for budgets.

Most budgeters would probably decide that I don't need a new sofa, and such a decision would be plain foolish—you ought to see the old one. I say I need it. I

Living within one's income, the Editors believe, is distinctly contrary to the American tradition, and they feel that this alien fad for budgeting which is sweeping the country should be promptly put down. Mr. Cuppy is no international economist but he is the author of a celebrated treatise on human relations, *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes*. Letters from readers on the art of living within—or beyond—one's income will be welcomed by the Editors.

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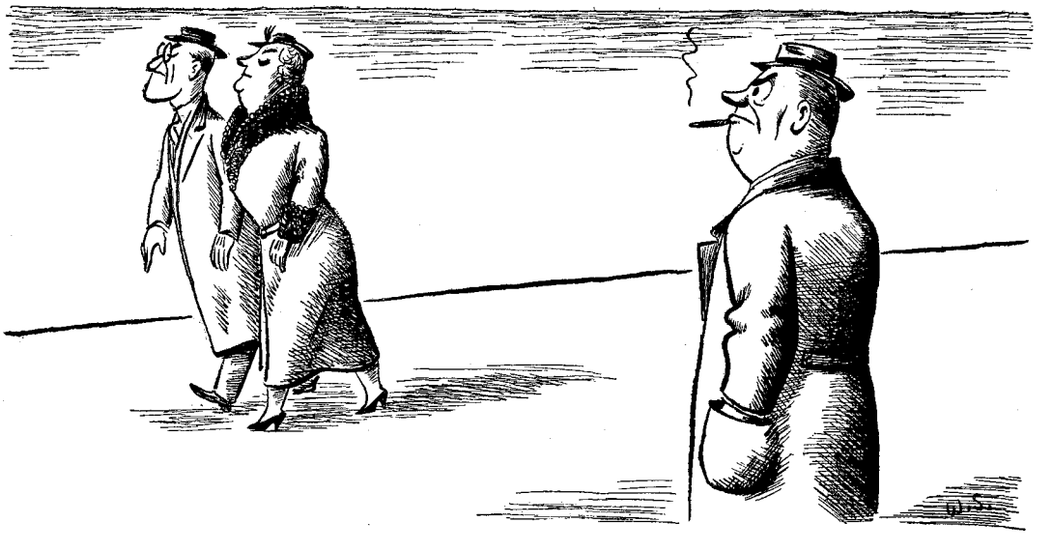

Some of my best friends live on a budget, and heavens knows, they look it

will go so far as to say that if any man ever needed a new sofa since the beginning of furniture, I am that man. And all the cheese-paring of all the old Scrooges in existence will not alter that fundamental fact. One end of my sofa is *on the floor*.

When talking to budgeters I get the uneasy impression that they don't want much. Or maybe they're reconciled. You can't tell. They may want a sofa as much as I do, but they know they can't have it, not right away, anyhow. So it doesn't go on the budget—it costs too much. Maybe someday they'll have a sofa, if they live long enough, and if worrying over the budget doesn't kill them in their prime. Query: What are budgeters like, inside? Have we developed a new kind of human being all of a sudden?

I wonder, then, what budgeters have got that I haven't got. Only one thing, so far as I can see: budgets. They never buy what they want—it costs too much; but they *live on a budget*. They'll fight to keep out of jail, but while still at liberty they'll live on a budget. A strange world! (Now don't fly into a rage, you budgeters. A little clear thinking won't hurt you one bit.)

Coming back to income—or expected revenue, as the budgeters call it—that's something else again. You put it down on one side of the budget because your probable expenditure should, ideally, bear some relation to your probable income. It won't, but that's the theory. Personally, I'd skip this operation. Putting down my expected revenue wouldn't help much. I expect the worst. I'm not good at figures, but I know when I'm ruined, and I don't have to write it down on a piece of paper.

My income is not all that might be desired. But one thing I will say, my outgo is always in splendid shape. I'll match my outgo with the next person's any day.

Thus we arrive at savings, the next step in any budget worthy of the name. All authorities agree that you must set aside a certain amount under this heading before you even think of food and drink, let alone shoes for Junior, or sofas. This amount must be 10 per cent of your earned income at the very least, even in the lowest brackets; if your income is pretty good, you save 20 per cent or more. It seems there are people who do this every week of their lives, rain or shine. And I thought I knew something about human nature.

I suppose they just take the 10 per cent out of their pay and carry it straight to the bank. Well, who's stopping them? I've always said, though, and I say it again, that anybody who can take good cash money and give it to a bank must be totally lacking in imagination. Don't they know what a dollar will buy? Can't they see what's in the store windows? Have they never been to Woolworth's? They frighten me, these people. I wouldn't put *anything* past them.

They're saving up for something they want, of course, and that's their privilege. It may be security in old age, an emergency fund, or a yacht. In order to get it, they save, and to keep on saving they have to keep working. It's in their blood, I guess. Frankly, if I had any savings I wouldn't be working. As for saving up for what I want, what I want is more money. How would you budget that?

Some cutting things have been said about those of us who don't save or budget at all. A recent book on planning your life remarks, somewhat nastily, "It (a budget) assumes that you have the intelligence to plan and the will power to hold to your intentions." Was it necessary to bring that up? Samuel Smiles, the self-help man, once took a look at his fellow creatures and announced, "He who spends all he gets is on his way to beggary." All right, Mr. Smiles, and here's a little motto I thought up all by myself: A penny saved is a penny saved. Not bad, eh?

What do I do with all my money, you may inquire? I was just waiting for that question. In fact, I was aching to have you ask it. In the first place, I don't make enough money to live on—*that's* what I do with it.

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So I laugh the whole thing off, do I? Dear budgeters everywhere, don't make that mistake. If you think I face a penniless old age with a debonair smile and a song on my lips, if you imagine I don't worry the greater part of my time over what's to become of me—well, you don't know *me*. Serious is hardly the word. It's hideous. I could drop everything this minute and howl. But what can I do? Can I help it if I'm not the saving type? Is it all my fault if I am temperamentally unfitted for that sort of thing?

I'm sure many of you budgeters are pretty well heeled, thanks to your habits of thrift and double-entry bookkeeping. That is what gives you that slightly smug look in the face, no doubt, and I can't say I blame you. If Junior sticks beans up his nose, you have the money to fix it. I'm in a very different position. My hope chest is empty and bare. With me, when emergencies arise—and when don't they arise?—I just have to go out and get it somehow.

Which brings us finally to borrowing, or what we may call the Cuppy Plan of Getting Along. Borrowing has a bad name, but you would be surprised how it helps in a pinch. Several years ago I replied to one of those questionnaires that want to know about your ideals: "My purpose in life is to borrow a thousand dollars." I was only kidding at the time. I didn't realize until later that I had something there. Since then I have made progress in a quiet way, and if you knew how I love to have some money in my pocket, if only for a few minutes, you wouldn't scold me.

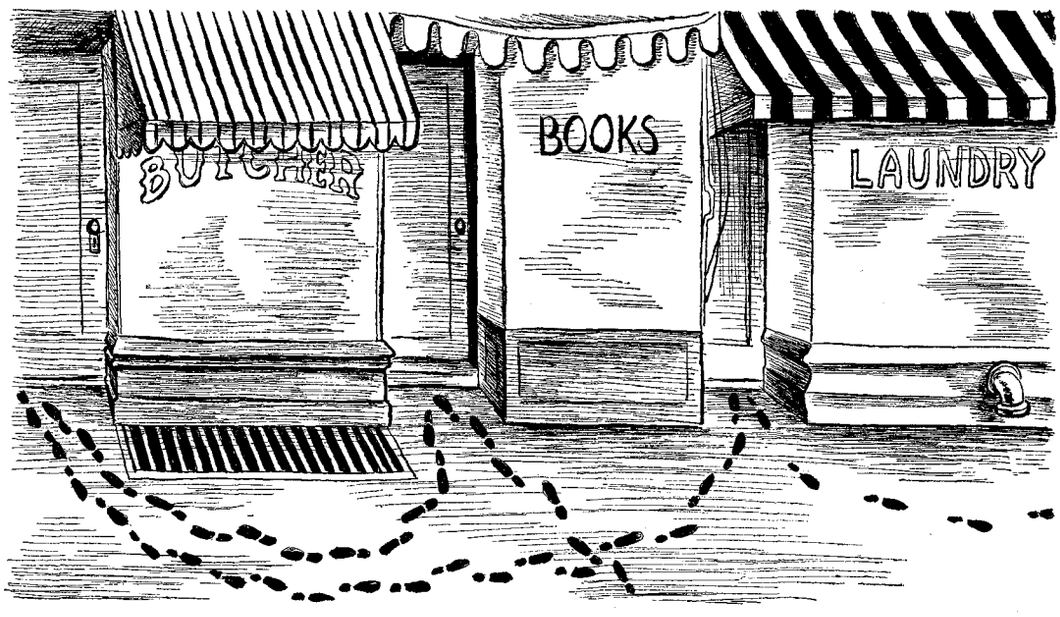
Don't get me wrong. I borrow to pay my honest debts and not to squander foolishly. What's more, I confine my borrowing to those who can well afford it. I don't go around sponging on widows and orphans unless they have plenty.

I suppose my favorite gambit is borrowing from the laundry to pay the delicatessen, and vice versa. And you can ask any tradesman on our block if I don't pay back every cent—eventually. Life has taught me that the poor have to be honest. Their credit must be absolutely Grade A so that they can borrow again next week from the same fellow.

I almost forgot the bookshop. That's where I go when I have to pacify both the laundry and the delicatessen. The bookshop people are wonderful. I suppose they have adjusted their own budget to my frequent and urgent demands. They must have. It's not so bad as it sounds, though. It isn't as if I were a perfect stranger barging in off the street and yelling for cash at all hours of the day and night. I'm their friend.

There are drawbacks to borrowing, naturally, and perhaps the worst is the false impression one may create. An acquaintance of mine more than hinted, recently, that persons who borrow constantly are lacking in character. I think she was wrong. What I lack is not character. It's money.

One central fact seems to emerge. In order to run a budget, you have to have money. Taking it by and large, then, I don't feel that I can afford one right now—there are so many other things I need worse.



I borrow from the laundry to pay the delicatessen, and vice versa. The bookshop helps me to pacify them both. This is known as the Cuppy Plan of Getting Along

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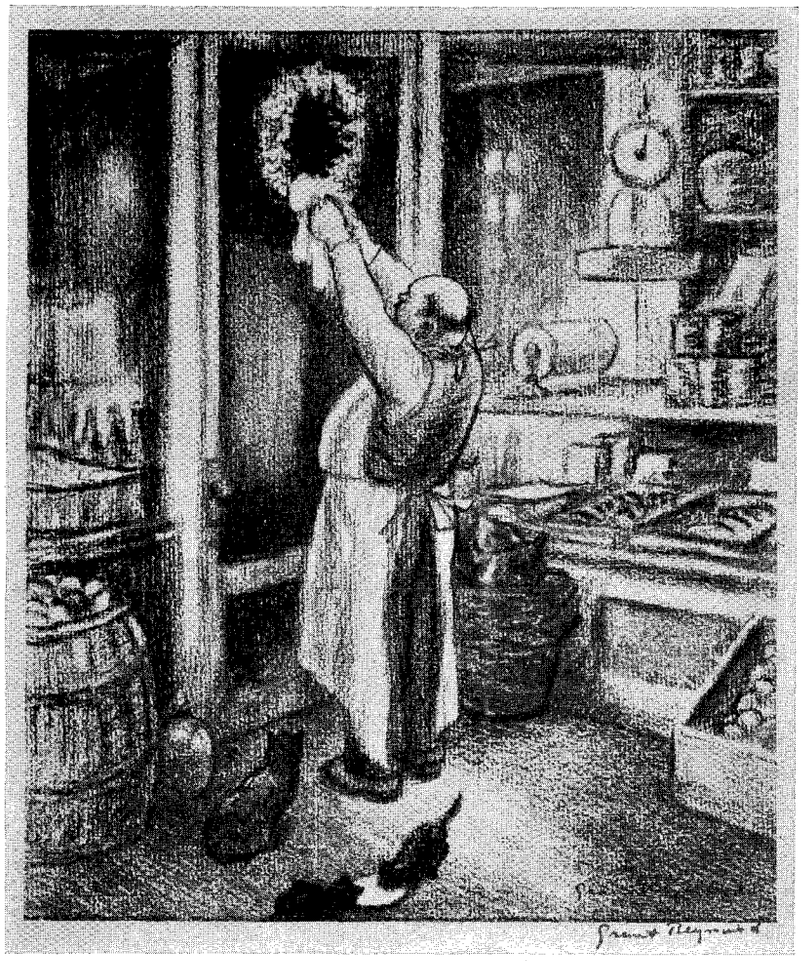
Scribner's presents

CHRISTMAS CARDS

1937



A year ago a group of American artists decided that the familiar Christmas card was in need of new vitality, freshness, and variety. So they turned their talents to this medium of artistic expression, and the results they have achieved are impressive. Among the well-known artists who participated in this task are Thomas Benton, George Biddle, Howard Cook, Ernest Fiene, Rockwell Kent, Grant Reynard, Stow Wengenroth, Grant Wood, and others. The aim of these painters was not to produce expensive limited editions, but to offer well-designed cards at reasonable cost. Another of their purposes was to introduce diversity into the illustration. In a very short time

Grant Reynard has been called a storyteller in pictures. His artistic anecdotes glow with a warmth of good humor (upper left)

Ernest Fiene has a feeling for rhythmic design. Street Scene *demonstrates his careful balance between realism and pure decoration*

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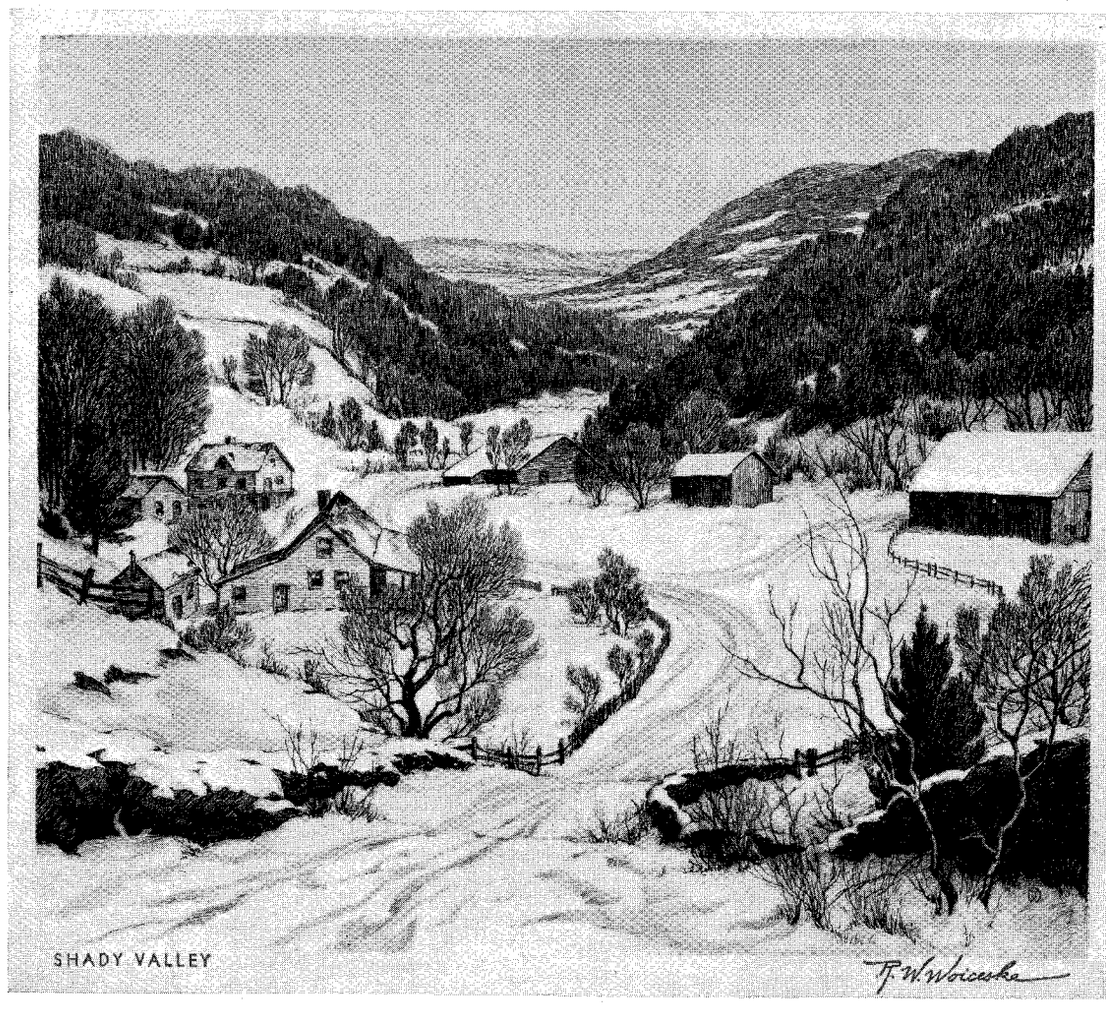

R. W. Woiceske works in various media, but his preference in subject matter is the snow scene. Shady Valley *is typical of his realistic technique* (upper right)

Thomas H. Benton's art is robustly American. Into the limited confines of a small etching, he gets a measure of the strength which characterizes his famous murals

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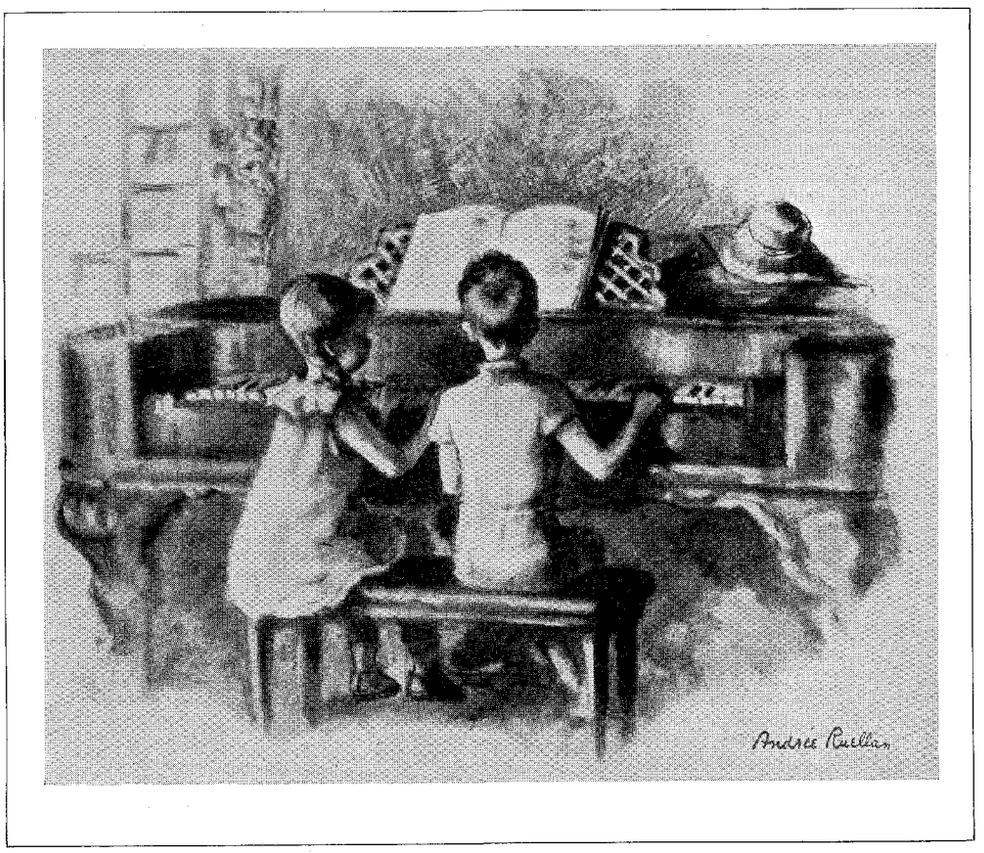
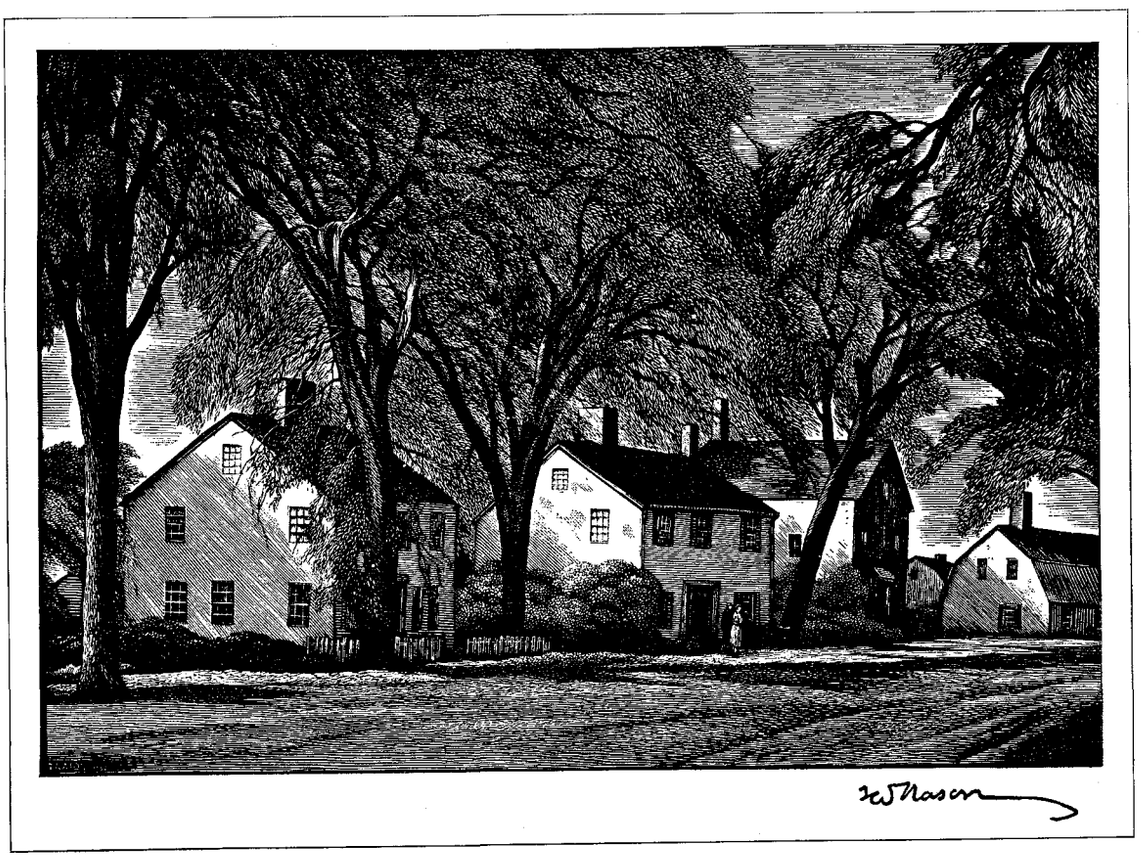


Andrée Ruellan's work has a personality of its own and reflects her deep understanding of everyday American people

they have made much progress. The new cards have a wide variety of treatment, and the subject matter is far removed from the conventionally standard yuletide themes. The illustrations on the cards are notable in that they retain much of the quality and beauty of the large original paintings, etchings, lithographs, and drawings from which they are reproduced. Because of this quality and variety, these cards hold a more lasting interest than do the usual Christmas cards. The portfolio of cards presented on these pages is reproduced through the courtesy of the artists affiliated with the American Artists Group.



Thomas W. Nason is a sensitive artist and an expert technician. In Village Street *both phases of his ability are competently illustrated*

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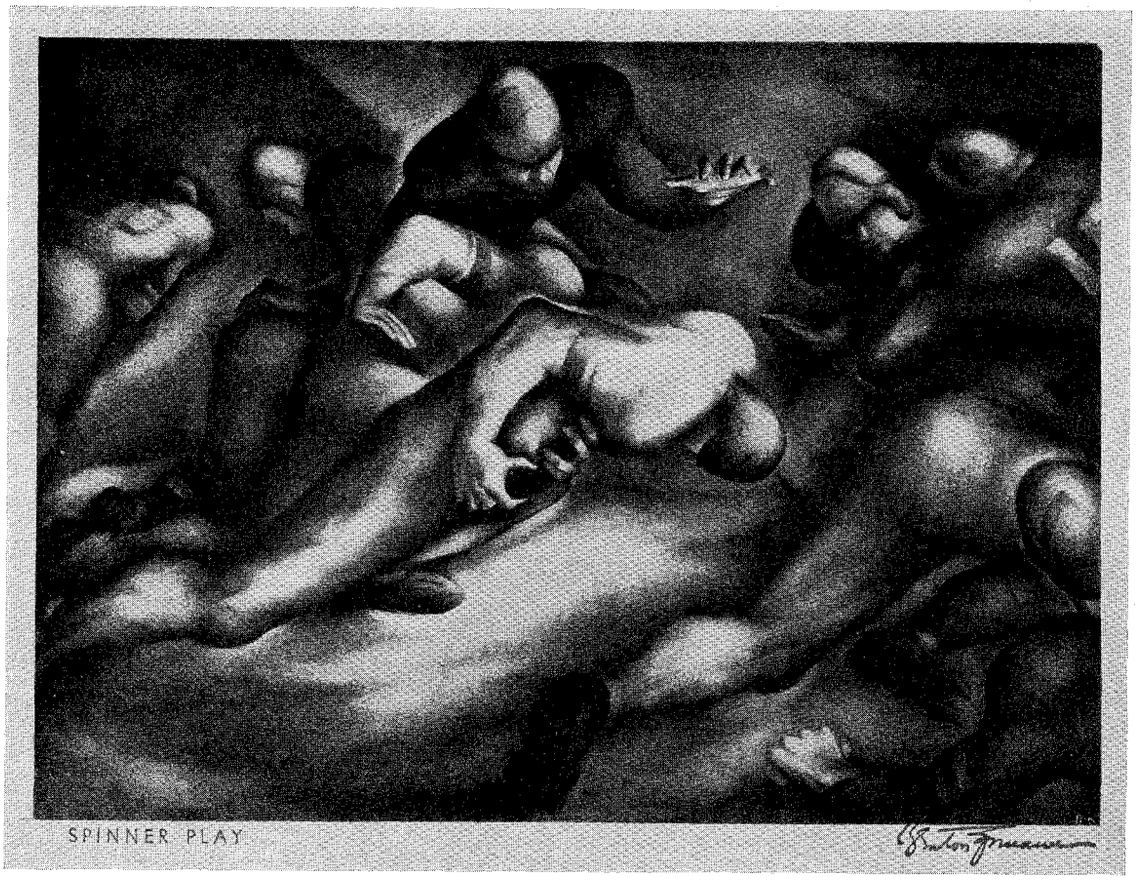
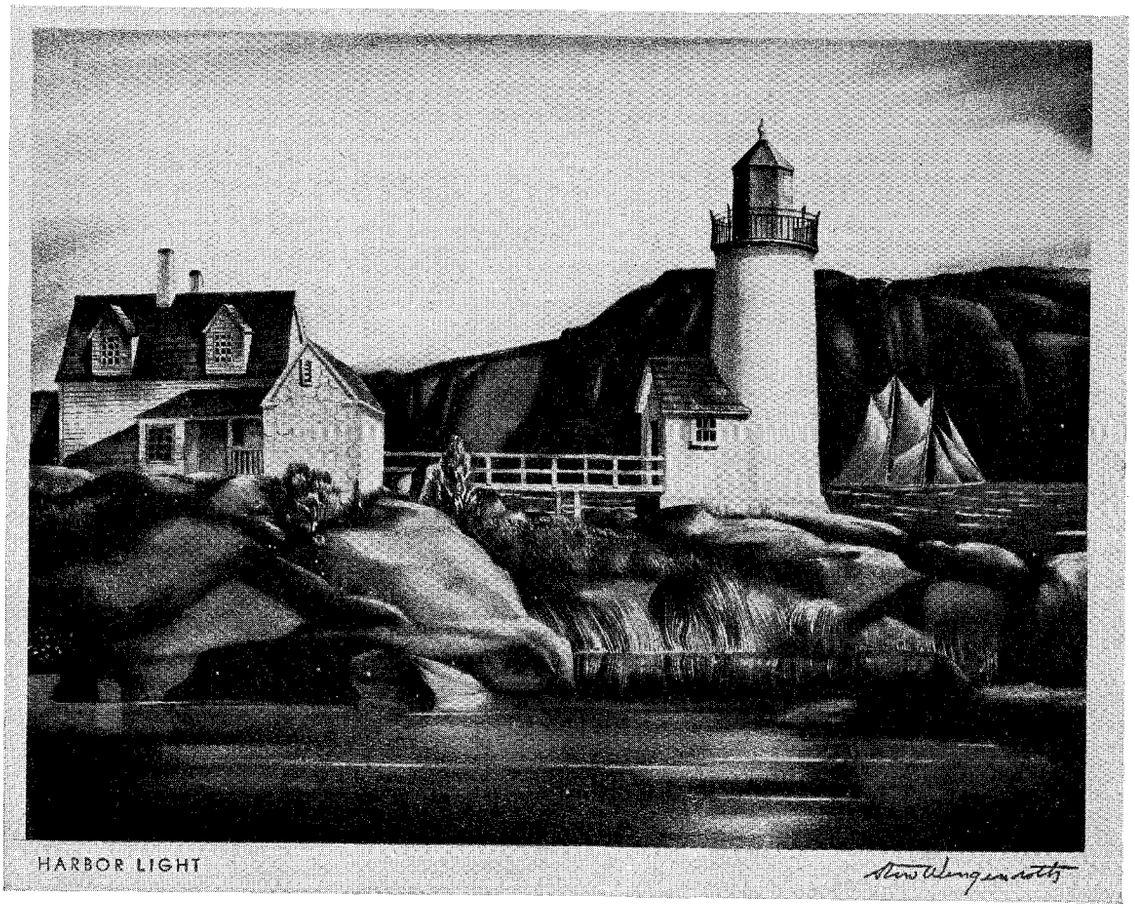


Benton Spruance finds his sources in the topics of the day. Quite unorthodox, this football lithograph is an interesting Christmas card



Stow Wengenroth makes effective use of the lithograph to express the charm and dignity of his favorite region—the Maine coast

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What Is Evidence?

EDMUND PEARSON

A hundred eyewitnesses of a crime can be wrong, and often are, but the much-maligned circumstantial evidence is almost always trustworthy

One spring day, shortly before noon, a young fellow named Charles Tucker was sauntering along a country highway—a road called South Avenue. He was on his way from his home—he lived with his parents in Auburndale, Massachusetts—to the neighboring town of Weston. He was out of work, dead-broke, and eager to get hold of some money in order to go to the St. Louis Fair. The year was 1904. He had been privately active, in a small way, as a burglar and thief, but this fact was not generally known. His wife's death—she had been drowned while in his company—had given rise to some gossip, but there was never any reason to connect him, criminally, with the event.

He was observed by three or four persons, as he passed along the country lanes, but for much of the time was out of sight. He carried with him a knife in a sheath, a hunting knife with a five-inch blade. This was an odd thing to do. The community is peaceful; no one need go armed; and as for wild animals, the only one encountered by Tucker—according to his own story—was a squirrel.

After about an hour (for every moment of which he afterward tried to account) he was returning toward his home. He met, however, a young man he knew, and the two of them strolled back to the bridge at Weston. Here they encountered a youth driving a fish wagon, and accepted his invitation to go for a drive. They agreed the more readily since he had with him a fascinating companion, one Mabel Walker, from Damariscotta, Maine. The driver urged on his horse, and the wagon, with the three young men and the girl, rumbled down the road.

Tucker's friend, from the start, had a very thin time. He had to roost in the back of the wagon, amongst the fish, where neither the sights nor the smells favored an idyllic mood. But everything was different for Tucker, on the driver's seat, alongside Miss Walker. Although strangers hitherto, he and the girl understood each other perfectly. So quickly were they in sympathy, that in a short time they resolved to alight from the wagon, depart by themselves, and engage in what later was politely described as "going for a walk together."

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NEA SERVICE INC.

Two years ago all America knew the names of the principals in this picture. How many do you recognize now? On the witness stand, Bruno Hauptmann; the prosecutor, David T. Wilentz; the judge, Thomas W. Trenchard; the defense attorney (lower right), Edward J. O'Reilly; and (right center) Charles A. Lindbergh. Sketched at Flemington, N. J., by George Clark

It was fortunate for the girl that she possessed no gift of clairvoyance. For it might have alarmed her, and perhaps put her in deadly peril, had she become aware that the hands that caressed her in the spring woods, that afternoon, were not the hands of innocence; but were even then freshly stained with human blood. The adventure with Mabel Walker, although quite free from any chilly adherence with propriety, was much the lesser of the sins into which Mr. Tucker strayed, since he had set out on his ramble.

The driver of the fish wagon, a moment or two after Tucker and the girl departed, noticed, on the seat beside him, the leather sheath of a knife. He had never seen it before. He put it into his pocket, and, for the time being, forgot all about it.

Early in the afternoon, an old gentleman, Mr. Edward Page, returned on foot to his house on South Avenue, Weston. At breakfast in the Page household, the family of four had all been present. At eight o'clock, the son, Harold, had gone to his office in Boston, and, somewhat later, Mr. Page went out for a long walk and a visit to the public library, while the housekeeper, Amy Roberts, took a streetcar to Cambridge and thence to Boston. So it was that by half past ten, Mr. Page's daughter was left alone in the house. She was there at eleven, when a tradesman delivered a package. No one else was seen to come.

Mr. Page, coming home shortly after two o'clock, found the front door unlocked. He went in and proceeded to the pantry to get something for luncheon. As he munched a slice of bread and drank some cider, it struck him that the house was strangely silent. He began to wonder why he saw and heard nothing of his daughter. An old clock ticked in the living room; otherwise everything was still. He looked around downstairs, and then went to the upper rooms. In one of these he found Miss Page. She lay dead on the floor. She had on a hat and walking boots, and was dressed to go out. Her throat had been cut, and, as it was later discovered, she had been stabbed in the chest and in the back. These wounds were of a depth of five inches.

Before he called help, Mr. Page made two other discoveries. In the room, near his daughter's body, was a slip of paper, placed on the floor as if to draw attention. On it was written "J. L. Morton, Charlestown, Mass." And downstairs was another note, written by Miss Page herself. It said that she had just heard that her brother had been hurt, and was in a Boston hospital. She added that she was going to see him, and had left at twelve o'clock.

As the first note was written by no one in the family, and as the name was meaningless, it seemed probable that the note was the murderer's attempt to confuse detection—a clumsy ruse which has often been tried in similar crimes. The other message was untrue: Harold Page had not been hurt, and no person, except the murderer, could have brought such false news. It was evidently a device to gain admission to the house, or else to cause Miss Page to leave, so that someone might have leisure for robbery. And robbery seemed to be the chief motive for the visit. Miss Page's pocketbook had been rifled of a ten-dollar bill and other smaller bills, which it had contained that morning.

Tucker, like everyone known to be in the neighborhood at the time of the murder, was interviewed by the police. He gave an account of his walk, in which he said that he did not even approach the Page house, and that he was, generally speaking, as blameless as that celebrated model of innocence, the babe unborn. His adventure with Miss Walker was described in expurgated form. That damsel very soon found it convenient to vanish from the neighborhood and to retire, if not to Damariscotta, Maine, then to an even more impenetrable obscurity, from which she has never emerged from that day to this.

The police discovered no reason to detain Tucker, but a few days later changed their minds. The boy who drove the fish wagon, reading in the paper of Tucker's visit to the police station, remembered the leather sheath. He handed it over to the officers, who renewed their interest

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in its owner. Tucker was again invited to the police station, where he was asked if he owned a knife sheath. Thereupon he told Number 1 of a very long series of lies. He said he owned no sheath. Shown the one left in the wagon, he then remembered that he *did* have one, which (fearing he might unjustly be accused) he had hidden in an overcoat pocket, three days after the murder. This was only Lie Number 2, but afterward they followed fast. Had he ever had a hunting knife? No; never—except two, which were disposed of, long ago. Unluckily for this story, a search had been made, and in a coat pocket in his room had been found a broken blade, the handle was missing; the blade was in three pieces, twisted and filed, but it had originally been five inches long. Moreover, it was blood-stained. Tucker's memory now allowed him to recall that he did have such a knife. Realizing, after his first questioning, that it was the usual custom of the brutal police to fasten crimes upon persons of high character and spotless innocence, he had deemed it wise to defeat their schemes by trying to destroy his knife. But he had delayed too long in getting rid of the broken blade.

At the trial, the evidence was wholly circumstantial. No living person had seen Tucker actually within the Page premises. Since the accused man had neglected to carry two or three reliable persons with him, so that they might officially witness the crime, he should instantly have been acquitted; perhaps he should not even have been arrested. Thus it would be argued by persons who profess to distrust circumstantial evidence.

The points against Tucker were these. Witnesses, who were unimpeached, placed him much nearer the Page house than he admitted. He was without money before the crime; shortly afterward he had a ten-dollar bill and other money. With the broken knife, in his pocket, was found a pin, bearing a Canadian coat of arms. Amy Roberts, the housekeeper, testified that this was the property of Miss Page. He had tried to destroy evidence—the knife—and he had lied about it. Medical witnesses agreed that Tucker's knife blade fitted the slit in Miss Page's corset—a fact verified by the Governor of the Commonwealth, when he made a painstaking investigation at the scene of the crime. The Morton note, found near the dead woman, was in Tucker's handwriting. The witnesses in his behalf were, some of them, evidently partisan, and some of them, plainly perjured.

These were the major points, but as in nearly all cases, there were others, not so strong, but tending to confirm the rest. Thus, Tucker had worked in a Boston office with one J. D. Morton—a name which might have suggested the "J. L. Morton" of the note. And there had been found, in Tucker's pocket, a post card on which he seemed to have practiced writing various phrases—including two out of the three words on the note: "Morton" and "Charlestown."

Altogether there were nearly a dozen resemblances between Tucker and the murderer—a group of coincidences which, *in a novel,* may cluster around an innocent man. Nothing of the sort happens in real life.

The jury were told nothing of what was discovered as to Tucker's easy manners with the property of other people, nor were they allowed to hear of his adventure with the girl of the fish wagon. This, and other much less savory incidents in his private career, only came out by his own or his lawver's admissions. They were not discussed at the trial.

Before pronouncing sentence of death, Mr. Justice Sherman made a brief speech. Said he:

"I believe that many crimes are committed because their perpetrators have not understood the force and effect of *circumstantial evidence.* I feel confident that many murderers would have been deterred and prevented from committing their crimes if they had known what Chief Justice Shaw and other great judges and lawyers have declared—that circumstantial evidence may well be full as safe and satisfactory to prove guilt as what is called direct evidence. The frequent declarations against circumstantial evidence by men who hardly know what such evidence is, and who can know but little about it from observation or experience, I fear lead men to commit crimes with a belief that, if no witnesses are present, there can be no conviction."

Tucker's conviction and sentence were followed by a tremendous agitation—gigantic petitions and emotional mass meetings to invoke clemency or to set the prisoner free altogether. Officers of the Commonwealth were denounced, in the usual fashion, as bloodthirsty monsters. Witnesses for the State were vilified; the family of the dead woman were assailed and slandered. The agitators seemed ready to tear anybody and anything to pieces, if by chance the precious life of "the boy, Tucker," now described as a hero and a saint, might be preserved. The effort failed, sentence of death was carried out, and, as usual, the public hysteria quickly subsided.

Legal grounds for the appeal from the verdict were chiefly technical, but in the popular agitation and the hearing before the Governor, much was made of the supposed danger of a conviction upon circumstantial evidence. The struggle centered upon "the Canadian pin," and attempts were made to prove that it really belonged to Tucker. No explanation was made as to why he had it in his pocket, together with the blood-stained knife. His supporters seemed to imagine that if their witnesses —whose character and testimony were both highly dubious—could raise a doubt about the pin, then the whole case had collapsed.

This is one of the most familiar methods of attacking a case of circumstantial evidence. It begins with the announcement of a fallacy: that circumstantial evidence is a "chain," and that if one of its "links" can be broken, then the chain parts and the case fails. This sounds plausible; it has been owlishly asserted for centuries, and is often complacently accepted. Writers on evidence, at least as far back as Jeremy Bentham, have exposed its falsity, but it will doubtless be trotted out in court, and elsewhere, for many years to come.

It requires about thirty seconds of intelligent consid-

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COURTESY OF SCHWARTZ GALLERIES

The jury of the Tucker trial examines the corset of the murdered woman. The slits in the garment fitted the blade of a knife belonging to Charles Tucker. An etching made by Haydon Jones in Boston, 1905

eration to realize that a case of circumstantial evidence is not a "chain" at all. In a chain, each link depends on the one preceding, and supports the one following. But with circumstantial evidence a number of more or less unrelated items—facts, objects, incidents—point in a certain direction, and indicate the truth. It is the accumulation of a number of these which makes the whole conclusive. The various items may be as unlike as the possession of a high, squeaky voice is unlike a bullet found in the dead man; they are not "linked" at all; but together they connect the criminal with the crime. There may be another supposed item of evidence, say, a lock of hair, or a footprint in the earth, which may prove to be a false clue, but that does not affect the truth of the others.

Circumstantial evidence is conclusive proof only to intelligent persons; they have the ability to draw inferences. To the stupid, it may mean little. Take the best-known recent case decided on circumstantial evidence: the trial of Bruno Hauptmann. There existed an extraordinary number of resemblances between the prisoner and the murderer—too many to allow the contention that prisoner and murderer were not identical. When intelligent folk realized that Hauptmann possessed the fruits of the crime; that he gave the ridiculous and time-worn explanation of his possession—blaming it on a dead man; that he hid this money, and spent it furtively; that the ransom notes were palpably, and to the ordinary observer, in his handwriting; that he was identified as the negotiator for and recipient of the ransom money; that the wood used in the ladder came from his house; that the marks of his plane were on the ladder; that his past career was consistent with such a crime; that his agility and boldness would permit him to carry it out alone and unaided—then the case against him was complete. The theory of his innocence became acceptable only to the willfully blind; to those whose wits had been addled by too much detective fiction; or to persons who prefer to imagine gigantic police conspiracies, involving hundreds of honorable men, rather than believe that a crime has been committed by a man whose past is spotted with crime.

Nearly any one of the items of circumstantial evidence in either the Tucker or Hauptmann cases might have failed, and still these cases would have been strong. There was no "chain" of evidence in either case.

People compile books, meant to be flourished at juries, in order to terrify them from convicting anybody. Such books are carelessly assumed to be full of histories of mistaken convictions resulting from circumstantial evidence. The amusing thing about them is that they rarely contain a single authentic case of the kind. Mistaken convictions, when they occur, almost invariably result from the direct evidence of witnesses, as, for instance, in false identifications, caused by honest mistake or deliberate perjury.

The famous cases of the law, in which innocent men have been convicted, are almost without exception founded on *direct evidence*. In France, Lesurques was

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The rotund gentleman in the lower right-hand corner claimed that he was the missing Sir Roger Tichborne, and demanded the family fortune; instead, he turned out to be a cockney butcher named Orton, and received 14 years in jail. Drawn in London, 1871

sent to the guillotine, and Dreyfus to prison, chiefly on mistaken or perjured testimony of witnesses. Great Britain's two notorious judicial mistakes, the cases of Adolf Beck and Oscar Slater, were the result of trusting the direct evidence of witnesses. In both cases, there was *circumstantial evidence* available which would have prevented the blunder. The much-cited American case, of the Boorns of Vermont, was the result of a false confession. Neither in this, nor in the two British cases, was anybody executed. Adopting, for the sake of the discussion, the view of those slightly rabid historians who write of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as if the innocence of those men were an established, historical fact, it should be remembered that this was not a case of circumstantial evidence, but that the testimony most open to attack, and most widely questioned, was the direct testimony of witnesses who claimed to have seen the accused at the place of the crime. The circumstantial evidence against the two men is much more difficult to confute, except for superficial persons who explain all convictions by charging the police with "framing the evidence."

That learned writer on legal topics, Professor Wigmore, includes in one of his books a story which illustrates the mental processes of folk who trust direct testimony but affect a contempt for circumstantial evidence.

A stout Negress came before a New York magistrate, complaining that her ex-husband had made a barbarous attack upon her with a large pair of shears.

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"Mistah Judge," she bellowed, "dis here Niggah, he rushed at me wid dese scissors! Yas, suh! An' he cut an' slashed mah face mos' to ribbons! He jabbed mah eyes and carved mah face like it was sausage meat—all torn an' bleedin', it wuz!"

The magistrate looked at her broad, smooth, yellow countenance, on which appeared not the slightest sign of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

"Only las' night, Mistah Judge!" was the reply.

The puzzled magistrate gazed at her carefully.

"Only last night! But I don't see any marks on your face!"

"Marks!" she roared, *"Marks!* What de debbil do I care for *marks?* I'se got *witnesses."*

Protracted agitations, during or after celebrated trials, are usually followed by deplorable results. And their most frequent cause is a widespread inability to analyze evidence, to understand what does and what does not amount to proof. One of the most remarkable illustrations, in any country, at any time, was offered by the Tichborne trials in England.

Roger Tichborne, a young Englishman, some day likely to become a baronet and owner of a great fortune, was lost in a ship which sank at sea in 1854. Nobody doubted this: his father, the courts, the owner of the ship, the insurance company—all accepted the fact that he was dead. There was one exception: Roger's mother, a Frenchwoman, and a very self-willed person. She insisted that he must still be alive. And, of course, by all the rules of romance, by the creed of every writer of novels, stories, songs, plays, and motion pictures, she, and she alone, would be right. From the start, Lady Tichborne was certain of the support of all those who view life through the golden mist of wish-it-might-be-true.

After her practical and common-sense husband was dead, Roger's mother began to advertise all over the world for the "lost heir of Tichborne." In other words, she offered any impostor who might be interested the tempting bait of a title and an income of £20,000 a year. Naturally, there came a nibble at her line. Twelve years after Roger's death, an enormous fat man, a Cockney butcher named Arthur Orton, emerged from the Australian bush and prevailed upon Lady Tichborne to accept him as her son, "Sir Roger."

Thus the impostor began with the support of all the dreamy-eyed romantics in Britain—folk who were content to say, ecstatically, "A mother is never mistaken in her own child!" People who knew Lady Tichborne were aware that she had determined to accept somebody and that she would have accepted an Egyptian mummy if one had been shipped to her. The other Tichbornes all swore that this was not Roger, while the Orton family, who hailed from Wapping, testified that it *was* their kinsman, Arthur Orton.

The impostor rallied round himself some old retainers and followers of the Tichbornes, and aided by Lady Tichborne's money, kept them in his service, while he pumped them dry of useful information. Wildly ignorant, at first, of the career of the man he was trying to impersonate, he managed to acquire enough knowledge to convince the trusting.

Mobs cheered him; rich and poor subscribed to his funds, in order to do what they called "putting him in his rightful place." Actually, it was to help him to defraud a small child, a nephew of the dead Roger Tichborne, of his property. And they did this because they were unable to analyze evidence. This glaring failure resulted from their inability to observe that what he knew of Roger Tichborne, his life and family, was, in every respect, knowledge that he had gained from Roger's mother, or from his hired retainers and coachers. And that dozens of matters of which he was absolutely ignorant were things which the real Roger must infallibly have known. If his sympathizers saw this, they were incapable of making any deductions from it.

The real Roger spoke French like a native; the false Roger could not pronounce correctly a single French word. The real Roger was a devout Roman Catholic; the false one was ignorant of the forms of that faith. The real Roger had been an officer in the English army; the false one said he had been an enlisted man! The true Roger had studied the classics; the claimant knew nothing of them and thought that Cæsar was a Greek. The actual Roger was tattooed with an anchor, a heart, a cross, and his initials, R. C. T. All that the faked Roger had in the way of tattoo marks were his own real initials, A. O., which he had tried to obliterate.

This last fact ended the first trial—the impostor's civil suit by which he tried to get possession of the Tichborne estates. He was then tried for the crime of perjury. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and he went to prison for fourteen years. It was probably the most audacious attempt at piracy on land ever known to the English courts.

It should be observed that the evidence which was most conclusive in establishing the truth—as, for example, the tattoo-marks—was *circumstantial evidence.*

Of direct evidence—that is, of witnesses who testified in behalf of his false claim, there was no lack. Like the Negress, in the New York court, who despised the circumstantial evidence of marks, Orton could have cried triumphantly, "I've got witnesses!"

He had them, by the dozens. Lady Tichborne was dead when the trials came on, but old soldiers, old servants, old family friends trooped into the witness box and swore that this impostor was Sir Roger Tichborne. Some of these people were honest people, honestly mistaken; some were persons of foggy brains and fuzzy understanding; and some (who afterward went to jail) were double-damned liars.

Throughout this long case and these two incredibly minute trials, circumstantial evidence had invariably pointed to the truth, while the *direct evidence* of witnesses was the cornerstone of a gigantic structure of fraud.

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Scribner's American Painters Series

NO. 10 — "FLOOD"
BY JON CORBINO

When a man gets up in the middle of the night to paint, the suspicion arises that he enjoys his job; when he is found in the morning asleep before his easel, clothes spattered with paint and brush still in hand, the suspicion becomes a certainty. Jon Corbino is that kind of artist, taking a fierce pleasure in everything he does. One needs to look at only one of his paintings, drawings, or lithographs to see that here is a man animated by a terrific sense of force and movement.

Corbino was born in Vittoria, Italy, April 3, 1905. He was brought to this country at an early age, and received most of his art training at the Art Students League in New York, the Pennsylvania Academy, and from the great George Luks himself. This latter relationship may explain, in a measure, the positive and realistic qualities of Corbino's art.

It was this force and vigor that led Homer St. Gaudens to select one of Corbino's paintings some time ago for one of the Carnegie International Exhibitions. After that the young painter received further recognition in the form of two successive Guggenheim fellowships, and during the past year the honors have heaped up. The Kohnstamm Prize of the Art Institute of Chicago was followed by purchases on the part of the Addison Gallery of American Art as well as the Toledo and Worcester Museums. Last winter two large one-man shows of his work were held simultaneously in New York, while this season a large collection of his paintings is being circulated throughout the country.

Corbino paints everything he sees; from such mild things as portraits of children and still life to his epoch-making scenes of flood, war, and earthquake. All of these pictures, large or small, are issued with a fine sense of the quality of paint as a material, with the pigment sometimes standing away from the canvas so prominently that one could almost knock it off.

For his large works, he usually makes separate drawings of each section and from these prepares small canvases of that same portion. Finally, the small paintings are pulled together into one large finished product. This method of working enables him to think over each part as a unit before realizing the work as a complete entity. The "Flood" reproduced here is just such a small painting, and one of a considerable number he has done on this theme that ultimately will resolve itself, he hopes, into a large mural flood scene.

It is interesting to observe that this flood detail, even by itself, represents a unified and complete subject, conveying the confusion and terror of no matter what flood. We can tell, in looking at this picture, that it was not done in an easy and casual fashion, but that it mirrors the tremendous vitality of the artist's approach.

In addition to the paintings and painting sections, Corbino has done a remarkably fine series of lithographs and drawings. The latter particularly are evidence of his direct approach to the material treated, without any attempt to prettify or cater to existing prejudices. He draws as constantly and as naturally as most people breathe and in a way that is a clear reflection of his instinctive and intuitive manner of thinking. He responds immediately and frankly to what he likes and dislikes. For years Corbino slept on chairs, unwilling to compromise his artistic integrity, in order to paint what he wanted to paint. Where his work is concerned, he gives no quarter and makes no concessions. He stands alone and belongs to no artistic clique, so that what he has to say is personal, strong, and convincing.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers
Original painting, courtesy Associated American Artists

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Emma and Frank

WILLIAM M. JOHN

DRAWINGS BY ROCKWELL KENT

I HAVE always suspected that I was a foundling. The idea had its beginning, I am sure, in a remark Emma made one morning when I stumbled over a bulging board in the porch and all but drowned in a bucket of milk I was carrying. "Poor little fatherless tike," Emma said to Frank. And to me, "Get up, Top Hand, and mop yourself off."

There is a possibility, of course, that Frank murdered my father, and, rather than see me die of starvation, carried me home to Emma. But I doubt this.

My childhood recollections are hazy and spotted. I have heard men, and a few women, say that they could remember perfectly day-by-day happenings when they were no older than five or six. But I am unable to make a like declaration. Among what childhood recollections I retain, misfortune predominates. The good has been interred with the years. Painful moments, such as stumbling with the pail of milk, remain clear-cut and vivid. The pleasures, and I am sure that I must have known many happy days with Emma and Frank, recur to my mind more like fancies of my imagination than fact.

Particularly do I recall the day the rattlesnake wriggled from under the loose board in the floor, and I clung to the bars nailed across the window. The house was a rambling frame affair, decaying and coming to pieces at all corners. Neither Emma nor Frank ever spoke of it as home. To them it was always "the house." We used three of the seven rooms; the three that looked down on the trail which came up out of the canyon. The doors leading into the other four rooms were nailed closed, and the windows barred with planks on the inside.

Emma never went away from the house by herself. But occasionally she would go with Frank and be gone from early morning until almost sundown. When they went together, they would put me in one of the unused rooms. Frank would fasten the door on the outside, and Emma would call back: "Not a squeak out of you, Top Hand. If anybody comes around you play dead, understand?"

I rather enjoyed those days. The glass was broken in the windows. Chipmunks and pack rats came and went as they pleased through the spaces between the bars. Emma always left my lunch and some water in two pails in the center of the floor. Most of the food went to the chipmunks. I got some of them so tame they would sit up on their hind legs in my hand and beg for bread. The rats never made friends with me. I would have to lie down and play dead, before they would come close enough to nibble a crust in my fingers.

One day, when I was feeding a chipmunk a nibble of bacon, I heard a peculiar tapping noise behind me. I looked around and saw nothing, so turned my attention again to the chipmunk. A repetition of the noise caused me to look more carefully. A board was moving ever so slightly where the sun, coming through the barred window, made bright marks on the floor. The board moved up, down, up, down, then up, and the head of a snake appeared.

The snake seemed to flow rather than crawl out from under that board. It was probably not more than four feet long, a diamond rattler, but, at the moment, I could have sworn it was ten feet long. Fear gripped me with cold fingers. There was not a loose stick of wood in the room to use as a club. I ran to the door and jerked at the door with all my strength. When I moved, the snake coiled. Its rattle sounded loud in the room. I watched it raise its head a foot from the floor, its ugly tongue flickering back and forth between its jaws.

There was not a box nor a piece of furniture for me to stand on. I looked at both the windows. The boards nailed across the one where there was no sun were farther apart and appeared looser. I jumped up on them, clinging with my hands and toes in the cracks. I pulled, but I might as well have tried to tug down the red sandstone sides of the canyon. There was a taste of salt in my mouth, and I remember my cheeks being wet, although I cannot recall crying out loud.

After a time the snake seemed to forget about me. It crawled over to where my two pails were sitting and slipped around and between them, its sides scraping against the tin with a soft slithering noise. Two chipmunks left the crust they were nibbling in a scurry to escape. The snake rattled once, then lay perfectly still.

It may have been minutes but to me it was hours, before a half-grown pack rat crept into the room. Feeling its way, the rat went up to the crust the chipmunks had left. The snake did not move, and apparently the rat did not see it. The rat sank its teeth into the crust, lifting it off the floor. The snake's head moved, and the rat dropped the crust. It tried to turn and run. I could see by the way its legs and tail twitched. The snake's head continued to move slowly back and forth. The rat bared its sharp white teeth, but other than the continued twitching of its legs and tail, it did not move. The snake and rat were at least three feet apart. Gradually the distance between them shrank. Of course the snake was moving, but so slowly that all sense of motion was lost. When it was

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within a few inches of the rat, its head ceased to sway, and its mouth opened in a tremendous yawn. The rat's head disappeared between those wide-stretched jaws, then its body, and as the last bit of its tail flickered out of sight, the snake closed its mouth.

I still remember how the edge of the rough board cut into my fingers, but I had no thought of releasing my hold. After the rat was swallowed, I imagined my turn would come. The ugly bulge in the snake's body, where the rat distended it, made me sick, and what I had eaten of my lunch rose up in my throat. The snake made a lazy effort to find the opening in the floor through which it had come into the room. The board, of course, had dropped back into place. Attracted by the warmth of the sun, no doubt, the snake glided to the window opposite the one to which I was clinging. Without any effort it slipped up to the sill, through the crack between the boards, and was gone.

When my fingers became so numb I could no longer cling to the bars, I got down and stood with both feet on the loose board until Emma and Frank came home.

Emma put her hand on my shoulder and glanced down at me. "You look sick, Top Hand. Anything wrong?"

"I'm all right," I answered, and ran off to bring in the milk cow.

I am sure it would not have occurred to me to tell either Emma or Frank I had been frightened. I can never recall hearing them speak of fear. With most of us, instinct controls our tongues to some degree. Instinct must have told me that Emma and Frank, especially Emma, would have little sympathy for a frightened boy.

I recall Emma as a large woman. My idea of her size was probably the natural result of the difference in our ages. Her eyes were brown and large. I distinctly remember them. There must have been considerable red in her hair, for I always think of Emma as a woman with a bright aureole above her head. She was never unkind to me, neither was she what I should call sympathetic. When we rode together, pretending—I am sure now it was only pretending—to look after the cattle, she would go for hours without speaking. Her meager conversation was pointed and concrete. A rock was big, a cow was fat, the water was muddy. There was nothing of the abstract about Emma. I never heard her remark that love makes the world go around, or honesty is the best policy. The flat epigrams, which pass with most of us for the philosophy of life, were not a part of her speech.

One day she said, "You must learn to read, write, and figure, Top Hand." And the next morning she helped me cut the alphabet out of an old newspaper.

Frank must have been more of a dreamer. "Some day we'll be able to have visitors, Emma. All we want of them. And you can have pretty clothes, too. Just you wait till we hit California," he repeatedly promised Emma. His black eyes had an added glitter when he mentioned California. He would shove his long clean hands into his pockets and throw back his shoulders.

They never told me why Frank went away so frequently in the evening and did not come back until almost morning. It may not have occurred to me to wonder why. But since, I have come to the conclusion that Frank was an outlaw of some kind, perhaps a train robber. One morning he did not get home until after the sun was up. Two canvas sacks were tied to his saddle horn, and his big saddle bags bulged. He sent me to the barn with his horse. When I returned the canvas sacks had disappeared.

No one ever came to the house with Frank. Once in a while a Mexican would come by during the day. If Emma and I were there alone, she would offer the Mexican something to eat, and I saw her put money into one Mexican's hand when he was leaving. A man and a woman, Americans, rode into the yard one afternoon. The man asked the way to some town. I cannot remember the name he said. The woman interested me tremendously. Besides Emma, she was the only woman I had ever seen. Emma smiled when they rode away and said: "I hope they find the road before night. She was a pretty thing and looked tired."

It seems impossible that I was born without a child's natural desire to ask questions. But if I ever questioned Emma or Frank, it must have been before I was old enough to remember, and I was probably given to understand, in effect, that children are to be seen and not heard.

I do recall asking why all cows did not give milk. Emma was milking, and I was standing at the corral gate waiting to carry the milk to the house. Her answer was: "Because all cows are not made to have calves."

When Frank was not asleep or away, he did the milking, but most of the time he was busy at whatever profession it was he followed. Of the cattle on the place, only the milk cow was ever driven to the corral. I suspect the others were strays or, at best, kept as a blind. The ranch seemed to have no definite boundaries. It was probably an abandoned property owned by someone in the East. The house, barn, and corral were built on a flat bench about a third of the way up the side of the canyon. A stream ran at the bottom of the canyon, and there were springs higher up, one of them near the house. An old wagon road, gullied to a dim trail, led from the bottom of the canyon to the house. I never saw a whole wagon until after I left the ranch. The decaying front carriage of one, half-buried in manure, stood behind the barn.

Emma and I used to sit on the porch in the evening and watch Frank ride away down the old trail. When the sun was setting, the high rimrock on the opposite side of the canyon would turn blood-red, and the cedar and piñon trees were greener than at any other time of the day. Nothing was ever said about his not returning when Frank left. But I have a faint recollection of feeling depressed and a little frightened as he swung down the trail. My anxiety may have been a reflection of Emma's thoughts, though there was never a word nor an action on her part to denote a trace of fear.

"We must be up betimes in the morning and get the

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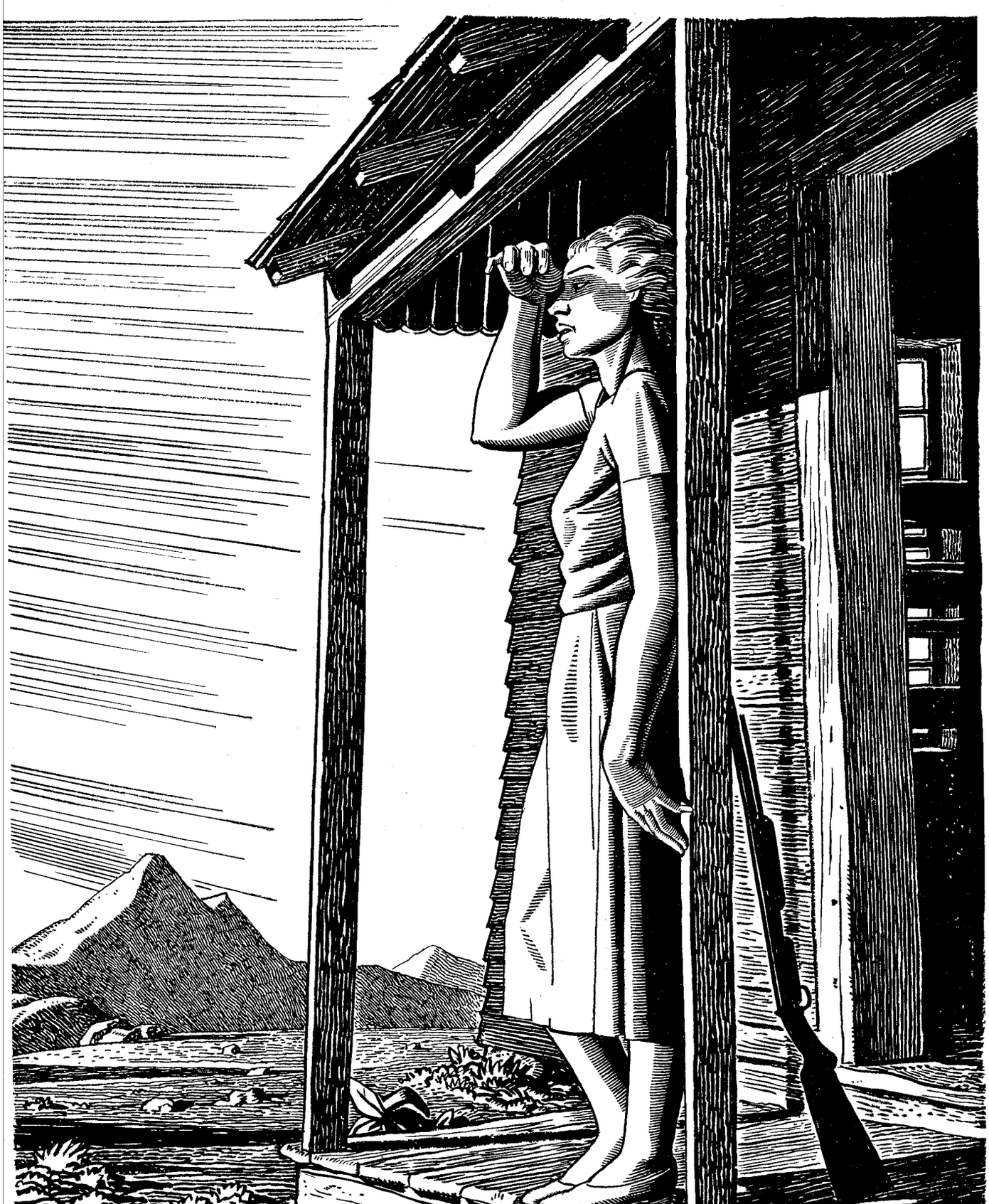

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spring cleaned out, Top Hand," she said, the last evening I ever watched Frank ride away.

The sun was coming through the window hot on my face the next morning when I awoke. I jumped out of bed and into my overalls and shirt in a hurry, wondering why Emma had not called me. I found her on the porch, a hand shading her eyes, looking down into the canyon. A rifle leaned against one of the porch posts. Frank had several guns, pistols, and rifles, but I had never known Emma to carry one out of the house.

"Go get the horses, Top Hand," Emma said to me, without taking her hand from her forehead.

The pony I rode, a bald-faced little sorrel with three white feet, was kept in the corral at night. I bridled him and rode up the side of the canyon. I never bothered to put on a saddle when I was going after the horses, for I could ride as well without a saddle as with one. The horses had drifted to the very foot of the rimrock. The deer flies were bad, and it was cooler up near the rocks. I had hard work getting them started down. A big black horse, a new one Frank had brought home a short time before, kept breaking back and running up the hill. I was about halfway down to the house when I heard two shots fired. The black horse broke away into the brush at the side of the trail, and the other six followed him.

I must have been hot and hungry, for I remember crying and calling the horses devils and skunks. I got off and threw a rock at the black horse. The rock hit him between the eyes, and blood ran down the white streak in his face. He drove easier after that. I had them all back on the trail when Zapa, bridled and saddled, came galloping up to meet us.

Zapa was Frank's best horse, a big dappled-gray with strong square shoulders and hips. Frank had been riding him when he left, the evening before. "Zapa, you old skunk," I yelled, "what do you mean by running away and leaving Frank!"

He nosed through the horses until he got up to me and stuck his chin across my pony's withers. I stroked his nose. He was trembling all over. I grabbed the bridle reins, and he came on down the trail beside me. I put the other horses in the corral and led Zapa to the house.

"Frank!" I called, when I came up to the porch. "Frank, here's Zapa. He ran away."

No one answered me. I dropped Zapa's reins and went to the door. A cold fear sets me to trembling, even now, when I recall the sight that met my eyes.

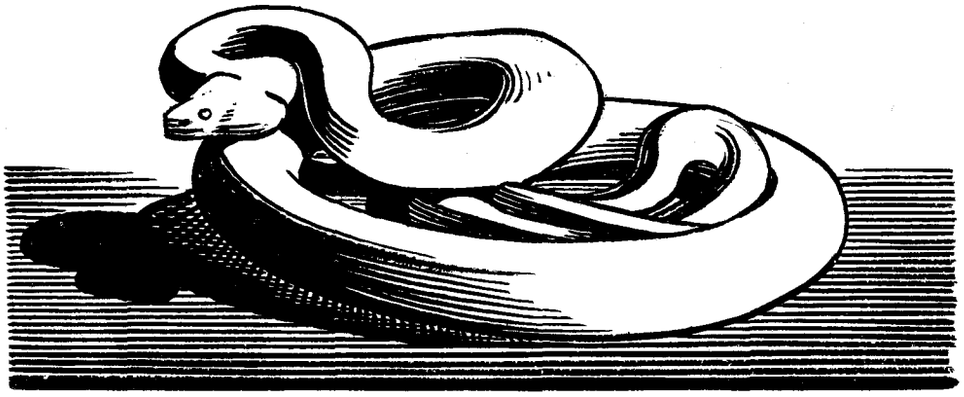
Frank was lying face down on the floor, his arms stretched full-length beyond his head. His hat had fallen between his arms, and there was a great hole in the back of his head from which blood was oozing in a thick stream. Emma's position was even more horrible. She had evidently caught at the table in falling, for her body was propped against it, half-kneeling, half-sitting. Her right hand gripped the barrel of the rifle I had seen on the porch when I left to get the horses. The front of her dress was an enormous splotch of blood. Her eyes stared wide open at me, and her lips were parted as though she were about to speak.

I was facing an unfamiliar aspect of death. Once, when riding pasture, Emma and I had come upon the carcass of a dead cow. My horse bolted into the brush, sweeping me off his back. Small as I was, I quirted his front legs, when I had gathered myself up and overtaken him. "Don't whip Blaze, Top Hand," Emma had said. "The cow is dead."

I was still very young the morning I stood outside that door. If my body had not been paralyzed by fear, I am sure I should have bolted, just as my horse had. I remember calling, hoarsely, "Emma! Frank!" and backing off the porch.

A bright patch of red and blue flowers was growing along the path leading to the spring. I gathered a handful of them and carried them into the house, walking on tiptoe. I dropped the flowers into Emma's lap. Why I did this, I cannot understand, for I had never heard of giving flowers to the dead. Then I went out, crawled up on Zapa, and rode down the old trail into the canyon.

At the bottom of the canyon I stopped. To the left, the trail led into other canyons; to the right, it reached toward the rimrock and the blue sky. When I gave Zapa his head, he turned to the right. Direction did not matter. All I wanted was to forget about Emma and Frank.



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The Gift

JOHN LANG

I DON'T KNOW what generosity springs from, or if there is such a thing, how a philosopher would explain it if there is such a thing, if he would say it came from mass stinginess and a desire to help self through others, in the way of association; but I have my suspicions. But only suspicions, for if that were true any generous person would be a fool to be generous for the sake, purely, of generosity. And likewise, it follows, anybody purely generous is a fool and an idiot.

But suppose a man indulged in giving as a sport, if he gave dimes as men gamble dollars, if he fed others as men collect mortgages, if he went out of his way to help hobos? But now I am getting silly. Yes, I see now I am a damn fool, and the man who gave me the dime and got me the cup for water I am trying to make out a hero in my sentimental romantic way.

That day was hot, I was hungry, my feet were sore in heavy shoes that didn't fit, I was tired from trudging the town. And, more so, from disappointment I was tired.

I wish I could remember the name of that town. There are hundreds of towns like it in the states of Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Utah. And I have nothing against these states, these states are wonderful compared to Georgia and Alabama, which among men of the road are notorious for their Southern hostility. In California too, a rich state, there are places, San Bernardino for example, where if you stayed you would surely starve to death. San Berdoo, as it is called by all bums, is less than eighty miles from Beverly Hills, a place where there are few hungry people. A bum who can get just onto the *streets* of Beverly Hills is considered a wizard, if he does the trick broke and in his natural habiliments.

Habiliments? It is a good clumsy word for these things I was wearing on this day of which I am telling: shoes too big, socks unwashed and holey, pants coal-dusty and a bit greasy on the seat from sitting on tank cars, a hat battered and creased from stuffing it into my jacket so as not to lose it in boarding trains, a shirt sleeveless so as to show no dirty cuffs, a jacket chilly at night and a burden through the day. You notice I have mentioned no linen, for I wore none; and I had not bathed for days.

I had tried a lot of houses, and I was sick of being looked upon in fear and scorn and made to go hungry.

I was terribly hungry, so hungry that I gave up walking around begging, because walking made me hungrier. But I was thirsty, and I knew water was free, so down by the tracks (I had to go that way anyhow to catch the train when it was made up) I walked looking for water. I came to a line of black houses and went into the back yard of the first one, where some Negro women were hanging up wash, and I said, "Could you get me a glass of water, please?" And they said in their Negro voices, soft and pleasant, "Ova there four yards down," with fingers pointing, "ova there is well wawta, good an cole."

"Thank you," I said. And I crossed back yards until I got to the pump. I looked all around for a cup or glass or tin can, and found nothing. There were greasy parts of automobiles, a few greasy hub caps, but nothing out of which to drink. I knocked on the back door of the house by the well and nobody answered. Then the freight train, which had been making up, started out of the yards. I was determined to drink, so I pumped the pump-handle up and down, and when the water rose I pumped with one hand and held the other hand at the mouth of the pump.

But the handle didn't work easily, and I got only a little sip out of what I could save in my hand, when I stopped pumping. I was terribly thirsty. I got thirstier standing there by the pump smelling the smell of well water and hearing the train pulling out. I started to go and catch the train; but then I stopped, because the train stopped.

The train came back—it was not really made up yet. And I went over to the house and pounded on the door.

In four or five minutes a young Negro opened the door; I hadn't expected him any more, and so when I saw him there, I only said, "Can I have a drink of water?"

He nodded yes, and waved a long arm at the pump, and closed the door.

I didn't want to knock again, but I did. And there was no answer. I went back to the pump.

Again I got the water up, pumping with one hand, and as my other hand filled with it, somebody yelled—and I jerked all the water out. I looked up, and in the next yard coming through the remains of a garden was a fat white man. As I started to pump again he said, "No, no!"

He ran to the house next to the garden he had walked through and got a cup from a Negro woman. And he came toward me fast, until he was twenty feet from me; then he walked more slowly, looking at me oddly; and by the time he was up by me he was almost stopped. He stopped fairly close, looking very attentive and concerned.

"Howdy," he said. And I said, "Howdy."

He was a little fat, unwrinkled, but probably forty or more. And I couldn't tell what was wrong with him.

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He handed me the cup and he pumped. The cup filled, I drank, the cup filled again, and I drank. Then he took the cup (and here he took great joy from the proceedings), and I grabbed the pump handle, and he held the cup and I pumped. There was nothing simpler, but he enjoyed this very much. He drank the water.

When he finished drinking he looked at me, cocking his head a little to one side, and he looked ridiculous, with his short neck, and his expression, and he sang, "I know there's room for meee, yuppon yer kneeee."

I was no longer thirsty, but I wondered if I should drink another cup of water in anticipation of hours of riding, and I put my hand on the handle of the pump.

"Where you from?" he said.

"Wisconsin."

"Wisconsin." (He did not exclaim it. He said it as if it were a place on a map, two inches from some other place.)

(And I said a Wisconsin word.) I said, "Ya."

"You're a long, long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Ya."

"You been pretty thirsty. You ridin' a long ways?"

"Yes. I been holding this same train down since Savannah, two days ago."

"Savannah?"

"In Illinois."

"You been on that train all the time?"

"Sure."

"You going west?"

"Ya."

All this time he was looking at me queerly. "You been on the road long?" he said.

"Three days."

"I mean. You been away from *home* long?"

"Three days," I said again. It felt very long in this conversation. I don't say it to be funny—he really made me feel I had come to the end of the earth, and his two-inch treatment of Wisconsin only accented this feeling.

He said, "Easy ridin' on the trains, I guess."

"Not so bad."

"You get thirsty, though."

"Sometimes. Today was bad, there was so much sun, and somehow (it just happened that way) I didn't get water for a long time."

"It ain't good for you. It's bad to go without eatin' and sleepin'. You sleep all right?" He looked at me kindly.

"I sleep all right. I sleep swell on the trains. I get too much sleep, I think."

"But not too much water."

I was very hungry standing there. To lessen the hunger and forestall thirst in the near future I started pumping. He pushed me aside gently, and pumped the handle himself, and I held the cup while it filled. I drank, and he sang, "I know there's room for mee, yuppon yer kneeee." He was delightfully odd and fresh, and different from all the dull people I had lately been among, in my home town. But I wondered if I could get away from him easily, with no embarrassment, in case the train pulled out.

"Do you know when the train leaves?" I said.

"When it's ready," he said quickly, and he laughed. Then, contrite—soberly: "It ought to be ready *soon.*"

"That's good."

"You don't like to ride the trains."

"They're all right."

"I mean. You don't *like* to."

"No."

"But you have to," he said.

"To get to California."

"After, too."

"After?"

"Sure. After," he said.

He was looking at me, and I was afraid to look straight at him and see if there were tears in his eyes. I supposed he was an idiot: I mean grown people who cry are generally considered idiots.

"You are not thirsty now," he said.

"No. Not now." I smiled.

"Easy ridin' on the trains, I guess. Bulls don't hit you. Don't beat you up."

"Not me. I haven't had any trouble yet with the bulls."

"I hope not," he said. Again, it was a long time we were talking, making days out of minutes, sorrowfully.

"Is that the train?" I said, when a switch engine jiggled rapidly down a track toward us.

"Goin' to the roundhouse," said my friend of the pump. "Must be ready to pull out."

A huge engine moved down the middle of the yards. We could see it between cars, and it was long.

"There she goes to pick up the train," said my friend.

And I said, "Well, I'll be going. So long," and I turned away.

But he called me back. "Here," he said.

He took a small purse out of a pants pocket and dumped the contents, two dimes and two nickels, into his open hand, and he picked among the coins, taking up a dime.

And grandly he handed me the dime out of the work-beaten hand that was a little fat and a little grimy.

I was greatly moved, and I said, trying to make it more genuine than I had ever made it before to anyone, "Thank you very much." And I ran over to the yard that had the garden and ran down the middle of it to the gate in the shabby rusty fence, and through the creaky gate, and out to the tracks. The engine high-balled, and I hurried to find an empty.

And I don't know what else I was going to say about generosity, and I don't know if there *is* anything *I* can say about it. Generosity, and love, and kindness, and such things I think are things by themselves, and to hell with bothering about motives and mixing them up with them. I think a man can be generous without being crazy.

But one thing about generosity: the way it works is this: you get a dime like that when you're hungry, and you have no place to spend it, no place to buy a loaf of bread. And yet you are filled.

And so is the other guy too, which makes it a bargain.

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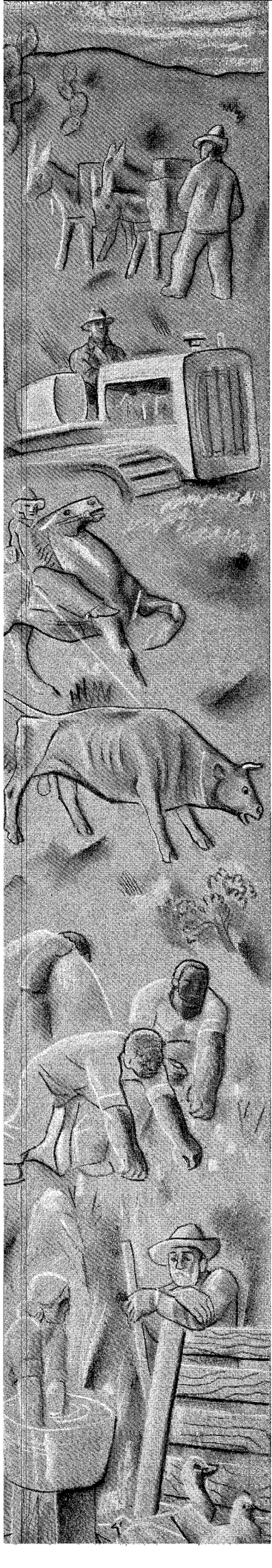

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THE WINNERS

of the

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CONTEST

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First Prize of $1000

GABRO KARABIN, McKeesport, Pa. . . . . *Honorable Escape*

Second Prize of $700

HELEN LIVINGSTON, Los Angeles, Calif.
A Sidelight on Recovery

Third Prize of $600

DANIEL SAFIER, St. Louis, Mo., *The View from the Warehouse*

Fourth Prize of $500

HELEN WERTHEIM, Asbury Park, N. J. . *For Rent Furnished*

Fifth Prize of $400

VIRGINIA BLACK, Cloverdale, Cal. . . . . *Coming Out Party*

Sixth Prize of $300

MARTY SAVELA, Chicago, Ill. . . . . *Souvenir Hunters*

Six Regional Prizes of $200 Each

ANNE BRECKINRIDGE, Tulsa, Okla. . . . . *San Domingo*
FRANCES HALL, Monrovia, Calif. . . . . *Water Thief*
ADRIEN HAMMONTREE, Maryville, Tenn. . . . . *Cove Census*
HELEN COWLES HARRISON, Miami, Fla.
The Barometer Is Falling
JULIA LOTT, Kansas City, Mo.
From a Kansas Farm Girl's Diary
MARCIA PATTERSON, West Townshend, Vt. . . . . *Hic Jacet*

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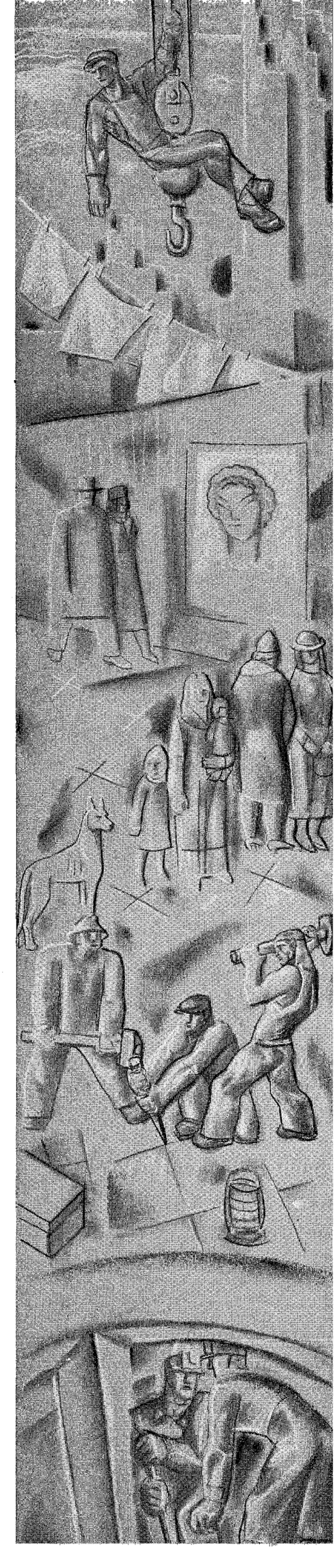
**See page 81 for titles by these winners*

DECORATIONS BY HUGO GELLERT



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Life in the United States

BRIEF ARTICLES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Honorable Escape

GABRO KARABIN

"Hell's fire!" shouted my brother Ziga, throwing a fork at the wall and then sitting back, only halfway satisfied with his favorite profanity and the vicious, ringing stab of the fork against the plaster. Ziga was like that then. He had no way with words at all, but he got what he meant out in other ways. "Hell's fire," he said again, more reasonably. "Simply because the whole damn bunch of us got into the mills without even thinking twice about it, we get to believing it's the holiest job on earth. God, people earn money other places too! Gabro can do what he wants by this time, I guess. So long as he's earning, what's the difference?"

The whale of a difference, that's what, I was thinking, for I am Gabro, and the whole fuss was about me. And because now my world has grown past the Slavish settlement and rocky Romine Street, because now I realize that to the rest of the city, we in the settlement are an unknown quantity that was never quaint, but rather queer, because even now I am finding in myself streaks of my Magyar mother and my Croat father that go deeper than my high cheekbones, my stubby, husky body, and my tight-lidded, suspicious eyes—for those and other reasons, perhaps it is best that I lose that devilish Slavish trait of telling too little in too sparse a manner. Not that our lives are exciting stuff. Not that at all, for they are almost too ordinary in this district, and in the settlement especially, where melancholy commonplace is the undertone for more commonplace.

There were three of us at the time of the disturbance about my living—Klara, my mother, Ziga, my brother, and Ivana, my sister, older than either Ziga or myself. Five years before that, there was Egor, my father. That was during my last year at the white high school that sits like a big cake of unmelting ice on the hill across the valley from the Rad settlement. I can remember starting down the hill to school one raw morning and feeling suddenly grown-up be-

FIRST PRIZE

SEE "STRAWS IN THE WIND" FOR BIOGRAPHY

cause I was in the midst of the fresh shift heading toward the mill. Sometimes I met my father coming up from the seven-o'clock release. But that morning I met a mound beneath stained tarpaulin, and Lav Kozar yelled in Slavish for me to run and bring my mother.

Lav had been the only one to see Egor—to hear the heavy thud of his body as it hit the ground near the troughs. The falling steel from the scaffolding at the stack top had struck the side of the furnace, and when Cezar Petach reached the scene, there was Egor—a shapeless pile of flesh and a narrow stream of blood furrowing across a lime patch. The angular brace at the stack top swung in a taunting curve from a loosened clamp. That was all. But none of that reached the papers. I think it was then that I began to realize how close-mouthed and sullen a mill and its labor can be, and later that month I can remember writing a strange theme in school, about destiny and the cycle of life and death, and what it was the mills ripped from men so unreasonably—identity, peace, and a fragment of ambition to call their own.

Ziga had gone into the tube mill as prime labor the year before Egor died. He had been expelled from the high-school industrial course for an assortment of reasons that explained nothing but a fierce, tempestuous personality that despised petty discipline and the fractions of reality that school dealt to him. In two years of mill work, Ziga was a roller, earning more than Egor had before he died.

Things were picking up toward the end of the depression. Ivana had gone back to her tin-flopper's job at the tin-plate. She went regularly to the dances at Sokol Hall and walked back at night with a blond Polish laborer. And my mother padded dully about the kitchen in her slippers, from the stove to the table and back again, not quite aware of the quickness of things since my father's death, slapping at Ivana for coming in so late the night before or for helping herself to the hot food before Ziga. And occasionally she would stop and scratch at a fleck of soot on my scalp at the part of my hair.

The gray, cracker-box houses of the settlement were filled with chunky, blubbery living and boisterous, knee-slapping jokes once more. Men were buying their wives bright, sleazy dresses and new kitchen ranges at the first rumor of work. Ivo Mantich draped strings of new figs across his store window and pasted colored rickey signs with big five-cent marks on the glass, and the Rosnic children sprawled across the pavement with their metal toy cars.

Summer dragged the year I got my first job in the tube mill. I had taken the preparatory course in high school. "In God's name, what for?" Ziga had asked time and time again, and sometimes

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The sultry noise of the mill throbbed on

WILLIAM RITTASE

41

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even I was not quite sure about my reason. But even when I went into the mill yard that first day after Ziga had got me the job, I kept saying to myself, "This is not everything. Life will not find its best routine here. For a while—yes—but only for a while." July was a relentless month—hot and steaming. After my three-o'clock shift release I would go back to the settlement and sit on the back porch that faced the hillside and the rivers and the mills. The Croatian church held a memorial service one evening for the two settlement boys who had been burned to death in the fueling pit at the airport. And after supper, the old women sat together and painted tin buttons which were to be sold sometime in September for the benefit of the St. Barnabas Home. The parched grass on the slopes above the mills grew wiry and tufted, and the shrubbery growing in the shale layers of the hillside turned yellow and gritty.

The evenings stretched softly, and sometimes the gym music from Sokol Hall drifted restlessly over the settlement. But the sultry noise of the mills throbbed on steadily. Occasionally a steam whistle from a paddle boat lamented far down the valley, and the amber curds of early furnace reflections stood out against the clotting dusk. Below me, the slag train crept along the hillside, and the ladle cars jerked and convulsed and groaned in releasing the glowing cakes against the hill. The bright masses branched into molten threads, crossing and recrossing each other, cruising to a thin death.

Time crept torturously those nights —hot, cottony nights in which I lay coverless on the bed, staring at the ceiling, listening to the shifting sighing of the furnaces and the coughing impatience of the freights at the siding, trying to figure out some sort of a future in a place where the mills took youth indifferently, as though it were only a matter of years before any small enthusiams would melt to an acceptance of life in terms of eight-hour shifts and Saturday nights and holiday work.

But even then, I was not lying blindly to myself. There was, to be sure, the intense feeling in me that in a way I would always be alien to the settlement and its beefy, meek living—that somewhere, perhaps not miles away, there was a future, a work for me, not allied with the omnipresent mills. And yet, as I have said, I was not lying boldly to myself. That restless, seeking urge had been with me since childhood when I would sit on the ragged edge of the settlement bluff and feel a loneliness growing within me, greater than I could explain or understand. But that was not all—I was afraid!

I was in the welding bay, the seventh in a row. For eight hours I removed tongs from hot pipe. Eight hours of it, until I could almost close my eyes and tell the closeness of a pipe by the squeak of a guide chain. And when the cranes creaked overhead with their loads of fiery pipe, I cringed and dodged and looked around me to see if the older hands had noticed. But there weren't many older hands in the seventh bay; mostly fellows like myself, and none of them forgot to watch the crane. The young Swede behind me would crawl under the hood of his machine and pretend to be working in the grease basin. I began to realize that the mill forgets life as quickly as it takes it—the safety department hushing up, and the central office paying off miserably.

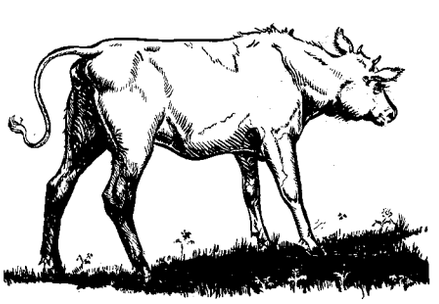
Claude and I watched and heard a lot those first weeks—a man stumbling back from his job against a hot pipe that seared his legs off in a screaming fraction of time—hoarse bellowing from the blooming mill where a drowsy assistant had been sucked into the rollers and mashed to a pulp. These things were my nightly fears and the roots of my small philosophy about the place. Here was eager foreign youth, naïve and guileless, but as good basic material as any other section of the country could offer, and all of it forfeited to the mills because it was the easiest, most immediate thing to earn an unquestioning living, and easier yet to hire yourself out to a never-failing groove.

All that summer I thought it out, leaning on the win- (*continued on page* 80)

Coming Out Party

VIRGINIA BLACK

We had mortgaged all our sheep to start a dairy string, and our start was just one little pedigreed Guernsey heifer and a pumping outfit. The heifer was to be the mother of future, marvelous, milk-giving cows, and the pumping outfit was to pour water all over our new field of alfalfa. In two years, Jim said, the heifer would have a calf; in three years, another calf; in four years, still another; and so on. These calves would, in turn, grow into heifers and have calves of their own. And if they didn't grow into heifers they would grow into steers which could be sold handsomely for beef. Heifers or steers, they would form a splendid herd, and we could soon pay off not only the mortgage but all those overdue notes at the bank. Why, by the time Cuppy, the baby, was old enough to have his teeth straightened—well, we'd have the money. Anyway, that was what we figured.



Proudly we turned the heifer into the pasture by the house, diplomatically presented her with a bucket of mash, and were rewarded when she permitted us to scratch her behind the ears. Her name was registered, "Ethiopia, out of Africa," inappropriate, we thought, for a blonde. And Jim immediately nicknamed our Italian neighbor's bull "Mussolini," because, he said, there would be hell to pay if the two ever got together.

"Why?" I asked stupidly.

"Humph! Look at him!"

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The bull was a squat, jugbellied scrub, with one eye, horns that did not match, both ears lopped off, and a rough coat spotted with all the colors of all the cattle that ever roamed the earth. He was, besides, a very mean little bull.

"A swell father he'd make," said Jim.

"I should think you'd need to rebuild the pasture fence then."

"I can't afford to—not till I sell the wool in June. Anyway, there's no hurry—Ethiopia's only seven months old."

That was in May.

II

JIM did not sell the wool in June. The price was still too low. And by the middle of July the new fence was not yet built. However, though growing like a weed, Ethiopia, very young and very innocent, stayed at home as good as gold, greedy for her bucket of bran.

But one hot morning she barely ate her feed, she refused to be scratched, and while I was giving Cuppy his bath she bawled and bellowed and ran up and down the pasture fence as if she were crazy. When Jim came in from the range at noon I was cross. "For goodness sakes, do something about Ethiopia. Cuppy hasn't slept a wink this morning—that animal's made such a racket."

Jim, lathering his arms at the sink, paused to listen. "I don't hear her now."

"Well, not five minutes ago she was right there at the corner of the fence."

Jim shook the water from his hands, walked to the porch door, and squinted out over the pasture. No heifer was in sight.

"Lunch is ready," I said.

"Hold it a minute. I'd better see about her." The screen door slammed as he ran down the steps. And soon I saw him sprinting up the hill from the barn. Jim is a big fellow, and when he runs there is certainly something wrong.

"What's the matter?"

"She's gone!" he yelled, his face red with the heat. "I'll bet she's bulling—at nine months! She went through the pasture fence as if it hadn't been there—and Brownie after her! (Brownie is Jim's saddle horse.) Goddam the miserable goddam luck! Of course she's headed for that potbellied bull of Tovani's. And what can I do without Brownie?"

"But she's never laid eyes on that bull. And anyway, you said she was too young."

"She *is* too young!"

"Well, then——"

"She's bulling anyway—I'd bet my bottom dollar on it. And if she's bulling, she'll be bred, too young or not. And it'll ruin her!"

"But can't you telephone Tovani to stop them?"

Jim was beside himself. "He can't stop them! The bull's in that hayfield next to our alfalfa. Tovani wouldn't have time to blink his eyes before it would be too late. And then where would our dairy string be? Gone to hell!" Jim was now halfway to the shed where we kept the Ford, and whistling for the dog.

I shrieked, "Wait! I'll go too," and grabbed up Cuppy and ran after him. I had to scramble into the car while it was backing out of the shed; Jim clearly had no intention of waiting for a woman and baby. With no free hand to shut the door, I left it to bang as we lurched madly down the hill.

"There she goes!" yelled Jim. "Right past the alfalfa and straight for the line fence. She's in heat all right, the crazy little fool! In the name of creation how does she know where she's going and what for!"

It was indeed a mystery.

"Maybe I can head her off," muttered Jim, and he whirled the car out of the road and sent it crashing across the alfalfa checks where we soon passed the startled horse and made a considerable gain on the fleeing heifer. I hit the ceiling with every jolt, hanging on to Cuppy with both hands and bracing my feet to keep from flying out the open door. Even the dog, Jerry, in the back seat stood fearfully, her legs spraddled.

On the floor behind was an old clock which had belonged to Aunt Elizabeth. It hadn't run for years, but I had so admired it when I had visited Aunt the afternoon before that she had presented it to me along with a jar of quince jam. These forgotten gifts now slid about wildly, the clock emitting protesting squawks from its springs and pendulum.

"She's beaten us!" shouted Jim, pounding on the steering wheel in a rage. "Holy old roly old bald-headed Agnes!"

The heifer was nearing the rickety boundary fence, beyond which I could see Tovani's big black milk cow, two stunted calves, and the scrub bull. Jim yanked on the brake, flung open the door, and yelled to Jerry, "Get ahead!"

Though Jerry is a sheep dog and in all her nine years has never worked cattle, she knows enough to obey. She was off like a rocket, dashing between the heifer and the fence, and barking excitedly. Ethiopia paused, baffled, and then tried to run past the dog.

The bull now lifted his head, wrinkled his nose in an enquiring sniff, and came trotting clumsily, followed by the curious black cow. Even the runty calves, not to be left out of it, came jogging after. Jim snatched up a loose picket and ran toward them, cursing like a madman.

I did not relish my rôle as mere spectator and nurse, and decided that, though I would be no use on foot, I might, in the Ford, be able to help. Tentatively I got the car in gear, but soon discovered that I could make no speed without jouncing Cuppy off the seat. I therefore deposited him under some elderberry bushes farther along the fence, and left him whimpering and digging his fists into his sleepy eyes.

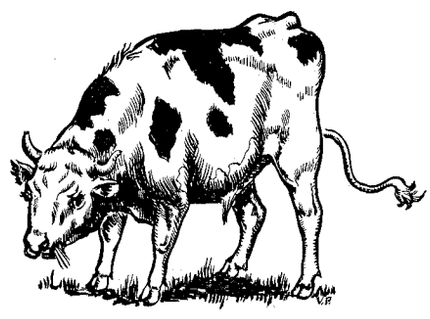
Unhampered, I drove with such speed over the rough ground that it is a wonder the little car did not crack to pieces. My aim was to help Jerry force the heifer away from the fence where Jim and the bull were engaged in a grim battle, the bull determinedly prying at the wire with his ill-matched horns, and Jim from his side of the fence belaboring the animal's tender nose with the picket. The more old Mussolini was opposed, however, the more vicious were his lunges at the barrier.

As for Jim, he was in an equal frenzy. "You pot-gutted, piebald, old he-devil! I'll stop you"—*whack!*—"if I have to kill you!" *Whack!*

I was actually thinking the same curses, and worse. Those animals should not get the best of us! No longer was I Ethiopia's friend with a bucket of bran. She was as strange to me as any yearling on the plains of Texas. Back and forth I raced the leaping car, try-

FIFTH PRIZE

SEE "STRAWS IN THE WIND" FOR BIOGRAPHY



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ing to keep it between the heifer and the fence, with Aunt Elizabeth's clock whanging the hours away as if to make up for all the years it had missed. Jerry and I were really doing pretty well. But Jerry, too old and too fat, began to lag. The heifer suddenly dodged past her, and without a break in speed went right through the fence, tearing long gashes in her flanks on the barbs, and setting the posts to shaking. Jerry stopped, perplexed, and looked back at Jim for directions. Getting none, she made her own decision, and collapsed panting in the shade of some poison oak.

"Jerry!" I shrieked. "Get ahead!"

But she merely rolled her eyes at me, her sides heaving madly. Jim turned and yelled at her, and his tone was so awful that Jerry sprang up, cowering, and darted after the heifer. Once more there was a twanging of wire; again flesh was torn. Regardless of injury to herself, Jerry had aimed intelligently at the only spot for defense, and once more was between Ethiopia and the bull, who were now advancing toward each other like a couple of trains on the same track.

With tears of anger rolling down my sweating face, and without a plan of any description, I jumped from the car and ran raging toward the fence. Jim was already over it—one leg of his overalls ripped to the waist by the barb wire—and was running recklessly after the bull. Brandishing the stub of his picket, he shouted, "Open the gate!"

As I raced to obey, vaguely realizing that he would use the gate in some way to separate the animals, the buttons down the front of my skirt began popping off, and impatiently I jerked at them until the last buttonhole tore open and left the skirt in my hands and my legs bare except for my sleazy pink shorts.

The gate was a heavy wooden affair, without hinges, its ends merely wired to the posts on either side and its full weight dragging the ground. Laboring frantically, I had just managed to tug it open a few feet when the cattle came toward me down the fence, with Jerry in their midst making tired indiscriminate sallies. In the lead lumbered the old cow with the calves close behind. I stood in the opening and flapped my skirt at them; for, whatever Jim's plan might be, I could see no sense in letting them through. Frightened, they circled on past the gate.

Next came Ethiopia, coyly ambling away from the bull, and apparently confused by the rumpus. Her suitor was hot on her heels and paying no attention to Jim who was far behind and shouting something which I could not understand. As they bore down upon me, I stood motionless behind the gatepost, frozen with fear and indecision. Ethiopia, therefore, did not notice me, and the half-open gate acted as a sort of wing which turned her through the opening. I knew suddenly that with luck I could shoo the bull on past as I had the cow and calves. I leaped in front of him and shook my skirt in his face, terrified by his hideous nearness, but nevertheless exhilarated. I felt as a *banderillero* must feel when he waves his cloak to divert the bull from a fallen *picador*. If I had known anything about bullfighting, my procedure would certainly have been different. But luckily the bull was so intent upon overtaking the heifer that he merely dodged past my skirt and lurched on, not realizing that he was again parted from Ethiopia by wire. I tried to drag the gate shut, but before I could lift it clear of the ground the bull was back, and the heifer too, both fearfully excited and upset. And there I was, the heifer behind me, the bull in front. Desperately I flapped my skirt, jerked frenziedly at the gate, and screamed at the top of my lungs.

Jim, running up, and probably thinking that my last hour had come, jumped rashly in front of me, and beat at the bull with his broken picket. Somehow I got the gate closed. Somehow Jim, unhurt, scrambled over it. And once more we were both on our side of the fence with our precious Ethiopia.

Our only hope now lay in getting the heifer away as quickly as possible. If this maneuver could be managed at all, it would take our entire force to do it, and the bull would be left to rip his way through the fence unhindered. Jerry was too exhausted to help much. Jim was almost as tired—only his insane determination drove him on. But the Ford, though hissing steam, was as good as ever. Crazily I zig-zagged it across the alfalfa, and we gradually forced away the retreating heifer, who, with glassy eyes, slobbering mouth, labored breathing, and bleeding flanks, fought to get back to the fence where the bull was lowing fearfully and tearing at the wire in a mad, amorous heat. He was a stupid animal, else the fence would not have held him as long as it did. We had actually driven Ethiopia some two hundred yards—careful to keep away from Cuppy under the elderberry bushes—when the car slowed down and stopped, out of gas!

In angry despair I jumped out to continue the hopeless campaign on foot. But Ethiopia saw immediately that the swiftest of her enemies no longer opposed her. She raced past me straight for the elderberry bushes, and the bull naturally turned and lumbered to meet her there. In terror I screamed like a maniac, and, simultaneously with Jim, ran to defend Cuppy. But babies are not entirely helpless. Though Cuppy was unaware of his predicament, he knew that he had been abandoned, and when he saw his mother coming, he let out one of his bellows of anger and command. At this appalling new noise, Ethiopia gave a nervous start, wheeled in her tracks, and stood for a second uncertainly.

And then Jerry, as if inspired, did a strange thing for a sheep dog. She rushed at the heifer's head, and grabbed her by her sensitive nose. To Ethiopia this was the last straw in a terrifying day of unusual conflicts and bewildering emotions. She moaned hoarsely, shook Jerry loose, whirled about, and ran as if possessed back across the alfalfa toward home.

"Keep after her!" yelled Jim. "I'll try to hold this brute till you get her in the barn."

That I might get Ethiopia into the barn seemed wildly improbable. However, I plodded after her, gasping, sweating, and feebly flapping my skirt, stopping only to glance back in fear that the bull might be after us, and in greater fear that he might not be—that, worse, he might somehow evade Jim and trample Cuppy, sitting, so little and unprotected, at the line fence.

I was so tired that I felt I was getting nowhere, like a figure in a nightmare. But Ethiopia was spent too. It was not the miracle it seemed that caused her to give up and allow me to drive her into her stall. She was simply too exhausted to care any longer about an affair of the flesh.

The surrender was none too soon. Not one minute later old Mussolini came charging awkwardly up the hill, Jim behind in the dust, swearing and yelling unintelligible directions. But when he saw that the heifer was safely fastened inside the barn, he leaned panting against the corral fence, smeared a dirty sleeve across his livid face, and eyed the bull with a weary triumph.

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PHOTOGRAPHS OF AMISH PEOPLE BY A. MOLIND

Susie

TENNIS E. LYONS

THE last thing at our Christmas party is a treasure hunt," I announced mysteriously to my rural school of thirteen squirming children.

When the last owner of squeaky shoes had stopped shuffling and the last girl had smothered her giggle, I continued, "Each of you will receive written directions. Follow them carefully. At the end of your search you will find your Christmas present."

Twelve excited faces looked up at me. Only our newest pupil, a little Amish girl of eight, sat staring down at her desk. She was still twisting the ends of her long brown braids.

"Do you understand, Susie?"

Susie raised her great blue eyes. The look in her face was that of a baby rabbit about to be caught. The same look was always in her eyes when the girls stared at her heavy braids, such strangers among their own shingled heads, or when the boys pointed at her high buttoned shoes. It was there when she pulled her black velvet bonnet over her braids and when she folded her full black skirts over her shoes. Only once had I seen the dullness leave her eyes; a third-grade girl had given Susie a doll to hold, just for a moment.

$100 PRIZE

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But the others were getting impatient and were calling for the directions.

"Here they are," I said, and placed a set on each desk. "Now you can start. I'll help Susie."

Susie read hesitantly, "Go five steps north. Turn east. Go to the blue cupboard. Take the box on the first shelf. It is marked 'Susie'."

Susie shook the braids back. She walked five steps to the north. Then she heard the squealing of others who had found the presents, and stopped in tears.

"Oh, Susie! Please!" I buttoned one of the pearl buttons that had come undone at the back of her dress, and tried to turn her toward me. "Please, you can't cry at our Christmas party."

But the trembling shoulders and the stiff little body only seemed to say, "Al-

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ready I am Amish. You can't make me happy in this school."

But still I hoped that the Christmas present would make her feel a little better. With the crumpled rag she called a handkerchief I dried the flat nose and wiped the tear marks off the bright cheeks. She followed me to the old blue cupboard. With a lot of coaxing she pulled down the box marked "Susie." The curious children who had found their presents were pushing against us.

"Open it, Susie! Open it."

They pushed Susie to her desk. Her stubby fingers pulled away the red ribbons and white tissue paper. In the box lay a doll—such a doll as every little girl tries to draw on her tablet and gazes at in the catalogue for weeks before Christmas.

Someone cried, "It has real hair!"

"It's a sleepy doll too," I said hopefully.

Susie reached for the doll, then her face closed again. Her eyes filled up. Her hands dropped to her side.

I turned to the desk. "Children, it's four o'clock. Merry Christmas."

Each voice chimed, "Merry Christmas." Laden with gifts and books, they crowded noisily through the door. Susie with tear-stained cheeks slipped past my desk.

"Susie, you forgot your present," someone called.

The doll with its tissue wrappings still lay on her desk. It was time to be firm. The school district and especially Susie's parents should know what an unselfish and thoughtful teacher I was.

"Susie, you must take the present home." An Amish child will obey his elders be it his own death warrant. "A doll in an organdie dress won't want to stay a week in a cold schoolhouse. Merry Christmas."

"I wish it to you already," she said as she crushed the doll under her arm.

*

My week's vacation was spoiled by doubts and misgivings. Perhaps it had been a mistake to order the child to take the gift home. After all, she hadn't wanted it. By Monday I was actually glad to walk into the schoolyard.

While I was shaking the snow from my worn galoshes, I was startled by a "Good morning." Susie was huddled in a corner of the porch.

"Susie! Here so early? It's too cold."

"Yes, but already I have wanted school."

Then I saw her eyes as she began to fumble at a bundle in her arms. "Papa let me keep the doll."

"I knew it would please your father."

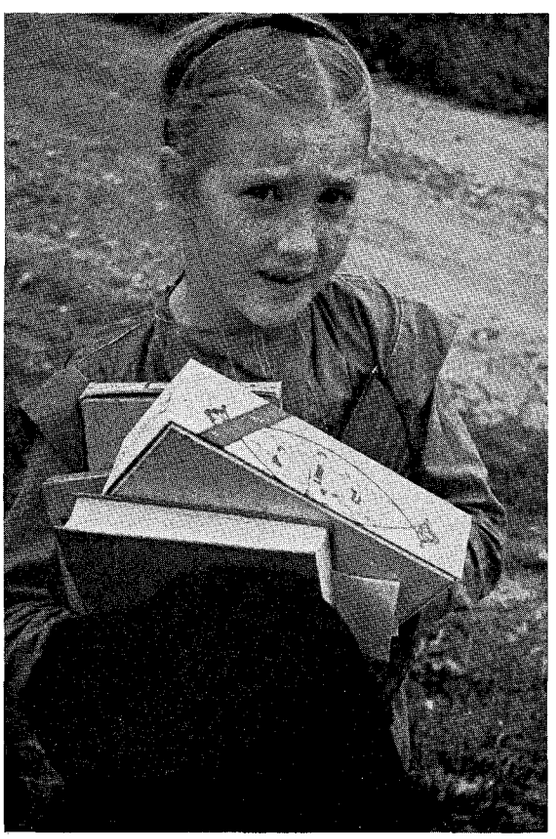
"But you do not understand. Only God can make people. It is bad for us even to try to copy God's things. That is why Amish children do not have their pictures taken. That is why I have never had a doll."

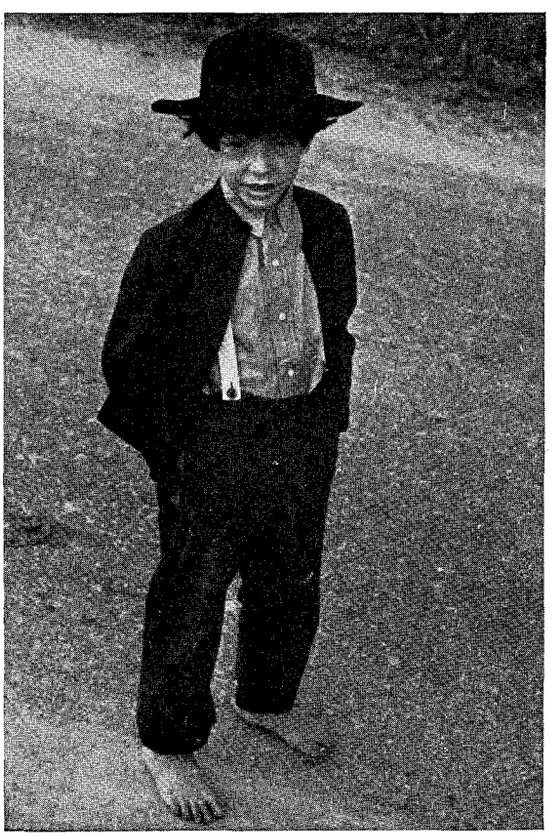
"But you still have the doll?"

"Mama said it could be fixed so it would be all right with God."

Susie unwrapped the doll. Gone was the beautiful baby head with the sleepy eyes and soft curls. In its place was a white ribbed stocking stuffed into a pumpkin shape. There were no features on the new head.

"Papa sawed off its head. Isn't it a lovely doll? I am happy already!"





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don herold examines:

college "men"

One of the first things that should be taught college freshmen is not to act college. Perhaps the first week of their college year should be devoted to boiling the little fellows in oil or otherwise torturing them to get out of their system all desire to wear monkey caps and do snake dances. Then, if they persist in acting conventionally college, they should all be shipped to the Warner Brothers studios in Hollywood to cut up in motion pictures about college life—a doom worse than Siberia.

In short, this period of chastening would be a most excellent chance to wean college youngsters, as possible candidates for the intelligent Americanism, from our all-too-prevalent American weakness for labels, and for acting and dressing the part.

There are, of course, in every college a few lusty little nitwits who lead in this collegiate babbittry. They should be smacked to earth by their more embarrassed classmates. It is the embarrassed who are right, but it is the healthy little babbitts who prevail.

This goes, too, for after life, and I think that I have suggested a bit of pedagogy here by which the colleges can eventually improve American life as a whole. What America needs, for one thing, is fewer joiners.

No. 1 lesson for college youngsters should be willingness to wait a little while to "arrive" and to "register." On one college campus, recently, I saw freshmen wearing foot-square banners with their names on them—a babbittian device to get everybody acquainted too quickly and too promiscuously.

The best actors I know look like businessmen. Only the hams look like actors. The best writers and artists I know look like brokers or storekeepers. Only the phonies wear long hair and Windsor ties. The best musicians might be mistaken for chemists. The best college students ought to look the least college.

If we can't get intelligent people from our colleges, we ought to close the colleges. And I think it would help a lot toward this end to smack all that is collegiate out of the freshmen before they are a week old.

murals

The only time anybody ever looks at a mural painting is when somebody discovers three nude women in one corner who haven't any business there, or a caricature of Bishop Manning as an organ grinder, or some veiled insult to the sponsor or somebody. Apparently only faultfinders and snoops are interested in murals.

As for me, I am against all murals unless they can prove themselves innocent. I've been looking at murals all my life, in all countries, and I haven't seen more than six that I'd give wall space in a hayloft. I think murals are, on the whole, a phony and atrocious art . . . pretentious, affected, and inane. I'll take my chances on birds-and-flower wallpaper or just plain beaverboard.

Most murals call for a libretto, because they picture an idea which nobody but the artist can understand, such as "The Historical Background of Terre Haute" or "The Growth of the Wool Mitten Industry."

As a rule, the artist gets away out over his head in symbolism, and sinks among a mess of rampant horses, oxen, Amazonian women, nude and muscular men, a few nuns, people posing, people crawling (to fill up the corners), a Justice or two (with scales), Labor, Indians, more nudes, several pregnant-looking women and men with sledge hammers, all very badly drawn and all very baffling and futile.

After all, there's nothing so terribly wrong with just plain wall space.

presidential handshakes

A nice little old lady from Columbus, Ohio, was bragging that she had called on each of the three presidents of the United States previous to Roosevelt. A Washington newspaper correspondent had fixed it up for her.

I figured later that each of her visits had cost the government—us taxpayers—about $583. Though she is a very nice old lady, I am afraid that her calls at the White House were worth hardly that much to us.

I estimated it thus: the President, though he gets only a meager salary from us, can hardly be figured (as corporation-executive salaries go) as being worth much less than $10,000,000 a year to the government. The difference between a good president and a bad president can, in fact, almost be measured in billions.

We'll say that the little old lady took 10 minutes of the President's time on each of her visits, not counting the half-hour that such a visit perhaps upset him with nervous indigestion. In a 10-hour working day, he has 60 such 10-minute periods, and he has, roundly, 300 working days a year. It divides into about $583 a visit.

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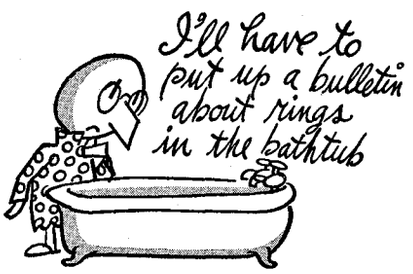
I protested against such calls, and a friend defended the little old lady by saying that she represents a great many people.

All right, we'll say she represents 200. That is all that she could possibly return to with her description of the President as "the nicest, friendliest man."

If each 200 people in the United States sent a nice old lady to call on the President once a year, that would be 2000 nice old ladies calling on the President each day.



bulletin board

We recently framed and hung a family bulletin board in our hall and are now wondering how any family can get along without one. We post dental-engagement cards, insurance-premium notices, and clippings about coming art exhibits and dog shows and movies.

But the best use of our home bulletin board is for little messages to each other. For instance, if Mrs. Herold is out with some old college friends for a big evening and I want to go to bed, I am apt to leave a note: "I took the dog out. Don."

Or if a couple of us have a fight, it is a very unembarrassing way to apologize to tack up a "Sorry" on our board.

Modern life is so fast-moving that a family of four may go days without meeting. A bulletin board helps them to "contact" each other.

The finest fruits of our board have been little notes from Hildegarde, invariably to be found when we old folks go out for the evening, such as, "Clara helped me with my arithmetic. Took a bath. My throat doesn't hurt any more. Love. Hildegarde."

Big corporations and colleges (especially colleges) wouldn't think of trying to get along without bulletin boards, but a board is really much more important and vital in a home than in any office.

For instance, what did Johns-Manville ever have on its board to compare with the 3x5 notice that Doris stuck up immediately upon her return from college last spring? It read, simply: "Doris is home."

bloomfield notes

I have been back to my boyhood town of Bloomfield, Indiana (population 2300), and have taken a few notes:

The movie in Bloomfield changes four times a week. Grandma Myers, age 87, goes four times a week. She's mad because it doesn't change every night. Her grandson is building her a new home within a block of the movie, so it will be convenient.

The movie in Bloomfield now runs on Sunday. That would have been wicked when I was a boy.

I got an idea in Bloomfield. Bloomfield has the largest artificial-grass factory in the world. (It isn't very large.) They sell it to undertakers and window trimmers. Well, when I play golf I dig up so many divots that it slows up my game retrieving them. So I have bought me a reel of this artificial grass and am going to wear it on my back when I play golf, and every time I dig up a divot, I'll replace it right off the reel.

Bloomfield is a nice little village, but people there are dying like flies. There is an epidemic of octogenarianism.

When Aunt Hattie Corbley talks, it sounds as if she had castanets.

The chief industry of almost any of these small towns is rheumatism. It's in the air of them just as automobiles are in the air of Detroit or movies in the air of Hollywood. I almost got rheumatism in four days in Bloomfield, just listening to it.

5 and 10

Five-and-ten-cent stores bring out the idiot in me. I look around with imbecile avidity for things to buy which I don't begin to need. I am passionately eager to spend, to pass out money, to *achieve merchandise*.

Perhaps my greatest weakness is in the stationery department. Here I become literally pop-eyed, hoping always to find, possibly, some new kind of pencil which will write my pieces for the magazines without guidance by me, or some new accounting book or card file which will completely solve life—one which will make my living and pay my income tax and put my children through college. I have a pencil fetish and own hundreds of assorted five-and-ten pencils which I shall never use.

I go ga-ga in the hardware department, and, although I am the world's unhandiest man around the house and have an elaborate tool chest full of tools which I never touch, I invariably leave the five-and-ten with several paper sacks full of new iron gadgets which I shall never need. In the hardware, too, I am always looking for that something which will solve life . . . for a dime.

Well, 'tis better that I vent this restless spending impulse at Woolworth's than in some more expensive shoppes. Many men and women exercise exactly this same sort of idiocy in Tiffany's and in exclusive department stores. Perhaps ninety per cent of shopping is just pure nervousness. Many women have no other form of recreation. It is all a little vicious, as well as mildly insane, especially when it involves furs and furbelows. Even my visits to the five-and-ten are a little wicked and drunken, but they give me something to live for and a reason (other than the children's education) for killing myself with work at the office.

staccato

Lately, several columnists have indulged in a lot of rapid-fire, purely personal piffle. I wonder if I could do it. Like this:

I hate dinosaurs. I couldn't read a thermometer until I was thirty-six. I sleep in wool socks the year round. I'd just as soon eat rubber erasers as mushrooms. Trigonometry tires me. I like to look through isinglass. I've always wanted to own the Pennsylvania Railroad. I never change a punctured tire; I just ignore it. Impacted molars are my pet aversion. Slate pencils throw me into hysterics. I can't bear a bath mat which reads from right to left. I wish my parents had been trapeze performers and raised me to be one. I haven't had a chocolate soda since August 2, 1926. Every January, I date my letters the previous year. I believe cross-word puzzles are here to stay. My dog just had $31's worth of tonsilitis. When I die, put on my tombstone: "This is too deep for me."

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Santa Claus builds with Steel

THE trains that throw Young America into ecstasies on Christmas morning, as well as countless other toys, are evidence that Santa Claus is steel-minded.

Because Santa builds with steel, these toys have the ruggedness to stand abuse that results from juvenile exuberance. As a material for making models, steel in the form of thin sheets, small rods and fine wire lends itself to reproduction of the subjects with fidelity to detail that delights critical young eyes. With steel the toys can be turned out on a production basis that keeps cost within even the modest family budget.

Driving wheels of miniature locomotives have steel tires to prevent undue wear if an impetuous hand throws on full power too suddenly. Cars fabricated from cold-rolled sheet steel will not buckle if Junior tries to take a ride. Rails formed from tin-plate—thin sheet steel coated with tin—are strong, light in weight and attractive in appearance.

Bethlehem makes the types of steel used in these small replicas of famous trains. And if the operator of a living-room rail empire grows up to become a railroader he will make the acquaintance of Bethlehem rails, wheels and cars for full-size railways.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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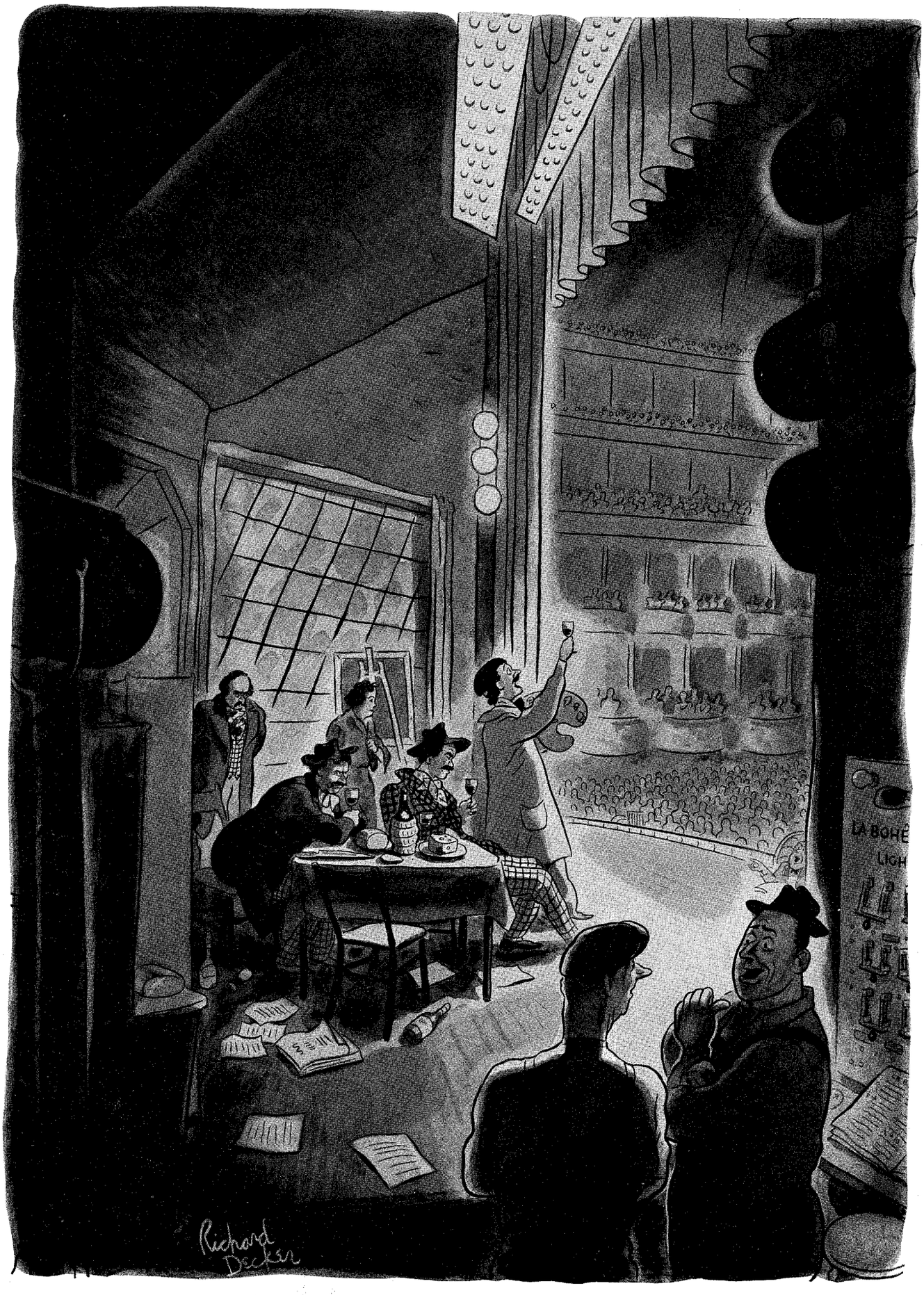

"I'm allergic to White Rock"

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Motion Pictures

GILBERT SELDES

The embattled women of Nutley, New Jersey, are calling down fire and brimstone and boycott on the double feature, but they are on the wrong coast. If there is anything inherently objectionable in the double feature, it is having two bad features on the movie program instead of one. Therefore the reformers of Nutley should address themselves primarily to the studios and not to the exhibitors. The exhibitor is the victim of the producer, and what the producer is making today the exhibitor is more or less compelled to show tomorrow.

I have just been looking over the specifications of about a hundred pictures which were being prepared for release at about the time this issue of SCRIBNER'S will be in your hands. It has been an extremely depressing experience, and I think that if I had not seen the Theater Guild production of *To Quito and Back,* I might have been pretty desperate about the prospects of the movies. I cannot imagine myself longing to see *All-American Sweetheart* with Scott Colton, Patricia Farr, and Joe Twerp; the name of *Freshman Follies* has been changed to *College Follies of 1938,* and its cast will be the excellent Walter Connolly, Jimmy Durante, Ernest Truex, and Hal Leroy; even so, I don't expect the best. Grand National, which began with two pictures starring James Cagney, promises *Here's Flash Casey* and *Renfrew of the Royal Mounted;* the dependable Metro is on a slightly higher level, leading off with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer and a truly magnificent supporting cast in *Conquest,* which sounds like a prestige picture, because it is the story of Napoleon and the Countess Walewska; half a dozen of MGM's other pictures sound pretty dull. Paramount is redoing *The Barrier,* by Rex Beach, and is producing *Love On Toast, Blossoms on Broadway,* and the Yacht Club Boys in *The Thrill of a Lifetime.* RKO, with a stroke of genius in casting, has put Fred Astaire into a Wodehouse comedy, somehow revealing to us that that is precisely the rôle which Astaire has played with such amiability in all of his pictures; but also on the list are the usual musical and stunt pictures which you will find in all the other studios. I cannot get excited about Mr. Walter Wanger's picture about *Fifty-second Street* (from brownstone respectability, through the speakeasies, to our own time), and the rest of the pictures now in the works give off that same sense of staleness, repetition, imitation, and timidity.

Yet I am quite convinced that by the time all these pictures are produced I shall be getting a considerable amount of enjoyment out of many of them. The reason is that the movies have a merit and a value which have very little to do with the material on which they are based. Current now is *Something to Sing About,* which is the story of a dancer who goes to Hollywood and hates it, but becomes America's sweetheart more or less in the style of Robert Taylor, and after a little artificial and unnecessary misery with the girl he loves, returns to the band with which he and she had both started. Hearing this as the gist of a scenario, any intelligent human being would have rebelled against the boredom which the finished picture must induce. Yet *Something to Sing About* is not tiresome, although every time you become aware of the story, you wish that something else had been found for James Cagney to do. The grace and vitality and delicacy of his movements; the quick intelligence, communicated without pressure or mugging; the beautiful exactness of his gestures as to time and space; the rich feeling you have of a complete human character—all of these are quite matchless except, for instance, in such a portrait as Mr. Muni gives in the Zola picture; and Mr. Cagney is not doing a character part, but has as much reality playing straight.

Yet, as I have said, it was seeing *To Quito and Back* which really gave me hope. For here was a play which in prospect was exactly the reverse of the dim and trivial promises of the movies. Here was the Theater Guild rounding out its second decade and producing a play by Ben Hecht who, according to excellent publicity, was depriving himself of five thousand dollars every week when he stayed away from Hollywood, but who was happy to return to the stage. Mr. Hecht has an excellent prehensile hand for touching on people afflicted with ideas; he was dealing with ideas in this play, trying to analyze the motives of such worried and defeated liberals as flock to the Loyalist cause, let us say, in Spain, and are somehow unable to live or die with or for their cause. Here was something which we who are tiring of the inane and the remote in movies could rejoice in. And yet *To Quito and Back* seemed to me less creditable to Mr. Hecht than half a dozen of the comedies and melodramas he had done in Hollywood. In spite of flashes of epigram, it was less witty. The dialogue was excessive and circuitous, which the dialogue of pictures is not permitted to be. The whole production seemed to me lacking in energy and conviction, and Miss Sylvia Sidney was not nearly as touching as she is in the movies. An exercise in futility seemed about all that this production offered.

The hundred pictures I have been reading about may not include half a dozen whose intentions are as excellent as those of Mr. Hecht and the Theater Guild, but they will include possibly two dozen which will be powerful and expertly worked out and behind which there will be a drive and a passion of some sort which will bring them to life. They will ultimately justify the five thousand dollars paid to Mr. Hecht; and I sincerely hope that the comparative failure of his play will force him into greater respect for the movies which he treats now in such a cavalier fashion, as if the movies were a woman of the streets supporting him in spite of his brutality and indifference. Mr.

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Hecht and perhaps a dozen other writers who have really become expert moviemakers could do all of us a great favor by getting over their romantic fixation on the theater and beginning a mature and legitimate life with the movies.

It ought to be clear by this time that writing for the pictures is not entirely a matter of dialogue. I note that *Conquest* gives writing credits to S. N. Behrman, Salka Viertel, Zoë Akins, Sam Hoffenstein, and Talbot Jennings. Two of these five, at least, have so much experience in the movies that they must be inventing business and to a great extent doing the work of a director. I note that Alfred Hitchcock, the British director, has predicted the disappearance of his own profession, indicating that writers will presently be turning out such excellent, detailed scripts that any good cameraman will be able to make the picture without the topheavy interference of director, supervisor, and producer. Perhaps if our romantic writers who flourish in Hollywood and despise their work had really learned about the movies, they would have taken greater satisfaction in their work—and provided better pictures. Certainly Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller, who threw out most of the text and plot of *Stage Door* and wrote a new story on its theme, did a good job for themselves and for the picture. It is far from being a great work, but it is remarkably pleasant to see.

*

For several months I kept insisting in these pages that neither the writers nor the publishers in America were making any effort to come to terms with the printing press. They all were willing enough to have a best-seller, but they still considered large circulation a windfall. It was not what they primarily were trying to get.

I note, therefore, with considerable pleasure that Modern Age Books, Inc., is printing editions of fifty to one hundred thousand copies and is selling them as merchandise, at magazine stands and elsewhere. These are paper-bound at twenty-five or thirty-five cents with an occasional special work at a higher price. Some of the books are reprints, but most of those so far issued are new.

A great deal must depend, of course, on the selection of titles. The first batch is timely, varied, and at least half I should say are excellent. The outsize *Graphic History of the United States* is selling at seventy-five cents and is altogether a magnificent production. The text is by Louis M. Hacker which indicates an economic approach with a definite point of view; the seventy-six brief narrations, and the brilliant charts prepared for each by Rudolf Modley, are packed with the most important information. Since the publication of *The Rise of American Civilization,* by the Beards, nothing about America has seemed so significant and exciting.

This is a good omen, but even without one outstanding book, the enterprise would be important. I have said that a great deal would depend on the choice of text; actually more depends on the choice of methods of distribution. It would be possible to publish books not half as meritorious as these and create a habit of "buying a book" as one now buys a magazine. Then better works might follow. Actually, I think that a great many other publishers will gain by the pioneering work of the Modern Age books. I should, then, in all fairness to them, list at least some of their good titles. There are books for children and murder stories and practical books as well, but those that interest me most after the *History of the United States* are *La Guardia, From Spanish Trenches, The Labor Spy Racket,* and *Men Who Head Labor.*

Crucial Moments in Radio History:

Charlie McCarthy refuses to permit any further remarks about W. C. Fields' nose to pass his lips

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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

While, with minor exception, the English are devoting themselves assiduously to the composition of ducky little parlorspiels and psychoneurotic murder-mystery shockers; the Germans restrictively to schmalz acceptable to Leni Riefensthal's boy friend; the French to 1890 sexual rogueries in modern dress; the Russians to hallelujahs to steam locomotives, threshing machines, and open plumbing; the Hungarians to boiler-plates in which butlers are uniformly presented as being more literate and sapient than their masters; and the Americans to largely arbitrary hoots and derisions of the philosophies of the American playwrights who directly preceded them, the Irish are trying to do something about the art of the drama. More and more it becomes evident that it is to Ireland we must look for plays of merit and repute or, if not directly to Ireland, at least to some stray in another land with some trace in his veins of the blood of St. Patrick.

It isn't, certainly, that all the plays that are coming out of the Celtic soil are masterpieces. Very far from that. But in even the poorest of them one finds a probity, a passionate undertone, a brave resolve, and a hint of spiritual music that one all too infrequently encounters in the present dramaturgy of other peoples. And in the finer plays there is a poetic sweep, a surgery of human emotions, and a warm golden glow that even the best drama of other countries most often lacks. The current English seldom plumb the human heart much beneath the fashionable Jermyn Street waistcoat that covers it. The French, with not more than two exceptions at most, traditionally and habitually seem to confuse it with an organ socially somewhat less ecclesiastical. The Germans of the present day identify its beat with that of a swastika drum. The Russians politically and loftily dismiss it; the Hungarians and the Austrians seem to imagine that its pulse beats invariably in three-quarter time; and the Americans interpret it either in terms of the baton of a swing band or a perfumed dime valentine, or crack jokes about it. The Irish alone as a playwriting nation appear to know it for what, in all its strange and various moods, it is, and the Irish alone with a shameless beauty and a singing candor permit it to tell its true and often aching story.

Teresa Deevy, whose *Katie Roche* has recently been shown to us by the Abbey Players, is not one of the major Celtic dramatists; she has a very considerable distance to travel before she attains that proud level; but she appears nevertheless to have in her a measure of those Irish gifts of sympathy, understanding, insight, and whole-souled integrity that may be on the way to lifting her, someday, to within at least hailing distance of that eminence. This particular play, superficially simple in its spelling out of the A B C's of its characters' emotions, contains—for all its outward aspect of economy—a liberal share of the alphabet of inner dramatic comprehension. A study of a young woman whose constantly changing impulses war with the obbligato that her mind synchronously plays, it suffers from an insufficient command of purely technical dramaturgic invention, yet even so it proves to us once again that the present Irish drama on even its relatively lower levels is something that the drama of other countries on its relatively higher levels only spasmodically matches.

*

Acclaimed by George Abbott, co-author of *Three Men On a Horse,* as the man who should have received the Nobel Prize above Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson has apparently not only taken Mr. Abbott seriously but is more than determined to put O'Neill in his place and himself in O'Neill's place at some prospective Stockholm poll. The symptoms have for some time now been obvious, but never more so than when O'Neill two seasons ago announced that he was at work on a cycle of eight plays to run five years and when Anderson thereupon promptly seized his typewriter and wrote three plays for production in a single year. "It is much harder to write three plays on different subjects than eight plays on one subject," he quietly, if very firmly, confided to me at the Critics' Circle's season's-end award dinner.

That Anderson is ferociously out to wrench O'Neill's present standing as the foremost American dramatist away from him and to lift the laurel from O'Neill's brow onto his own is manifest. So ferociously determined, indeed, is he that he has now even descended to an attempt to prove that if O'Neill could take a day off and write an *Ah, Wilderness!* he, Anderson, also can take a day off and write something greatly superior in the same minor nostalgic vein. The result is *The Star-Wagon,* and, unfortunately for Mr. Anderson, it not only attests further to the fact that O'Neill, even when he casually tosses off something as a relaxation, is nevertheless infinitely and overwhelmingly the more important writer, but that Stockholm, so far as Mr. A. is concerned, looks farther away than ever.

This *The Star-Wagon* is not only a very bad play for and from Mr. Anderson; it would be a very bad play even for and from the average Broadway hack-huckster. And it is not only a very bad play, but an extremely fatuous one. Following two dozen or more theatrical demi-Dunnes before him who have monkeyed with the idea of time and relativity and leaning on H. G. Wells' ancient Time-Machine device to argue his characters back into a bygone period in their lives, our Woolworth Ouspensky has succeeded in grinding out only the same old flash-back sentimental mush that has habitually proceeded from the idea when it has been treated by second- and third-rate play confectioners. Act I duly presents us to the gray-haired old failure married to the gray-haired scold of a wife and to the thought that comes to them of how happier their lives might have been had they each married someone else. Act II, *via* the Time-Machine (substituting for the ubiquitous

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crystal globe, magic potion, dream, etc., of similar exhibits), duly shows the couple thirty-five years before in the heyday of their eager, aspiring youth and duly marries off both of them to other and richer parties. And Act III in its first section duly shows us the misery and unhappiness attendant upon these marriages and, in its second, which returns to the opening scene of the later day, the old couple inordinately happy that, after all, it was they who really married and beaming upon each other at the curtain fall like a brace of ardent and very gooey marshmallows. I ask you!

If, on the other hand, you ask me and demand if, however stale a theme and plot, a dramatist may not through the exercise of a pretty philosophy, a nice originality of treatment, a share of wit, and a grace of imaginative writing convert them into reputable and engaging drama, my answer is of course. But Mr. Anderson doesn't happen in this case to have those necessary gifts. Resorting to almost every unimaginative and hackneyed appurtenance of the species of play in point, he trots out as humorous jimmies the girl in bloomers, the old-time bicycle, the first horseless buggy, the puritanical chaperon, and most of the other stencils; as sentimental hokum, the old church organ, the choir rehearsal, the episode of the happy young lovers picnicking on the greensward, and the heartbreak of the poor maiden when her young beloved goes off with another and richer girl; and as reverse-English sentiment, the chill harshness and meanness of the woman and man whom the elderly couple might have married. His characters are for the most part out of an appendix to Jerome K. Jerome's *Stage-Land:* the gray-haired old inventor who, like all gray-haired stage inventors, never moves about erect but always with stooped and huddled shoulders; the stern, cruel, capitalist boss; the haughty rich young woman who, immediately she marries, takes on several lovers; the mystical and ominous herbwoman fortune-teller who comports herself like a *Macbeth* witch; the ne'er-do-well crony of the husband who just sits around the house and eats, otherwise opening his mouth only to mutter some terse sour comment on this or that; the old-fashioned, fluttery chaperon on the constant lookout for such immoralities as hand-holding; and the bent old virago of a wife who nags her husband on his failure, complains bitterly of her lot as she drags her flat shoes out into the kitchen, and whines of the piano she had her heart set upon and hoped one day they might be able to afford.

As for the metaphysical and philosophical embroidery of this rubber-stamp congress, we are treated to Mr. Anderson's convictions (*1*) that money always brings unhappiness with it; (*2*) that what we have done with our lives is always better than what we might have done with them; and (*3*) that time is like a moving platform, that one can get on or off it at will, that it is the fourth dimension, and that if you don't believe it you are unquestionably the kind of person who didn't believe that there could be such a thing as the radio. As for Mr. Anderson's clarity of dramatic thought, we observe him, at the beginning of his play, arguing that the Time-Machine will carry his characters back to an earlier period in their lives and careers and then, having carried them back, we observe him and his Time-Machine showing them to have conducted themselves as never in that period they in reality did conduct themselves. As for Mr. Anderson's integrity of character sense, we have him converting his shrewish old wife within twenty-four hours, and for no reason other than that she had a bad dream, into a sweet, kindly, gentle, solicitous, and loving butterball. And as for Mr. Anderson's *The Star-Wagon* on the whole and in its entirety, the word, I think, is claptrap.

*

Arthur Hopkins has repeatedly argued of late that the critics are killing the theater. Inasmuch as the theater has not for many years been in such a healthy condition as it is at the present time, something would seem to be slightly wrong with Mr. Hopkins' logic. Like his fellow producers, Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Brady, Mr. Hopkins commits the error of believing—or pretending to believe—that when the critics murder one of his very bad plays they are simultaneously murdering the theater. This, of course, is akin to believing that when the law hangs a man for a major crime it is coincidentally spelling the doom of the country. If the critics were to praise and thus assist in the prosperity of the inferior plays which the aforesaid producers put on, they would kill the theater in short order. The life of the theater is to be preserved and sustained only by such purges as the critics from time to time perform.

The trouble with Mr. Hopkins, otherwise fundamentally an intelligent and worthy fellow, is that, like the Messrs. Pemberton and Brady, he has refused to take to heart what the critics have persistently and, I believe, justly urged upon him these last seven or eight years. Certainly, if the critics entertain respect for anyone in our theater, it is this selfsame Mr. Hopkins, and far from being his enemies they wish to be his friends. But, like many another stubborn and contemptuous theatrical rooster, he has gone on his way sniffing his disdain, and his way has accordingly and increasingly pointed toward lamentable failure. The critics have suggested to him that his arbitrarily listless and static stage direction is wearying to present-day audiences. But he recalcitrantly shakes his head and magisterially points back to his once highly endorsed similar direction of the plays of Clare Kummer and his eulogized production of *The Jest* with the brothers Barrymore, not stopping to realize that, while that species of direction was exactly right for the largely listless and static little plays of Miss Kummer, it is far from suitable to plays unlike Miss Kummer's and also not stopping to reflect that even the greatest sedative in existence couldn't, however hard it tried, have depressed the impudent acting bounce of the Barrymores of those days.

The critics have also prayed to Mr. Hopkins to wake up to the plain fact that what constituted a likely play in the American-audience imagination ten or fifteen years ago generally no longer appeals to it. But Mr. Hopkins has turned a deaf ear to them and has gone on selecting plays for production that would not stand the slightest chance with audiences even if the critics were to fall off the water-wagon in a body and hail them as great masterpieces. In every way, in short, have the railbirds of the drama tried sincerely to hint Mr. Hopkins back into his old proud position in the theater and into his old proud success. And what is Mr. Hopkins' answer to them? His answer is to continue challengingly to pick out such plays as *Blow Ye Winds* and to produce them as if they were so many sit-down strikes.

This *Blow Ye Winds* was by Valentine Davies, one of the returned Hollywood truants to whom I referred in my last month's performance in these pages. By way of proving that Hollywood had not affected him in the least, Mr. Davies, like a number of the remigratory recreants, composed an exhibit completely and superiorly devoid of all such low Hollywood motion-picture ingredients as action, pace, structure, variety of mood, and general audience interest in the apparent conviction that the omissions constituted true and unsullied dramatic art. If Mr. Hopkins is right and the critics are really killing the theater, they are assuredly getting a lot of amiable help from the Hopkinses and the Davieses.

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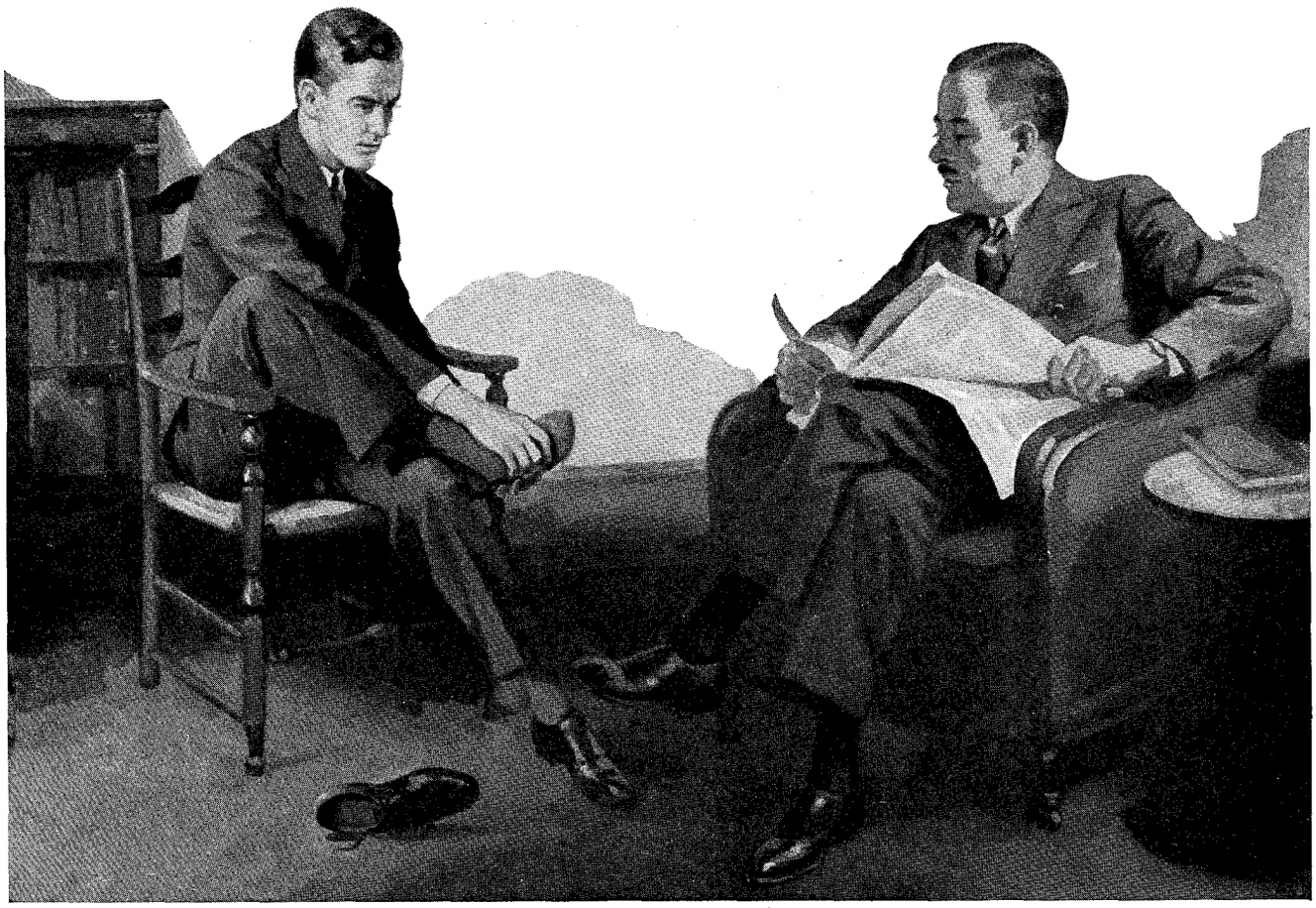
Abuse?—Misuse?—Disuse?



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Misuse commonly means walking, standing or running with the toes pointed out instead of straight ahead. It also means throwing the weight of the body on the inside of the foot.

Disuse is insufficient exercise. When the feet are not properly exercised, the muscles supporting the arches often become weakened until the bony framework sags and the feet are nearly flat.

It is almost impossible to maintain good posture if one has deformed or weakened feet. Bad posture usually forces the vital organs of the body out of proper position and may lead to poor general health.

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Books for Christmas

MARGARET CHENEY DAWSON

IMPOSSIBLE as it is to deal with all the books of recent vintage that might happily be given for Christmas, it is still worth recalling a group of the fall titles as a starting point. Of the early autumn books one of the most distinguished to achieve popularity was Elliot Paul's *Life and Death of a Spanish Town* (Random House, $2.50), an account of the island village off the Spanish coast which Mr. Paul had made his home, until the coming of the Rebel *Movimiento* destroyed it. His description of the people of the town, of their individualities, beliefs (and skepticisms), habits, attitudes—all deeply rooted in three thousand years of history—is especially effective in contrast to the later chapters telling of the three weeks' warfare that reduced Santa Eulalia to a "banana peel town." Incidentally, the person who receives this book would be apt to enjoy a kindred volume, Jenny Ballou's *Spanish Prelude* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), although this is not strictly a new book, having made its appearance last spring. Miss Ballou's novel contains little plot, but her skillful suggestion of Madrid's high-strung, before-the-storm atmosphere in prewar days carries its own excitement.

One would not hesitate to recommend *Animal Treasure,* by Ivan Sanderson (Viking, $3), for almost any type of reader, which is odd, because it happens to be about queer, often highly repulsive animals with long Latin names, such as you might think would interest no one but the most intrepid zoologists. Mr. Sanderson, however, converts his researches on the west coast of Africa into sprightly and amusing adventures. His attractively clear drawings of some of these curious "treasures" give added proof that this is not some peculiar new form of fairy tale. The appeal of *New Frontiers of the Mind,* by J. B. Rhine (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50), which is certain to be called a fairy story in some quarters, is perhaps more limited. But the curious and unprejudiced will be interested in this report of seven years' experiments at Duke University to determine whether the human mind can apprehend certain facts without the aid of the five senses. Professor Rhine believes he has established the existence of this faculty, which he calls Extra Sensory Perception. The technique which he employed in his laboratory is simple, and the book will start almost any group making tests of their own—it might, in fact, be distributed as one of the handy volumes guaranteed to make your party a success.

In *The Arts* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), Hendrik van Loon sweepingly surveys all the artistic enterprises of the human race, literature excepted, from prehistoric to modern times. While he does not challenge many of the standard judgments on the great styles and great men of art, he manages as usual to convey huge masses of information with deceptive grace and nonchalance. His discourse makes good reading, and his many illustrations make good looking, too.

For those stout souls who still are interested in the career of our more lively journalists, two new books are available: *Heyday in a Vanished World,* by Stephen Bonsal (Norton, $3.50), and *Time of Our Lives,* by Orrick Johns (Stackpole, $3). The first deals only with one portion of the author's career, that part of it which earned him the nickname "Bonsal of the Balkans" and which closed at the turn of the century. In those days the Powers did not love publicity, and the politicians did not badger the gentlemen of the press with mimeographed releases. To get interviews with men like Parnell and Prime Minister Taafe of Austria was extraordinarily difficult, but Bonsal managed a good many such exploits and was consequently given a number of bizarre and important assignments by his chief, James Gordon Bennett of the New York *Herald.* None of the pale cast of bewildered thought bothered the countenance of an ace reporter in those days, and Mr. Bonsal's chronicle, while full of historic material of greatest interest, is quite free of the introspective tinge. Events pass by at the double-quick, sometimes funny, some-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—John Chamberlain's reviews will appear as usual in the January issue.

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times portentous, and he records them all as a good newsgatherer, with a minimum of editorial comment. The Johns book, too, provides some illuminating comparisons between newspaper work of that vanished world, as exemplified in the career of the author's father, George Johns, and the problems of the latter-day liberal as shown in the journalistic-cum-literary-cum-political saga of the younger man. The senior Johns took up cudgels for progressive causes when journalism was "the chivalrous modern adventure"; when son Orrick came into his professional heritage, newspapermen had "highbrow yearnings," and the crusading fervor appeared in strange new guises, some of which may seem even more futile to us today than old-fashioned muckraking.

Come the novels. *And So—Victoria,* by Vaughan Wilkins (Macmillan, $2.50), and *The Citadel,* by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown, $2.50), are still good bets if you can find anyone who has not read them. The gory history of the Georges who preceded Victoria on the English throne, and the gory exposé of malpractice in British medicine both depend more on subject than style for effect, but both are capably put together and very easy reading. For pure diversion there is also G. B. Stern's *Oleander River* (Macmillan, $2.50), wherein a very young girl falls in love with a much older man whose son is in love with the very young girl. Miss Stern redeems this not-too-startling plot by a twist of irony and turns it into a smooth piece of entertainment. *Witch in the Wilderness,* by Desmond Holdridge (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is another you could safely choose for anyone who reads to be amused. Mr. Holdridge, who last year wrote *Escape to the Tropics,* has used his knowledge of Amazonian jungles to make a convincing and creepy background for this novel. Its plot concerns a yacht-load of sophisticated Americans who find themselves stranded for a period of months on the mudflats of a dwindling, forest-bordered river. Until the rains come they are obliged to deal as best they can with the natives, the mutinous crew, and their own bad tempers, so that the complications are varied and surprising.

In a quite different category is Jean Giono's *The Song of the World* (Viking, $2.50), a translation from French which surprised, and sometimes irritated, American critics into various expressions of deep feeling. Giono, it seems, amounts to a cult in France, where whole colonies live close to nature in imitation of the Master. Giono is

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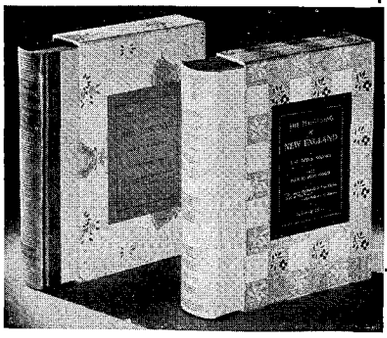

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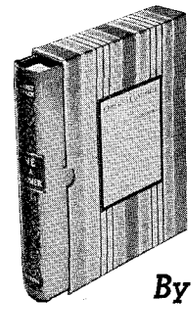

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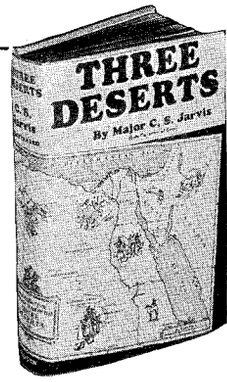

By *Major C. S. Jarvis.* Like "American Doctor's Odyssey," by Victor Heiser, this book is acclaimed as equally great in action, humor and thought. "A wise and humorous book. I have read nothing where knowledge, wisdom and laughter were so happily blended."—*N. Y. Sun.*

This book reflects the extraordinary personality of the author, who was Governor of the Three Deserts for 18 years. It vividly describes his experiences with the Nomadic Bedouin Arabs in the empty spaces of the earth. Illustrated, $3.00.

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said amiably to ignore these worshipers, as his interest lies exclusively in the writing of books. *The Song of the World* tells a story of French peasants in the Basses-Alpes who behave not as peasants but as huge, half-mythical figures in a poetic-primitive world. Giono picks his metaphors with a high-handed indifference to convention which has made some people cry out in pain, but which also transmits the book's emotional power with a force reminiscent, in passages, of another Song — Solomon's own — which, by the way, it cannot nearly equal in respect to freedom of imagery. Certainly not for the old lady from Dubuque.

I should have thought it might be necessary to show discrimination also in picking the perfect recipient for *The Seven Who Fled,* by Frederic Prokosch (Harpers, $2.50), but the best-seller lists show that it is widely popular. Be advised, however, that it is a highly mystical tale, dealing in sensuous, elaborate prose with all manner of Asiatic subtleties. "The seven" are seven Europeans who try to escape from the interior of Chinese Turkestan, where they have incurred the suspicion of a local war lord. They are soon separated, and their different fates involve a series of climaxes which are dominated by the idea of death, and usually by the fact as well. The Prokosch style is very narcotic and its lulling effect, together with a suggestion of the *Lost Horizon* atmosphere, is probably what makes the reading of this novel a titillating experience.

Nothing esoteric enters into one's appreciation of Zora Hurston's new book, *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (Lippincott, $2), and there will be very few who do not enjoy the honest characterizations and rich dialogue of this Negro story. Janie, its central figure, is pushed by her grandmother into an unromantic marriage which the old lady hopes will at least provide her charge with security. So it does, but security is not what Janie wants, and she soon leaves her first marriage for a second one (bigamy no objection). The new is little better than the old, and it is twenty long years before Janie meets Tea Cake and feels herself really begin to come alive. The last third of the book dealing with this romance is especially appealing.

The long epic novel is notably represented this season by a story of the Voortrekkers—the Boers who made the difficult journey a century ago from Cape Colony to their promised land in the Transvaal. *The Turning Wheels,* by Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is the kind of book customarily called "full-bodied," and so it is, with the requisite wealth of incident and large cast of characters. It does not, however, rely too much on external details for its effect, and Mr. Cloete has avoided costume-piece tactics in favor of presenting a truly human drama.

The solid, many-tiered family story has not yet run itself out, and *The Long Way Home,* by Sylvia Chatfield Bates (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), should be well liked by admirers of the species. Somewhat in Ellen Glasgow's *Vein of Iron,* it brings a woman to the solution of her life's problems through a return to the land and to the spiritual terrain of her ancestors. Several generations of these ancestors are portrayed in the first chapters of the book before Ellen Swain's history begins to unfold, so that clues to the heroine's character are well developed. The writing is neither pretentious nor heavy, but the book gives one the feeling of sound substance.

Unless the short-story lovers among your acquaintance are firmly addicted to the *tranche de vie* and O. Henry traditions, they will be glad enough to get William Saroyan's new collection, *Little Children* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Even people who were considerably annoyed by *The Daring Young Man,* and subsequent pieces, will grant with pleasure that some of these stories, especially the ones that really do deal with little children (more than half) are surpassingly good. His approach to the experiences of childhood is equally far removed from the Peter Pan and the Penrod attitudes, and superior to both.

Under the heading "Miscellaneous," a scattering of other titles comes to mind. I hope that at least a few people will remember the delight they had last summer from Ludwig Bemelmans' *My War with the United States* (Viking, $2.50) and will pass out some copies of this amusing and touching little book. . . . There is *Thames Portrait,* by E. Arnot Robertson (Macmillan, $4), a book of river adventures and lovely photographs for the Anglophile. . . . *Lost Empire,* by Hector Chevigny (Macmillan, $2.50), is a somewhat fictionized account of Russia's attempt at colonization in Alaska and the fortunes of a picturesque real-life hero, Nikolai Petrovich Rezanov—good alike for addicts of the historical novel and biography fans. . . . For light verse, you could hardly do better than *One to a Customer,* by Margaret Fishback (Dutton, $2.50). . . . And other books by *New Yorker* contributors naturally suggest themselves as gifts, so don't sally forth to battle without jotting down a few of their titles, such as *Academic Procession,* by James Reid Parker (Harcourt, Brace, $2), *Bed of Neuroses,* by Wolcott Gibbs (Dodd, Mead, $2), and Clarence Day's *Life with Mother* (Knopf, $2).

Christmas in Children's Books

JOSEPHINE DODGE KIMBALL

ANOTHER Christmas season is approaching with its joyful task of selecting at least one appropriate book for each member of the family. As in other recent years, the children's books present a special problem for, because of the great improvements and new inventions in bookmaking, the presentation of a juvenile can be most alluring even when the text is slight and banal. Careful consideration and unprejudiced advice are very much needed, so, bearing this in mind, consult your bookseller for his or her candid opinions and devour the best of the reviews. I have only listed here those books which I would want my own children to have, and which I believe are worthy of your consideration.

For those in the preschool age group, we must first look for the picture books with slight text. In this category, I can gleefully announce the publication of the Babar books in English in dollar editions. These four volumes—*The Story, Travels, King,* and *A B C*—are small enough for the child to hold with comfort, and I, for one, hope that the publishers will sell hundreds of thousands of copies at the new price. This fall, the latest of the Jean de Brunhoff appears in English translation in a large three-dollar edition only, namely *Zephir's Holidays*. Monkeys are not quite so appealing to me as elephants, but there is one double spread, showing the monkey tree village, which is among the artist's best pictures.

If you are looking for a new *Night Before Christmas,* Reginald Birch, the pictorial creator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* has done one with illustrations in full color ($1.50). Personally, I love a big, fat, jovial Santa Claus, but there

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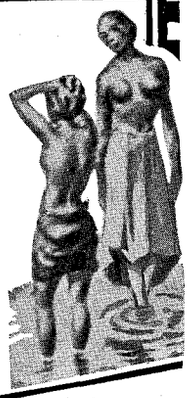

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This superb story of modern India, of pent-up passions, native and white, unloosed by overwhelming disaster, is "the best of his books," says *Harry Hansen.* Other critics join the chorus: "Swift, exciting, shaped with Bromfield's outstanding skill."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."* "His best story since *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg."*—*Clifton Fadiman.* 600 pages. $2.75

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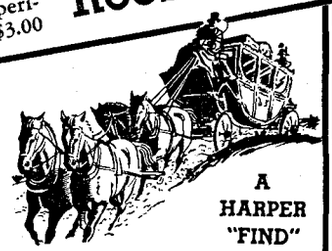

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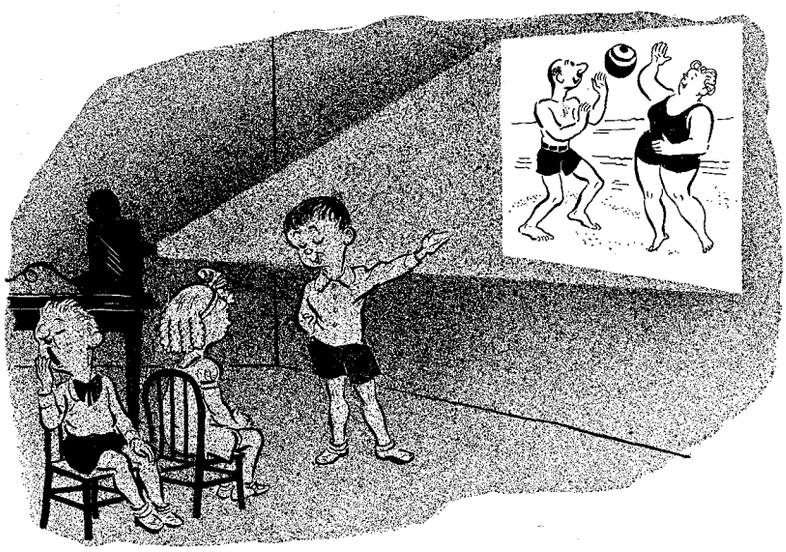
CARL ROSE



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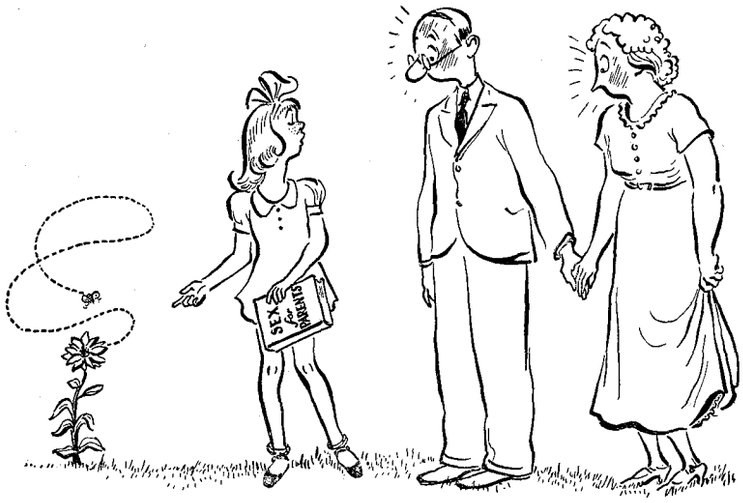

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are now many completely satisfied that the perfect pictures for Clement Moore's classic poem have been found at last.

Mercifully, there is no new *Mother Goose* this year, so I hope that the gay complete edition, published by the Heritage Press last fall, will enjoy a second successful season. But a most important and attractive new collection of less familiar nursery rhymes has been edited by Helen Dean Fish, called *Four and Twenty Blackbirds* ($1.50). This book, beautifully illustrated by Robert Lawson of *Ferdinand* fame, includes many old songs for which the music has been provided. I certainly trust that this collection will find its way into all nursery schools and kindergartens.

For sheer and wonderful nonsense, Ludwig Bemelmans has had his expert hand in two enchanting publications. The author of one of my favorite adult books, *My War with the United States,* and of *Hansi* and *The Golden Basket* for children, has an unfailing touch in everything he does, and this fall he adds to his list of triumphs with *Noodle* ($1.50) and *Castle No. 9* ($2). In the former, already a best-seller, his absurd dachshund sketches illustrate a story by Munro Leaf, author of *Ferdinand,* and, in the latter, he has done both text and illustrations for a unique tale of a marvelous Bavarian lord whose passion for renaming everything lands him in a sorry plight. There are two most unusual and amusing contributions to juvenilia which will be thoroughly appreciated by adults. One real find is *Ezekiel* ($1.50). Though written in dialect, this is truly fun to read aloud, and it holds a young audience enthralled, for the everyday adventures of an easy-going Florida darky family, which includes Ezekiel, Emancipation, Lil Plural, and the baby Assafetida, have appeal for all ages. This story is delightfully presented in an unusual way, for the author's colored line sketches are scattered all through the text, making the pages as gay as any ever seen. In the other, *And to Think that I Saw It on Mulberry Street* ($1), Dr. Seuss, best known for his Flit advertisements, presents a delicious exposé of a small boy's tall tale.

For the preschool child who likes stories which include animals, I suggest *Walter the Lazy Mouse* ($2), by Marjorie Flack, who, as author-illustrator, used a real little field mouse as model; *Bobby Wanted a Pony* ($1), by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan, who did that popular group of *Michael* books; *Pepe and the Parrot* ($2), by Ellis Credle, an attractive Mexican tale printed on blue paper; *Babette* ($1.50), another lovely

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cat book by the author-illustrator of *Mittens;* and *Rufus the Fox* ($2), by Samivel, a mischievous picture book which would make a marvelous Walt Disney film. This fall there are two additions to the translation of the Père Castor books, *Scruff the Seal* and *Bruin the Bear* ($1), both by Lida, pictured by Rojan and translated by Lily Duplaix, as were *Plouf the Little Wild Duck* and *Pompom the Little Red Squirrel.*

The next group to consider is that of children between six and nine, for whom books of fact or fancy which are good for reading aloud or easy enough for beginners have a distinct appeal. In this section there are three based on the Bible, all most welcome. *Animals of the Bible* ($2) is very important, and for this, Helen Dean Fish has selected animal stories, from the King James version, which have been exquisitely illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. The story of *David* ($1.75) has been beautifully retold and illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones. Last spring a volume by Blanche Jennings Thompson, with pictures by Kate Seredy, was published—*Bible Children, Stories from the Bible* ($1.50). For straight stories for this age, I suggest *The Clockwork Twin* ($2), by Walter R. Brooks, author of *The Story of Freginald, To and Again,* and other humorous barnyard classics. This one has the added attraction of a mechanical boy. Another book with grand humor is Phil Stong's *High Water* ($2), an even better story than *Honk the Moose* or *No-Sitch, the Hound.* With a genuine American scene laid in Iowa and a great character in Mexico, the burro, this book is hard to beat in the fall of 1937.

For girls of this age I have chosen *Petite Suzanne* ($2), another superlative book with text and beautiful illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli, who gave such a perfect picture of the Pennsylvania Dutch region in *Henner's Lydia.* This new one is laid in the picturesque Gaspé country among French-Canadian farmers and fisherfolk, the first time that this milieu has been presented to American children. *Joan Wanted a Kitty* ($2), by Jane B. Gemmill, is the most attractive easy reader I have ever seen. I hope we will have more on this order to replace the dull first readers we have had to date. *Honey Chile* ($2), by an artist who also knows how to write, Anna Braune, gives the haunting flavor of a present-day Southern plantation which has real charm. The young heroine finds all types of pleasant easy adventures while on a

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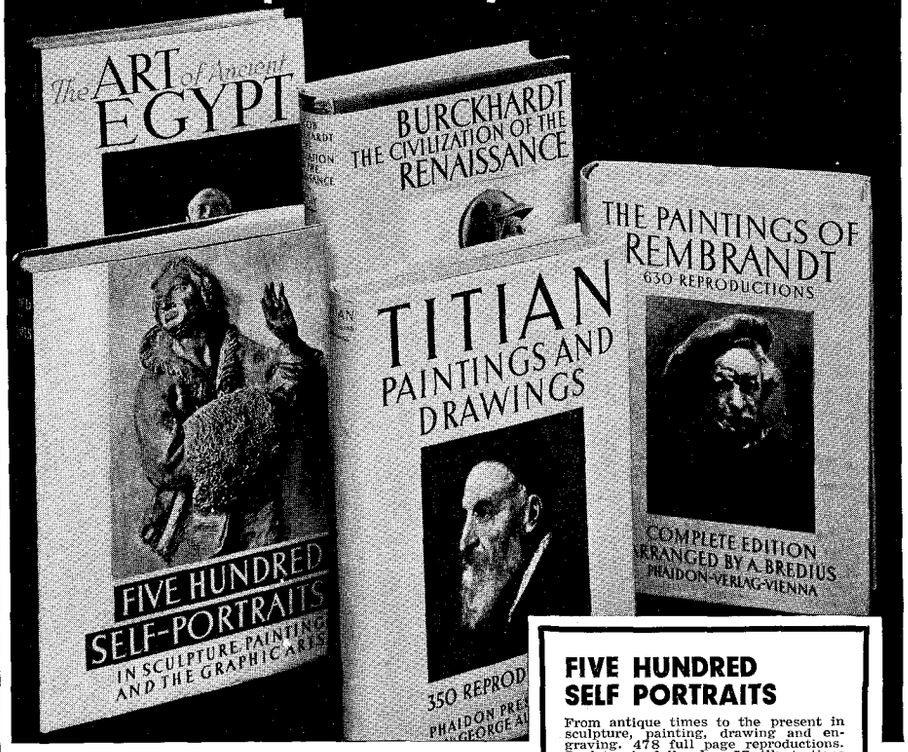

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visit to her aunt and uncle. Two enchanting books are laid in Maine. Elizabeth Coatsworth's *Alice All by Herself* ($2), everyday life revolving around a girl of ten in Damariscotta, is told with fine imagination and humor. The other with a Maine-coast background is the Haders' *Tommy Thatcher Goes to Sea* ($2), in which the hero and his cousin Hattie learn how to indulge in all the pleasures of the shore and hear of other days from their grandfather. A most unusual story is *Baby Island* ($2), by Carol Ryrie Brink, Newbery Medal winner, and illustrated by that past master, Helen Sewell. In this fantasy two little girls in a shipwreck rescue all the babies on board and bring them up for several months on a tropical island. The announcement of an American edition of an old E. Nesbit is always good news, and this year we have *Wet Magic* ($2), another delightful mixture of real children and fairy people. Marguerite Vance has a companion volume to *A Star for Hansi* in *Marta* ($1), a charming little Christmas volume.

One of my favorites is *The Curious Lobster* ($2), by Richard W. Hatch, which recounts the stirring adventures of sixty-eight-year-old Mr. Lobster and his friends, Mr. Badger and Mr. Bear, a story with flavor akin to *The Wind in the Willows.* Boys and girls will also adore *The White Stag* ($2), by Kate Seredy, the gifted author-illustrator of *The Good Master* and *Listening.* In beautiful prose, she retells the legends and history of Hungary, the epic of the migration of the Huns and Magyars to Central Europe, a beautiful addition to any child's library. Also unusual is *Sakimura* ($1.50), by Zhenya Gay, with lithographs by the author, one of the best of all cat books. *This Year Next Year* ($2.75) will be a fine acquisition for the poetry shelf, a volume of new poems by Walter de la Mare, and a treat indeed. Charming verse with perfect pictures by Harold Jones make the launching of this volume a publishing event.

There are two horse stories for this age: *Chinky the Banker Pony* ($1), by Sanford Tousey, author of *Cowboy Tommy,* tells of the annual roundup of wild marsh ponies on an island off the coast of Virginia, and of the purchase and removal of Chinky to Connecticut. Then Will James has taken the first part of his *Lone Cowboy,* added new pictures, and given us *Cowboy in the Making* ($1.50), an excellent companion volume to *Young Cowboys,* both of which are for the younger children. In the dog world, we find a new Paul

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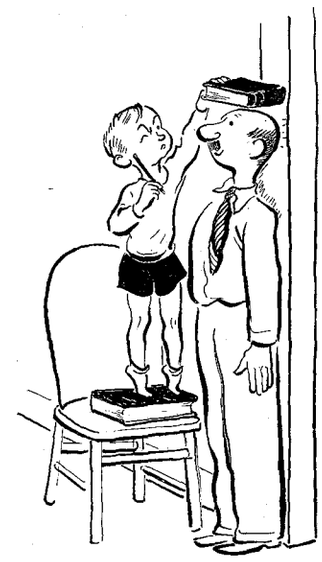

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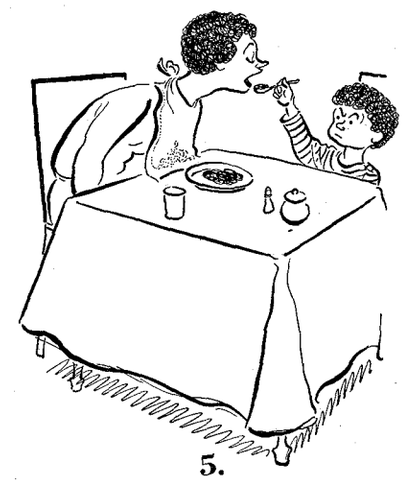

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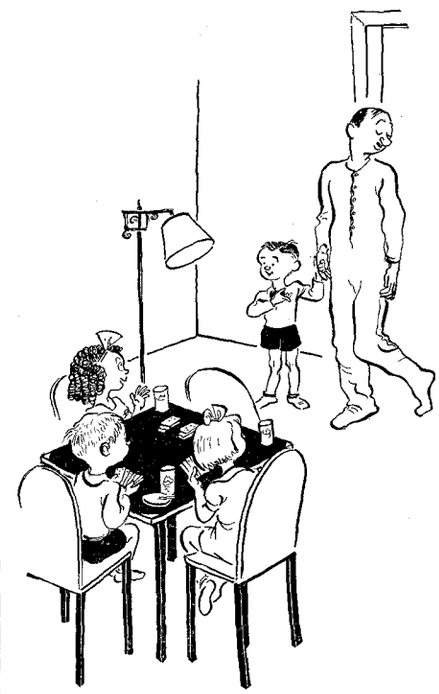

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Brown: *Mick and Mac* ($2), more about the Perkins family and their farm and circus life, Mick being an Irish wolfhound, and Mac a Scotty. In the realm of wild-animal life, there is *Tawny Goes Hunting* ($2), by Allen Chaffee, illustrated by Paul Bransom, telling of a puma's life and his experiences with the smaller wild folk in the California Sierras and, later, with the wilder species to the north in the Rockies. The world of undersea life is illuminated in *Sea-Horse Adventure* ($2), in which we meet puffers, octopi, parrot fish, and about twenty other marvelous and strange creatures. Irmengarde Eberle's true fantasy has been wonderfully illustrated by Else Bostelmann, staff artist on four oceanographic expeditions under Dr. William Beebe.

To open children's eyes to new fields, I suggest a most delightful life of *Bach* ($2), by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher, a lovely looking book which contains many simplified excerpts from the works of the great classic composer. This is one of a fine group which already includes *Mozart* and *Haydn*. Also in a series is *Tales of a Chinese Grandmother* ($2.50), by Frances Carpenter, with most fitting pictures by Malthe Hasselriis; the Basque and Russian tales have been covered in former years.

I now come to the selections for children from about nine to twelve. In the line of general nonfiction I highly recommend Dr. Walter Russell Bowie's *The Story of Jesus* ($2), illustrated by that genius of line, Robert Lawson. In this the rector of Grace Church gives a readable continuous biography of a vigorous Master, a beautiful book for both Christmas and Easter. To enliven and clarify history classes, give *Once Upon a Time in Egypt* ($2), by Frances K. Gere, or *Tops and Whistles* ($2), by Carolyn S. Bailey, a group of stories about toys in our early days. For a picture of the Indians of today, look at *Winnebago Boy* ($2), by Mario and Mabel Scacheri, which through photographs and text describes the present-day tribal life of the Woodlands and Plains Indians. For the South American there is *Red Jungle Boy* ($2), written and pictured by Elizabeth Steen while on the second of her expeditions into the dangerous Araguayan River region of Brazil. This is a real contribution to children's literature. Another story of primitive life, but laid in Cro-Magnon times in France and Spain, is *Hunters Long Ago* ($2), by Gregory Trent.

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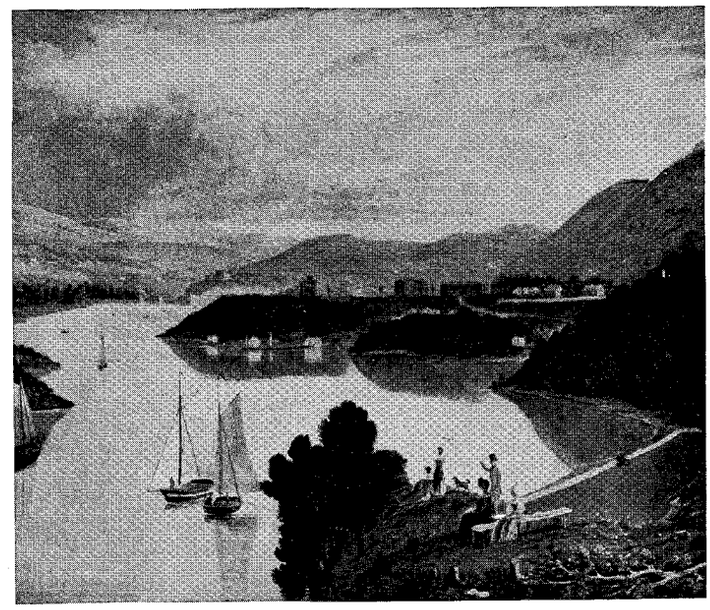

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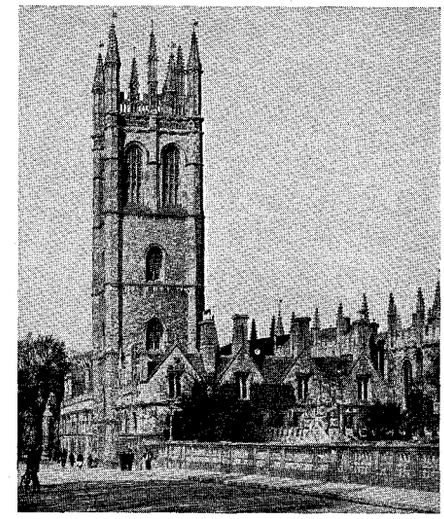
book as Boris Artzybasheff's *Seven Simeons* ($2), the New York *Herald Tribune* Prize Spring Book for Younger Children, one of the most artistic of all books in illustration, format, and distinction of writing of a Russian folk tale. With a rich Bavarian background, *Chimney Sweep Tower* ($2), by Rita Kissin, will give good reading to children who try to visualize life abroad.

To appreciate further the animal world, give youngsters *The Wonder World of Ants* ($2), by Wilfred S. Bronson, in which he clearly and easily depicts the always astounding life of those hard-working insects. *Each in His Own Way* ($2), by Alice Gall and Fleming Crew, illustrated by beloved Kurt Wiese, tells of such famous animals as General Custer's horse, Comanche, Alexander's Bucephalus, Buddy of "Seeing Eye" fame, Barry, the Saint Bernard, and many others.

For adventure in strange places, try *Roving All Day* ($2), by Nora Benjamin, a tale of the Bahamas, or *Footlights Afloat* ($2), by Rose Knox, one of the very best books of the year, which authentically tells of life on a showboat on the Ohio and Mississippi. *Pigeon Post* ($2), by Arthur Ransome, is the latest of that marvelous series which began with *Swallows and Amazons,* all excellent stories of action and imagination laid in the English Lake country. If your children enjoy short stories, by all means get them the new *Story Parade: Red Book* ($2), a compilation of the year's best contributions to that fine new magazine *Story Parade.*

Girls from nine to twelve will particularly enjoy *The Little House* ($2), by Christine Crowell, a top-notch story to class with *Little Women* or *Understood Betsy,* all books of real children in real families. *Vinny Applegay* ($2), by Ethel Parton, with pictures by Margaret Platt, is an enchanting story of a little girl who lived near Stuyvesant Square in New York City just after the Civil War. *On the Banks of Plum Creek* ($2), by Laura Ingalls Wilder, is an even better pioneer tale than her beloved *Little House in the Big Woods.* A fine translation from a French prize book is *The Winter Nightingale* ($2), by Marie Colmont, a beautiful story of the north country, where an orphan girl determined to be a great singer receives help from a lonely, friendly boy. No Christmas season is complete without a new Augusta H. Seaman, and this year there is *Mystery at Pine Barrens* ($1.75).

For that difficult teen age when boys and girls are longing to try adult fiction and are not generally choosing very



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Articles

RHODES SCHOLARS IN AMERICA
By Milton MacKaye

A thorough examination of the accomplishments and failures of American students who have won Rhodes scholarships. How well has Rhodes' plan been carried out?

THE FLU EPIDEMIC OF 1917
By Frederick Lewis Allen

Reconstructing a dramatic fragment from our recent past . . . re-enacting the fearful winter of '17 . . . retelling the story of the influenza epidemic.

HAWAII — KEY TO THE PACIFIC
By Don Wharton

Investigating the case of the Hawaiian Islands — their strategic and economic importance to the United States.

Stories

CLOTHE THE NAKED
By Dorothy Parker

THE TWO BEARS
By Richard Sullivan

WITHOUT WORDS
By Elliot Merrick

MR. GEIGER
A "first story" by Jean Williams

Also

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES
— brief articles of personal experience.

THE SCRIBNER QUIZ
don herold examines

DEPARTMENTS conducted by Gilbert Seldes, John Chamberlain, G. Selmer Fougner, Richard Gilbert, and George Jean Nathan.

In the January

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wisely, there are many excellent suggestions. For boys who want plenty of excitement, try *Skyscraper Mystery* ($2), by Lavinia Davis, a most unusual story of the rivalry between two construction companies, a thriller with a new background. *Who Rides in the Dark* ($2), by Stephen Meader, is laid in the old Stagecoach days in New Hampshire; while *Lost Covers* ($2), by Edna Turpin, revolves around a missing Confederate stamp. The two best aviation stories are *Bob Wakefield—Naval Inspector* ($2), by Blaine and Dupont Miller, and *Pilot of the High Sierras* ($2), by Frederic Nelson Litten, while football is to the fore in *Blaine of the Backfield* ($2). A new world is shown in *Lumber Camp* ($2), by Glen Rounds, a unique book bound in wood, with descriptions of everyday life and many tall tales of the big woods. Alan Villiers's *Cruise of the Conrad* has been revamped into *Stormalong* ($1.75), a wonderful modern picture of life at sea; while the flavor of former days can be found in *Privateer Ahoy* ($2), by E. A. Stackpole, about the War of 1812. Yet again we have the sea in an Antarctic tale called *White Wind* ($2), by M. I. Rose.

Older girls will enjoy *A World Within a School* ($2), by Lucy Kinloch, an A-1 English boarding-school story, or *Shanty Brook Lodge* ($1.75), a Girl Scout classic; while *Bright Island* ($2), by Mabel L. Robinson, a Maine story in beautiful prose, well deserved acclaim at the Spring Book Festival. There will also be a big sale for *A-Going to the Westward* ($2), by Lois Lenski. *Ballet Shoes* ($2), by Noel Streatfield, and *Sue Barton, Senior Nurse* ($2), by Helen Dore Boylston.

In more serious vein for both boys and girls of this age, I sincerely recommend two other books on Egypt, *Messenger to the Pharaoh* ($1.75), by De Wolfe Morgan, and *The Lost Queen of Egypt* ($2.50), by Lucile Morison. Equally important are *Mediæval Days and Ways* ($2.50), by Gertrude Hartman, which has extraordinary photographs; *Map Makers* ($1.75), by Joseph Cottler and Haym Jaffe, stories of such men as Marco Polo, Captain Cook, and William Beebe; *My Brother Was Mozart* ($2), by Benson Wheeler and Claire Lee Purdy, winner of the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation Award; and *Animals on the March* ($3), by W. Maxwell Reed and Jannette M. Lucas, the story of the origins and evolution of horses, cats, dogs, and so forth. One of the most absorbing and finest books of the season is *Saints and Rebels,* by Eloise Lownsbery ($2.50).

There are many adult books this season which can be used for the oldest children. Of these, I would suggest Hendrik van Loon's *The Arts* ($3.95), Ivan T. Sanderson's *Animal Treasure* ($3), and *The Stamp Collectors' Round Table* ($2.50). Finally, I recommend *Words, English Roots and How They Grow* ($1.20), by Margaret S. Ernst, as fascinating a little book as was ever published.

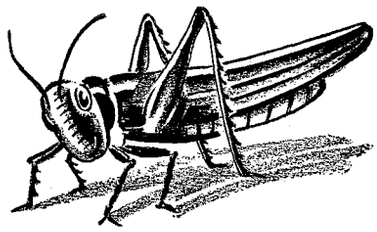
Book Notes

In December the only books that really count at all are the children's books, nor is there anyone so proud he can afford not to know something about them. And of all the rollicking, carefree, heart-warming stories on the Christmas list, lo, *Ezekiel's* name leads all the rest. A perfectly simple story of a family of Florida darkies, written and illustrated by Elvira Garner, it seems to have what it takes to make everybody happy.

Mrs. Garner was brought up in Tennessee on a stock farm, where her father, a retired doctor, had gone for his health. She went to Florida when she was fifteen, but apparently the Tennessee farm was never forgotten, and much of her first experience with storytelling came from the family recollections of things that had happened back in Tennessee.

"My first touch of real sadness came," she writes, "with the death of a small Negro girl—Lewin—just my age. I remember coming home from somewhere, and finding that she was dead, and that my mother had dressed her in my white swiss dress and slippers, because Lewin had always thought them so beautiful. I remember to this day the heart twinge with which I followed with the others behind the wagon which carried the home-made box through the woods. My sister and I carried great bunches of chrysanthemums and the Negroes sang weird and sweet songs, which did not cover the frantic weeping of the child's mother. . . . These and other early Tennessee memories of the Negroes stand out more clearly to me than any others. I guess I have always had an extremely fond feeling for the colored folks who were so mixed up with my everyday life in my childhood."

Not exactly a cheery Christmas leg-



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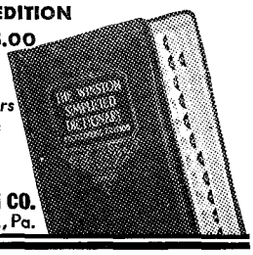

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by Laurence Housman

"Even more attractive than *Victoria Regina*." *New York Times*
Illustrated by Ernest Shepard. $3.00

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Books for Christmas

The Saga of American Society

A Record of Social Aspirations, 1607–1937

by Dixon Wecter

"A vast and illuminating record of keeping up with the Joneses from planter, Puritan, and patroon days to this morning. The book's illustrations are a history in themselves."
Charles Poore in *The New York Times.* $4.00

Ralston's Ring

California Plunders the Comstock Lode

by George D. Lyman

"A lusty, lively, highly dramatic narrative, almost too fantastic to be true. Yet it is all fact. Dr. Lyman has studded his pages with grand tales." *Joseph Henry Jackson* in *The New York Herald Tribune*
Illustrated. $3.50

East Goes West

The Making of an Oriental Yankee

by Younghill Kang

"Attracts and holds the attention as if it were a novel. And as a matter of fact there is the stuff of three novels in this truly fascinating book."
New York Times. $2.75

Everyday Things in American Life, *1607-1776*

by William Chauncy Langdon

The fascinating story of the development of an American culture through the centuries. *Profusely illustrated.* $3.00

I Knew Hitler

The Story of a Nazi Who Escaped the Blood-Purge

by Kurt G. W. Ludecke

A full-length, unique, and astounding portrait of Adolf Hitler by one of his earliest followers — now living in America — and a vivid narrative of the rise of the Nazis. *Illustrated.* $3.75

Elephant Dance

Letters from India

by Frances Flaherty

"In the thrilling veracity of its text and the matchless living beauty of its photographs, this book is nothing short of extraordinary."
New York Times. $3.50

Books for Christmas

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

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For Younger Readers

The Story of Jesus
For Young People
by Walter Russell Bowie
illustrated by Robert Lawson

A life of Jesus that presents Him as a vigorous personality — not a fragile stained-glass figure. A continuous biography, rather than a loosely knit group of incidents. An ideal gift for children from 9 to 14. $2.00

Stormalong
by Alan Villiers

The adventures, exciting, amusing, and true, of two boys who sailed round the world on the famous frigate *Joseph Conrad*. *Illustrated from photographs.* $1.75

Cowboy in the Making
written and pictured by
Will James

The author of *Smoky* and *Young Cowboy* tells, and illustrates, the story of his own childhood on the range. $1.50

Wings for the Smiths
by Alice Dalgliesh

About an air-minded American family and their pets. A delightful story for any small boy or girl who likes airplanes.
Illustrated. $1.75

The Nightingale House
by Elizabeth Palmer

About a little Swedish girl in pioneer Minnesota, her doll "Jenny Lind," and a lovely doll's house. *Illustrated.* $1.75

Skyscraper Mystery
by L. R. Davis

"An exceptionally good mystery story for boys. It is as all such stories should be, thrilling . . . not from forced situations, but from the breathless possibilities of working high in the air." *May Lamberton Becker* in *The New York Herald Tribune*
Illustrated. $2.00

Mick and Mac
written and illustrated by
Paul Brown

A Scotty and a wolfhound — whose master was a circus clown — romp and frolic through the lavishly illustrated pages of this enticing yarn for children from 5 to 9. $2.00

at all bookstores

Books for Christmas

To Have and Have Not
by Ernest Hemingway

"In our own generation, he is the best we have. His new novel I found easy to read, impossible to lay down before it was finished. It contains some of the best writing he has ever done."
Malcolm Cowley in *The New Republic.* $2.50

Europa in Limbo
by Robert Briffault

"One of the most powerful books of our day, one of the most awe-inspiring . . . a philosophic scream of agony from a soul in limbo."
Fanny Butcher in *The Chicago Tribune.* $2.75

Brynhild: or The Show of Things
by H. G. Wells

"Needed to be written and is entirely worth reading. A comedy that sparkles with intelligence. It is original and enjoyable."
Robert Van Gelder in *The New York Times.* $2.50

Gone to Texas
by John W. Thomason

Romance, action, and adventure in Texas and on the Mexican border in the years just after the Civil War. *Illustrated by the author.* $2.75

The Garden of Adonis
by Caroline Gordon

A searching, emotional, highly dramatic novel of the contemporary South by the author of *None Shall Look Back* $2.75

Fine Flowers in the Valley
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How a young girl, acquitted of murdering her child, sought and found spiritual regeneration. $2.50

The Gardener Who Saw God
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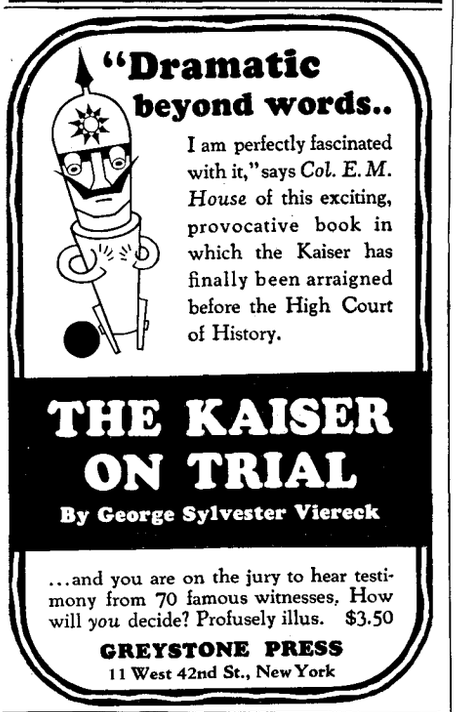
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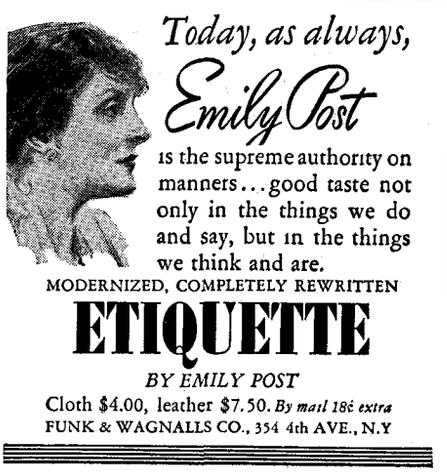
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end, but it does tell a little about how Mrs. Garner happens to be able to handle dialect stories as successfully as she does.

*

It looks as though there's to be no escaping from ART in one form or another in the way of gifts this year. If Hendrik van Loon's *The Arts* doesn't get you, the chances are that Sheldon Cheney's *A World History of Art* will be hanging on the Christmas tree. Or Harper's *Encyclopedia of Art*. Or some kind friend may endow you with a subscription to the *Magazine of Art,* which the American Federation of Arts publishes, or will send you one of their fine portfolios of full-color reproductions, or one of their monographs such as the recent one on Giorgione by Duncan Phillips. Moreover, if you're having your problems, J. J. Augustin is putting out beautiful books for those "special interest" people usually so hard to cope with on a Christmas list. One is a gift edition of *Spanish-Colonial Architecture in the United States,* by Rexford Newcomb ($12), and the other a finely illustrated edition, *Sandpaintings of the Navajo Shooting Chant,* by Franc J. Newcomb, with text by Gladys A. Reichard ($36). With anyone of these, your Christmas will be made, or you'll make someone else's, and you'll be keeping Christmas going for a whole New Year.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON.

Scribner's Recommends:

These books which the Editors of SCRIBNER'S *and the publishers choose as outstanding among the November publications:*

1. *Madame Curie: A Biography,* by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

The life of the greatest woman scientist written by the most sympathetic and inspired interpreter, a woman of science in her own right, Madame Curie's daughter.

2. *Imperial City,* by Elmer Rice. Coward-McCann. $3.

The powerful story of the life of a modern city, told through the lives of the people that live in it, from top to bottom, by the man who won a Pulitzer Prize for *Street Scene.*

3. *The Turning Wheels,* by Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

A hundred years ago a band of Boers made the hard journey north from Cape Colony into the Transvaal. Their story comes to life in Mr. Cloete's novel—the November Book-of-the-Month.

4. *This Is My Story,* by Eleanor Roosevelt. Harpers. $3.

This is her story. The autobiography of the President's wife, from childhood up to the present time.

5. *Audubon's Birds of America,* Introduction and Text by William Vogt. Macmillan. $12.50.

Five hundred full-page color plates reproduced for the first time in a single volume. 435 illustrations from the original Elephant Folio and 65 additional Audubon illustrations. William Vogt is the editor of *Bird Lore.*

6. *A World History of Art,* by Sheldon Cheney. Viking. $5.

A history of art, covering not only painting, sculpture, and architecture, but pottery, metalwork, miniatures, etc. 500 illustrations.

7. *You Have Seen Their Faces,* by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. Viking. $3.75.

In photographs and story that complement each other, two artists, each in his own field, give a memorable picture of life among the tenant farmers of the South.

8. *Hurricane Children,* by Carl Carmer. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.

Folk tales and American legends of different parts of the country many of which were used in Mr. Carmer's broadcasts called "Your Neck of the Woods."

9. *The Importance of Living,* by Lin Yutang. Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.

The author of *My Country and My People* writes now a book described as "too human to be called philosophy, too honest to be classed with so-called 'self-help' books."

10. *Japan Over Asia,* by William H. Chamberlin. Little, Brown. $3.50.

The Far Eastern Observer in Tokyo for the *Christian Science Monitor* has been in Tokyo for the last four years. Before that he was in Russia twelve years. In this book he presents an impartial and objective study of Japan's aims and hopes and the chances for and against their success.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that though they weren't voted most outstanding by the publishers, we'll put our bets on *Kipling's Vermont Feud,* by Frederic Van de Water, *Divided We Stand,* by Walter Prescott Webb, and *The Folklore of Capitalism,* by Thurman Arnold—all of which were on the list but missed being voted high enough to make "Scribner's Recommends."

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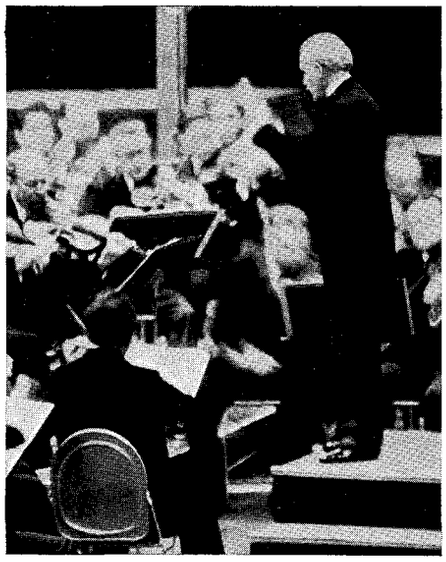
The "Toscanini" Orchestra

THE new 92-piece NBC Symphony Orchestra which Toscanini will conduct in ten broadcasts beginning Christmas night goes into rehearsal under the baton of Artur Rodzinski. Composed of the finest available instrumentalists, its members have come from such famous musical organizations as the symphony orchestras of Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Paris, Madrid, Brussels, Budapest; and chamber music groups as the London, Musical Art, and Kreiner String Quartets. Each of the principal players is a seasoned virtuoso.

David Sarnoff, president of RCA, welcomes to NBC the first full-sized U. S. symphony to be maintained the year around by a broadcasting company.



Arturo Toscanini returns to this podium in Radio City to direct a series of broadcasts which promises to overshadow all other musical events of the season.

After first rehearsals, with no less a formidable score before the orchestra than Strauss' *Ein Heldenleben,* Rodzinski found the strings "fantastically fine."

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Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

A CONSIDERABLE portion of Hendrik Willem van Loon's gargantuan guidebook to *The Arts* (Simon & Schuster) is devoted to music, and as far as public interest in that art is concerned the publishers of the book could not have chosen a more propitious year for its appearance. Between Hollywood's *100 Men and a Girl* and radio's Arturo Toscanini, hosts of new admirers of symphonic music should come forth throughout the nation like so many stirring cicadas. Great music is not only in the air these days but the emphasis placed upon it comes from sources which make it practically unavoidable.

Van Loon's midget library, complete with maps and working drawings, was called to the attention of SCRIBNER readers last month in another department, its general character and purpose reviewed. With regard to music, the book deals more with composers and their environment than with the specific patterns they created. When its author refers to Bach's *Art of the Fugue* (a work I am afraid the prospective tyros mentioned above will be a long while getting to) he makes no attempt to tell you what a fugue is, but he is careful not to omit the information that when the work was first published only thirty copies were bought, etc. I have no quarrel with him on this score because he has provided a guide to musical masterworks that is quite the best thing of its kind yet brought out in connection with a book on music. I refer, of course, to the relatively obscure eighteen-page list of musical illustrations in the form of phonograph records at the back of the book, prepared by Grace Castagnetta.

This expertly chosen list is even more than the author indicates: "a comprehensive list of the sort of music the reader would like to hear in connection with the composers mentioned within [*The Arts*'] pages." In every instance the works selected are represented by recordings which are the most desirable from the standpoint of interpretative and mechanical excellence, a bit of foresight extremely valuable when so many editions of certain works are available. The list has been made as up-to-the-minute as the date of *The Arts*' publication allowed.

It begins with the indispensable *L'Anthologie Sonore, Two Thousand Years of Music, Music of the Orient,* and the *Columbia History of Music by Eye & Ear* (all of which have at one time or another been commented upon in this department), and continues through eighty-odd composers, including a few contemporary ones of whose trends Van Loon, I suspect, doesn't wholeheartedly approve. Altogether, Miss Castagnetta's selections would make a splendidly balanced library of living music. As a guide to Christmas shopping her list can be improved only by the addition of a half-dozen items released since last September.

*

This is being written four weeks before the new NBC Symphony Orchestra goes on the air for its first broadcast, Pierre Monteux conducting. When you read it you will have heard at least two of the orchestra's programs, ample evidence (if your loud-speaker and its associated circuits are reasonably up-to-date and efficient) of a symphonic miracle wrought overnight. For, if I may judge from one of the early rehearsals and reliable reports coming from the studio, radio appears to be accomplishing in the short space of five weeks what, in matters of tone, balance, and discipline, has taken every other great symphony orchestra years to achieve.

It would be a great pity if the most salient of Toscanini's forthcoming performances were lost to the commercial recorders. His aversion to making records is well known despite the fact that before he bade farewell to the New York Philharmonic-Symphony he perpetuated his readings of works of Beethoven, Wagner, Rossini, and Brahms. These records have become the most sought after and cherished symphonic reproductions in the history of the phonograph. Because of this and the amazing tonal results obtained, it is inconceivable that Toscanini will ignore a medium which not only rivals radio in the clarity of instrumental color transmitted but, in numerous instances (cf. *Boris Godounov* below), actually surpasses it in the elevation of stirring climaxes.

The possibility of recording Toscanini's broadcasts yourself should not be overlooked. Recording devices, compact and simply operated, have progressed far beyond the aluminum-disc and fiber-needle, or pre-grooved "home recording" stages with which most everyone is familiar. New cellulose-acetate record blanks which are grooved as they are cut provide a high quality reproduction good for an unusual number of satisfactory playbacks. These instruments can be attached to any radio, and programs transcribed for future enjoyment.

I, for one, have every intention of preserving that portion of Toscanini's broadcasts best adapted to the exigencies of the cellulose disc. I do not expect to achieve anything so brilliant in range of frequencies or dynamics as the best commercial records, nor do I look to an unlimited number of playings; but from the experiments I have already made I am confident that some of the most precious records in my collection will be those candid tonal snapshots I expect to acquire come Christmas night.

*

Gustav Mahler dreamed of a great modern popular symphonic art, and his creative efforts were directed relentlessly toward that end. In spite of his undeniable gifts of honesty and sincerity and his exceptional degree of creative originality, his music fails to move concert-goers for whom, now and again, one of his nine symphonies is performed. Most of these works fall upon the majority of ears as sterile, Brobdingnagian, colossally boring, and bombastic productions. Without going

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famed concert and operatic tenor, is shown with his family listening to his newest Victor recording, *from the Album of* Stephen Foster Songs, played on their new RCA Victor Phonograph-Radio Model U-109.

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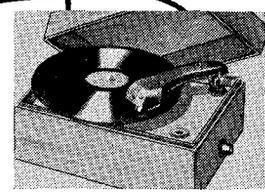

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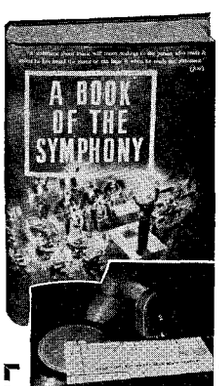

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into the interesting reasons for Mahler's neglect, it must be pointed out that at least one work from his prolific pen deserves every serious listener's attention. In his song-cycle, *Das Lied von der Erde* ("The Song of the Earth") for contralto and tenor voices with an enormous orchestra, Mahler contributed an unforgettable masterpiece. In recent years this beautiful work has slowly but surely won over to Mahler's cause a large number of music lovers.

The currency and popularity of *Das Lied von der Erde* is greatly accelerated by the recently published recording of it made at a concert performance in the Musikvereinsaal, Vienna, on May 24, 1936, under the direction of Bruno Walter, one of the most authoritative of Mahler interpreters (Columbia set No. 300).

Written less than three years before his death in 1911, the premonition of which was not, in view of Mahler's bad heart, unfounded, *Das Lied von der Erde* is at once his most intimately revealing and artistically accomplished utterance. It is his epilogue as well as his *Tempest*. The finest movement of the cycle is the long *Abschied* which concludes it. The colors of the orchestra are woven around the voice with a rare sensibility for the underlying pessimism of the poem. Avoiding redundance, the huge orchestra is used as a greatly extended palette rather than a means, in the Wagnerian or Straussian manner, to grandiose effects.

I haven't the space to comment on the texts, selected from German translations by Hans Bethge of the Chinese poets Li-Tai-Po, Tchang Tsi, Mong-Kao-Yen, and Wang-Wei, with certain modifications by Mahler himself. The excellent booklet by Eric Blom which accompanies the records contains literal English translations of the texts as well as invaluable notes concerning the structure of the music.

It remains to say of the soloists that Charles Kullman and Kerstin Thorborg (both members of our own Metropolitan Opera) are really superb. A few rhythmic aberrations on the part of the latter are discounted by her lovely tone and telling interpretation. The tenor's music is less interesting and often thankless, but he, too, comes through with distinction. The musicians of the Vienna Philharmonic respond as only players can when their conductor has an intimate knowledge and deep love for the score before them. Listeners will find nothing disturbing in the auditorium acoustics in this recording. What noise there is occurs just before the beginning of a movement and subsides once the music is underway.

Also recorded at a public performance are several excerpts from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung: Hier sitz' ich zur Wacht* ("Hagen's Watch") from Act I, sung by Ludwig Weber, bass, and *Hoi-ho!* ("Hagen's Call") from Act II, sung by Weber and Herbert Janssen, baritone, with chorus and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. This pair of records (Columbia set No. X-83) brings home even more vividly than the Viennese set the *Star-Wagon* potentialities of the phonograph, for the atmosphere of an actual performance with spears, helmets, and other stage trappings is conjured instantaneously. The range of the orchestra from cymbal to double-bass has been effectively retained; while you don't hear the Royal Opera House audience of May 29, 1936, you do hear the stamping of Hagen and his vassals —all very redolent of the proscenium and, in the case of "Hagen's Watch," appropriately threatening. As for the Act II music, unless you are a Wagnerite for whom every hint of a *leitmotif* has value, not many pages of *Götterdämmerung* are as uninteresting.

*

In the records of Leopold Stokowski's "symphonic synthesis" of principal scenes from Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* (Victor set No. M-391) you will discover a real treasure trove of great music, most past performances of which have been largely dependent on the presence of Feodor Chaliapin. But *Boris* should not be looked upon as a virtuoso's vehicle, no matter how unforgettable an experience the Russian basso's acting and singing in the title rôle. The principal protagonists of this opera are the "people." They are in the foreground throughout the action of this true "musical folk drama," and the great frescos Moussorgsky erected behind them convey the very soul essence of a nation.

Stokowski has transposed the vocal parts (the chanting of monks and pilgrims) to the string choirs; and, working from Moussorgsky's original score rather than from the more familiar Rimski-Korsakov version, he has "tried to help the orchestra more completely say what Moussorgsky was aiming to express, keeping the music in the dramatic sequence of Pushkin's poem and Moussorgsky's score."

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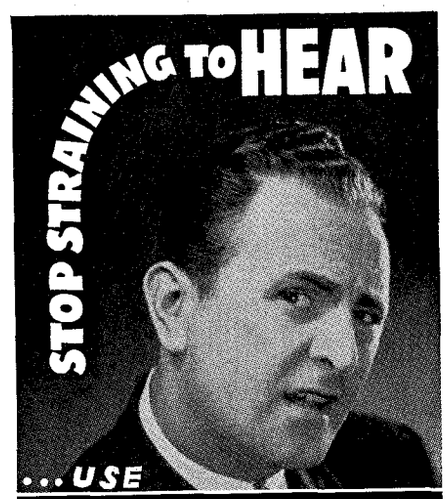
the gorgeousness of the scoring, and is left literally spellbound. The Prologue, shot through with the black and gold of ikons and the blazing colors of the Kremlin; the chivalric splendor of the Coronation; the fantastic detonations of the Siege of Kazan; the bleak, snow-swept landscape of the Revolutionary scene; and the terrifying grimness of the death of Boris—all these somber spectacles of Slavic pageantry, of the terrible Czar Ivan, of human anguish and supplication, and of specters and hallucinations are integrated in a tone poem of tremendous sweep and power.

The unusual scoring (tam-tam, tubular chimes, muted trumpets, plucked strings, and other instrumental devices are employed in combinations which produce strange orchestral colors) calls forth all the resources of the resplendent Philadelphia Orchestra. The precision of its attack and the incredible brilliancy of its tone have never registered with greater effect than in these vast sweeps of sonorities. You will have to hear these *Boris* records from a really wide-range reproducer to realize that recording technic can duplicate faithfully such huge monoliths of sound as Stokowski elevates in the stirring climaxes. Radio transmission of symphonic music, because of monitoring conditions, does not provide as wide a dynamic gamut as you have here.

*

Similarly phenomenal recording obtains in the Philadelphia Orchestra's playing of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2* (this is for the *100 Men and a Girl* enthusiasts). Stokowski's *tempo rubato* in this Muller orchestration puts new life into the old warhorse (Victor No. 14422). . . . From Symphony Hall comes Liszt's almost forgotten *Todtentanz,* a paraphrase on the "Dies Irae" for piano and orchestra, played by Jesus Maria Sanroma and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler (Victor set No. M-392). This is a brilliant recording in which both the solo instrument and orchestra register with uncommon brightness. As for the music, it is Liszt at his most flamboyant. Sanroma's fingering of the florid piano part is agile and precise. The inevitable triangle records distinctly.

From recent piano records, I single out the following as eminently worth possessing: Albéniz's languorous *Córdoba* (this is the piece with the *Kiss Me Again* theme which Victor Herbert may or may not have known), played by José Iturbi, whose sensitive interpretation, especially in delicate *pianissimo* passages, is beautifully reproduced (Victor



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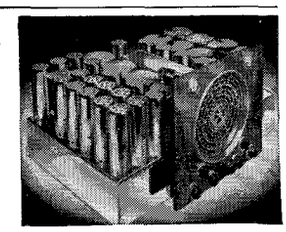

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No. 1844) . . . Debussy's charming little fantasy *Poissons d'Or* and Ravel's equally delectable and subaqueous *Ondine* (from *Gaspard de la Nuit*), played by that incomparable specialist of Impressionism, Walter Gieseking (Columbia No. 69020).

An album of English madrigals by that worthy unit of the Federal Music Project, The Madrigal Singers, comes at an appropriate time. Under Lehman Engel's direction, these eleven women and seven men have risen to the front rank of the country's vocal ensembles. While they do not as yet approach such veteran madrigal interpreters as The English Singers or The London Madrigal Group in variety of tone or subtleties of nuance, their singing of the following well-known pieces from the days of Merrie England is delightfully fresh and spirited: Thomas Morley's *My Bonnie Lass She Smileth, Sing We and Chant It, Now Is the Month of Maying;* John Farmer's *Fair Phyllis I Saw;* Thomas Ravenscroft's *Willy, Prithee Go to Bed* (recorded for the first time); Thomas Weelkes' *Hark, All Ye Lovely Saints;* John Dowland's *Come Again, Sweet Love;* and Vaughan Williams' setting of the folksong, *The Turtle Dove* (Columbia set No. 306).

The Madrigal Singers' single disc is of unusual interest as it contains Clement Janequin's *Le Chant des Oyseaux* which, up to now, was available only in the *L'Anthologie Sonore, vol. 1,* from which it cannot be obtained separately. Descriptive vocal music of the early sixteenth century, *Le Chant des Oyseaux* has a piquant and refreshing flavor, sparkling rhythms, and an irresistible verve modern listeners will find difficult to resist (Columbia No. 9134).

The Madrigal Singers' recording of Bach's motet *Jesu, Meine Freude* (Gamut set No. 1) must wait until next month for extended review, as must also Bach's "Coffee" cantata, *Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht* (Musicraft set No. 5); and "Peasant" cantata, *Mer hahn en neue Oberkeet* (Victor set No. M360). Meanwhile, don't hesitate to make the acquaintance of these fine sets.

*

Children's records: By Frank Luther, with orchestra and sound-effects—*The Story of Babar, the Little Elephant; Fairy Tales; Nursery Rhymes; Mother Goose; Winnie-the-Pooh and Christopher Robin; Alice in Wonderland; Bible Stories; Holidays.* By Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady—*The Sleeping Beauty; Hansel and Gretel.* These Decca records are recommended for kiddies between the ages of three and eight.

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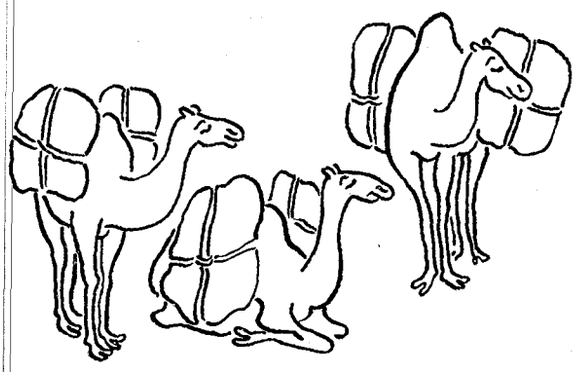

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*

1. The prices of meats are high, but one of these reasons is not considered a major contributing cause:

the droughts of 1934 and 1936
poor corn crops of recent years
A.A.A. slaughtering in 1934 and 1936
a slow ten-year drop in meat consumption

2. If St. Petersburg is now known as Leningrad, then Constantinople is now officially:

Sofia *Baluchistan* *Istanbul*
Antioch *Bukhara* *Alexandria*

3. When Rockwell Kent did two murals for the new Post Office Department Building in Washington, he caused comment by painting in one:

a message urging Puerto Ricans to revolt
a British-type plane in the U.S. Army
an air-mail letter with uncanceled stamp
Negroid types instead of Puerto Rican

4. A new dance craze called..... has been sweeping the United States:

The Suzy-Q *Trucking* *The Boston*
The Swing *The Supreme Court Stomp*
The Big Apple *The Lame Duck Walk*

5. If you followed the Sino-Japanese War, you learned which one of these Chinese cities is farthest to the north:

Nanking *Canton* *Shanghai* *Peiping*

6. One of these high-speed modern trains is hooked up to the wrong railroad:

Super Chief (Santa Fe) *Zephyr (Burlington)*
Broadway Limited (Pennsylvania)
Capitol Limited (New York Central)

7. Perhaps you don't like tapioca, but would you like it any better if you knew it was made from:

rice *finely chopped Cellophane*
a small native American bean
starch made from the cassava plant

8. A commander in the U.S. Navy salutes only one of these as his superior:

ensign *captain* *first mate*
lieutenant commander *boatswain*

9. Those who wish to Look Eleven Years Younger should try reading the book of that title by:

Walter Duranty *Jerome Weidman*
Robert Benchley *Leonard Q. Ross*
Gelett Burgess *Marjorie Hillis*

10. One of these measures more than the others:

the width of a dollar bill
four pennies side by side
two fifty-cent pieces side by side
three quarters side by side

11. The newspaper which uncovered and started all the story about Supreme Court Justice Black's Klan membership was the:

Chicago Tribune *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*
N.Y. Journal-American *Louisville Post*

12. You are a physician; your daughter gets a finger frostbitten; you do the best thing, which is to:

rub the finger with snow
gently thaw it between your hands
place her hand in a very warm oven

13. Which one of these is a publishing house:

Bausch & Lomb *Anheuser-Busch, Inc.*
Bobbs-Merrill *Jones & Laughlin*

14. In the U.S. tennis singles tournament at Forest Hills, Anita Lizana of Chile won the women's finals from:

Alice Marble *Helen Jacobs*
Jadwiga Jedrzejowska *Betty Nuthall*

15. Test your spelling ability by selecting the one correctly spelled word in this group:

habliments *exhiliaration* *diaphragm*
corrobarate *irridesence* *availibility*

16. All democracies are "stupid cows going to the slaughterhouse" according to Paul Joseph Goebbels who is:

chief of the Russian Citizens League
Germany's Minister of Propaganda
author of The World At Swords Points

17. By the way, do you know that Portugal is a:

fascist state *republic*
kingdom *confederation*

18. According to Charlie Chaplin, he will never again:

attempt a full-length feature picture
appear in the rôle of a tramp
act in the movies *go back to England*

19. One of these is not an everyday headline in an American newspaper:

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CINEMA ACTRESS FILES SUIT FOR DIVORCE

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20. If you were the Governor of Colorado, you would probably swear every time you thought of:

Arkansas and her border police patrol
microphones hidden in your offices
United Air Lines and the Denver airport
the paper towels in your official house

21. Persons not fond of Eddie Cantor on the air should address their letters of protest to his sponsor:

The Chrysler Corporation
Liggett & Myers *The Schenley Corp.*
The Texas Co. *The National Biscuit Co.*

22. About the middle of the nineteenth century that famous painting, *The Gleaners*, was painted by:

Corot *Tintoretto* *Cezanne*
Whistler *Millet* *Watteau*

23. Familiar with the American Red Cross, yes, but did you know that it was organized in 1881 by:

the U.S. Army Medical Service
the Salvation Army *Johnson & Johnson*
a lady named Clara Barton
a group in Geneva, Switzerland

24. Just as a sporting proposition, see whether you can guess which one of these is the world's record for the standing broad jump, set in 1904:

18 feet 4 inches *7 feet 10 inches*
11 feet 4⅞ inches *9 feet 2 inches*

25. Hendrik Willem van Loon's new, thick, ambitious book is titled:

Love Through The Ages *Man Alive*
The Story of Womankind *The Arts*
Van Loon's Musical History *Europe*

26. If your business was manufacturing mohair fabrics, you would have a natural interest in:

the angora-goat market *the camel market*
the cotton industry *the flax crop*

27. John D. Biggers of Toledo is not only president of the Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Company, but he is also:

director of the U.S. census of jobless
our new ambassador to Brazil
the best halfback in the West
an accomplished U.S. landscape artist

28. One of these is oldest by a number of years:

the Empire State Building
the liner Leviathan *Deanna Durbin*
Mussolini's march on Rome

29. Not pleasant to use, perhaps, but when you find it necessary then the word *charnel* should be pronounced:

KAR-nell *CHAR-nell* *char-NELL*

30. There's a chap named Ab Jenkins who could probably set a record or two for you if you were a manufacturer of:

motorcars *outboard motors*
golf balls *false teeth* *ice skates*

31. The world-famous Bodleian Library at the University of.....has just received a $2,300,000 Rockefeller grant for expansion:

Boston *Edinburgh* *Cambridge*
Harvard *Oxford* *Queenstown*

32. If, in dollars and cents, our principal export to Britain is leaf tobacco, then our chief import from her is:

furs and hides *linen manufactures*
tweeds *whiskey* *leather products*
printed matter *affected mannerisms*

33. You are a married woman, the wife of a herpetologist; therefore you never know when he'll bring home some:

blonde with saucer eyes and a lisp
strange weed he found alongside the road
horrible-looking new fish specimen
new kind of snake that interests him

34. The New York Yankees won the World Series in 1936, and the.....won it the year before, in 1935:

St. Louis Cardinals *Detroit Tigers*
New York Yankees *Philadelphia Athletics*
Washington Senators *Chicago Cubs*

35. For months the Pacific Coast has witnessed a bitter war between A.F. of L.'s Dave Beck and C.I.O.'s self-assured young:

Homer Martin *William Green*
Harry Bridges *Richard Frankensteen*
Matthew Woll *John L. Lewis*

36. Any mariner could tell you that "boxing the compass" means to:

keep a boat upon a set course
name the points of the compass in order
steer a boat toward the magnetic pole

37. Many of us know so little about our neighbor, Mexico, that we are not even sure of the name of her president, which is:

Vasquez *Hidalgo* *Cardenas*
Suarez *Calles* *Rodriguez*

38. An archeological expedition to Shiva Temple in the Grand Canyon last September was made for the purpose of studying:

tourist initials carved decades ago
wild life on this isolated mesa
human skeletons recently unearthed there
the home life of the Wapiti tribes

39. Russia's latest move to alter her economic machine has been to:

see that all labor is done to music
divide all workers into competing teams
appoint young Soviets to high positions
import machinery only from the U.S.

40. One of these men recently resigned his job to become dean of the Harvard Law School:

the chairman of the Federal S.E.C.
Supreme Court Justice Reynolds
the president of Oberlin College

41. One of our biggest air lines is TWA which stands for:

The Western Airlines *Taft-White Airline*
Transcontinental & Western Air
Trans-Western & Atlantic
Transcontinental Wings of America

42. If you were to fall a victim to encephalitis, the newspapers would report it as a case of:

meningitis *mumps* *sleeping sickness*
pneumonia *diphtheria* *dandruff*

43. While being towed back to England the British America's Cup sloop *Endeavour I.*:

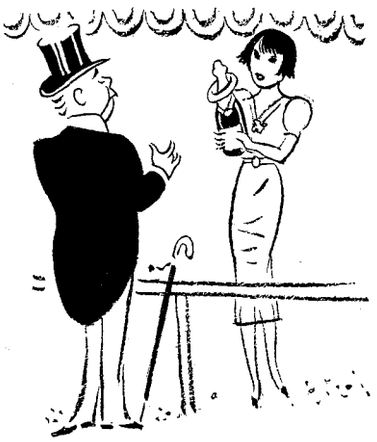
opened a seam and started to sink
lost her mast in a sudden squall
lost three of her crew overboard
parted her towline and got lost

44. The latest move of General Hugh S. Johnson has been to:

write a daily syndicated column
broadcast four times weekly over NBC
openly admit he would accept the Republican nomination for President

45. When you come right down to hunting in the dictionary only one of these words actually exists:

1.



2.

3.

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redeemable *fancily* *precedure*
heighth *parliment* *extrordinary*

46. You are seated next to Alexander P. de Seversky at a dinner party, so you open a conversation correctly by saying:

"Do the dress design pirates annoy you?"
"You have such small hands for a pianist!"
"Seversky planes are known everywhere!"
"I should like to see you dance some time."

47. The Nyon Conference in Switzerland was held for the purpose of doing something about:

"pirate" submarines in the Mediterranean
the Japanese bombing of non-belligerents
neutral airliners flying over war zones
tariff barriers for warring nations

48. The "old swimmin' hole" of James Whitcomb Riley is right near his boyhood home in the State of:

Massachusetts *Indiana* *Connecticut*
Maine *New Jersey* *Ohio* *Vermont*

49. Quite a little press space was given the half-brother of Hitler recently when he:

declared he thought dictatorships wrong
was appointed Minister of Finance
said the Reich air force was inadequate
opened a tearoom in Berlin

50. Which of these do you think Gandhi's age comes closest to:

40 years *50 years* *60 years*
70 years *80 years* *90 years*

The Scribner Quiz

II—How Well Do You Read?

This section of the Quiz tests your knowledge of the meaning of words, how well you read, and your grasp of human conduct. If you understand the true meaning of the words, of their meaning when modified or qualified by other words, you should have no trouble in selecting the correct answer. Keep in mind that the answer is not what *you* would do in the situation described, or what you think the subject *should* do. *It is what the person described would do.*

The correct answers have been determined by a jury of SCRIBNER readers. If you feel their answers are not correct, we respectfully suggest that you look up the words in the dictionary and see if the jury is not right. The Editors welcome questions prepared by readers and will pay five dollars for each one that is accepted by them. Please keep questions as brief as possible, and be sure to check the word meanings. Address: QUIZ EDITOR, SCRIBNER'S.

SCORING: The perfect score is 100. Deduct ten points for each question you answer incorrectly. If you get four wrong your score will be 60, which is not too good for this quiz. Scores of twenty-five readers averaged about 70. (*Correct answers on page* 100.)

EXAMPLE: Here is a simple question to answer which will show you how to do the others:

Julia is pretty, with red hair, a beautiful figure, and a knowledge of herself and her interest in men. She is also fragile and conversationally inept. When buying clothes would Julia:

- ☐ *Select scarlet dresses?* [Not with red hair]
- ☐ *Buy clinging, pastel creations?* [Most decidedly]
- ☐ *Purchase dashing sports clothes?* [No. Too fragile]
- ☐ *Go in for mannish business suits?* [No. Can't fulfill mental expectations]
- ☐ *Get any old thing?* [No. Too many men in circulation]

Easy, isn't it? Start here:

1. Unquestionably versatile, born for a career and sure of it, Agnes is infatuated with her domineering fiancé, who deprecates her singing, writing, and radio talks, because he thinks her voice is off key, her writing morbid, her ideas socialistic. When he suggests that she become his secretary, would Agnes:

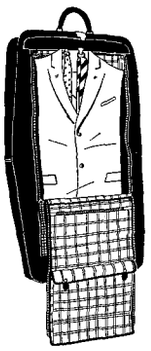
- ☐ *Break the engagement?*
- ☐ *Content herself with writing advertising copy?*
- ☐ *Sing only under cover of the chorus?*
- ☐ *Broadcast only in character?*
- ☐ *Accept the secretarial position?*

2. Bob's facetious, unorthodox attitude covers a hidden philosophy that creates an incomplete novel which is accepted by a leading magazine. A flat purse precludes the requisite New York sojourn; the loan of a friend's one-windowed studio permits it. But lovely Daphne, who lives to dress, never draws the shades of the window opposite. Would Bob:

Avoid the CRUSH!

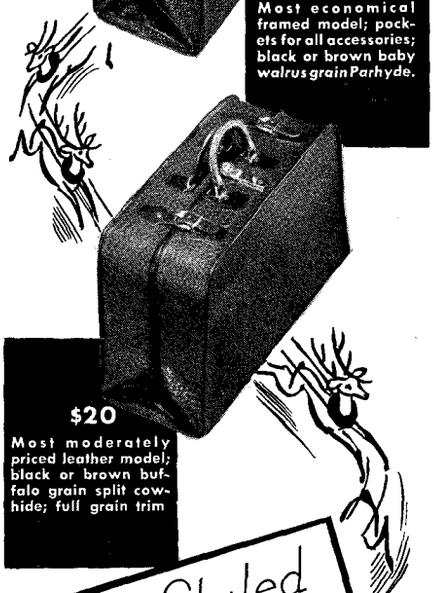
. . . THIS CHRISTMAS

Val-A-Pak is the only hand luggage that actually *air-cushions* suits and clothes against wrinkling or mussing. If your gift list allows from $10 to $50 for that most deserving man, put down Val-A-Pak as a "must." And you lucky males who can name your own, just say "Val-A-Pak" and you'll get the most practical luggage a man ever carried.



Val-A-Pak holds two suits on regulation size hangers; separate compartments for linen, *underclothes*, sundries, shoes and toilet articles; everything quickly accessible; light-weight, moisture- and dust-proof, easy to carry.

$10
Most economical framed model; pockets for all accessories; black or brown baby walrus grain Parhyde.



$20
Most moderately priced leather model; black or brown buffalo grain split cowhide; full grain trim

THE Styled Val-A-Pak WARDROBE

*Prices West of the Mississippi, 10% higher.

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORPORATION
TRENTON • NEW JERSEY

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☐ *Give up the novel he can't keep his mind on?*
☐ *Write to Daphne—"Adorable Lady, I'll give you half my author's profits if you'll pull down the shades?"*
☐ *Make Daphne the heroine of a new novel?*
☐ *Draw his own curtains, write on the floor by electric light?*
☐ *Jump out of the window?*

3. Lee's personally financed business skyrockets under his adroit, imaginative resourcefulness until the capital is exhausted. He and his wife bluff a financier who is finessing for a merger with lavish entertainment and a dazzling display of extravagant clothes. With their last dollar they join the financier's bridge party, to find the stakes five dollars a point. Would Lee:

☐ *Play, face inability to pay a heavy loss?*
☐ *Say that playing for money is against his principles?*
☐ *Refuse to play, admit his bluff, place himself at the financier's mercy?*
☐ *Claim that he's rotten at bridge, refuse to play purely out of consideration for his partner?*
☐ *Whisper to his husky wife to faint quickly and recover slowly?*

4. Anthony's home is Broadacres, his hobby fruit trees. His carefully indulged little son confides with resentment that his school chum is pronounced worthless by the teachers. Subsequently, when the chum repeatedly steals fruit from Broadacres, Anthony's visit to the boy's family discloses a home of penury and shiftlessness. A beneficent churchgoer, would Anthony:

☐ *Have the boy arrested?*
☐ *Prearrange a suspended sentence under probation?*
☐ *Turn the problem over to his pastor?*
☐ *Arrange to take the boy out of his environment and pay for supervision and training?*
☐ *Appeal to organized charity in behalf of the family?*

5. Deferring a nervous breakdown, Howard Pyke's irascibility is increased by a friend's financial destruction through unwarranted speculation. Long ill, Howard is introspective, secretly proud of certain charities' dependence upon his regular contributions, the funds for which he must despoil to save his friend. Would Howard:

☐ *Stick to his charities?*
☐ *Save his friend—abandon his charities?*
☐ *Borrow to save his friend?*
☐ *Split his resources—ineffectively serve both?*
☐ *Wind up his affairs, retire, let everybody go to blazes?*

6. Necessity forces Wilbur Cartwright to forsake an eremitic existence and literary aspirations or marry money. He considers four responsive heiresses. Helen gives afternoon musicales daily. Doris is devoted to a ubiquitous large family. Josephine must travel—under convoy. Joan is an itinerant political leader. Wilbur shrinks from travel, music, families, and politics. Would Wilbur:

☐ *Marry Helen?*
☐ *Marry Joan?*
☐ *Marry Josephine?*
☐ *Marry Doris?*
☐ *Marry nobody?*

7. Ellen, a covetous child who was irresponsible in adolescence, is conceited in maturity. Willingness to meet heavy expenses and make her salary contingent upon the show's success will star her in a Broadway play. Acceptance necessitates a nurse for her adored infant son. Her husband's business requires all their capital. Would Ellen:

☐ *Refuse the offer, become a full-time wife and mother?*
☐ *Borrow heavily and gamble on the play's success?*
☐ *Without other plans send the child to her sister for a year?*
☐ *Rely on a cautious husband to borrow money for his business?*
☐ *Complain to Actors Equity Association?*

8. The impeccability of timid, retiring Thaddeus befits his bank officership in North Billings. Elation at a trip to a distant city for conferences with local moguls changes to consternation when his youthful aunt, determined and vivacious, registers at his hotel, constantly phones him to visit her room, makes repeated dashes into his. Would Thaddeus:

☐ *Throw appearances to the wind and give Aunty a time?*
☐ *Offer unsolicited protests of innocence to the eagle-eyed manager?*
☐ *Try to induce his aunt to move to another but inferior hotel?*
☐ *Move to the inferior hotel himself?*
☐ *Say he has been summoned home and postpone his conferences?*

9. Mrs. Woodlington punctiliously maintains her subjected husband's position in conventional North Billings. Spiritually parsimonious, she dictates the future of her complacent son Leslie. Her orthodox equanimity is shaken when she discovers that Leslie has seduced her secretary. Would Mrs. Woodlington:

☐ *Talk frankly with her son and learn his intentions?*
☐ *Arrange financial care of the girl and her child, help her get another position?*
☐ *Discharge the girl without explanation, never reconsider the subject?*
☐ *Insist that Leslie marry the secretary?*
☐ *Turn Leslie over to his father?*

10. Attorney Henderson's unlucrative practice is confined to advice on the intimate affairs of a large clientele. Conscientious, he employs the sensitive and charming daughter of an old but impecunious friend. As a stenographer the girl is a heavy liability. Would Henderson:

☐ *Peremptorily fire her?*
☐ *Break the sad news to her father that the case is hopeless?*
☐ *Invent other work for her and employ another stenographer?*
☐ *Surreptitiously write his few important letters himself?*
☐ *Try to place her as a stenographer in a rival's office?*

Honorable Escape

(*continued from page* 42)

dow sill of my bedroom late at night, watching an early fog arise with a faint mill smoke and the Bessemer flares mounting and falling in the sky. Ziga had a new girl down the valley and gave me no attention, but then Ziga had never been curious about moods; he understood only vigorous, frank living.

That fall, I took two extension courses the University gave in the junior high-school building down in the city. There were only three courses scheduled for that semester, one in English composition, one in teaching psychology, and another in personnel management. I took the composition because that sort of thing had been easy ground in high school, and because the personnel management sounded businesslike, I included it too. When the end of the semester came around, the instructor included a summary question in his final—"How will you apply this material to your present business relations?" I used all my composition technique to talk out of that one, but the next week, because I was impatient with my own lie, I began to do something about my examination fabrication. I found a neatly progressive job in the home office of a large company operating centrally in a small industrial town to keep costs at a minimum. The salary was small, but it was a salary, not wages! I was out of the mills. I could look to new acres with a conquering eye. And then the big fuss at home, with Ziga hell-firing all over the place, halfway sympathetic one moment and stubbornly loyal to his own life the next. And Klara, disappointment shallow in her eyes, for the lowly tradition of labor and steel and lunch buckets was yielding to business before her very eyes. Ivana said little. Ivana had always envied stenographers their unmarked hands and their fast-moving leisure.

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I was sorry about Ziga. Somehow, there were no more late evenings for us on the back steps, when we could talk excitedly with our voices muffled in bites of thick sandwiches. And yet, in a way, perhaps I resent him instead, for Ziga died four months ago, crushed between two uncoupled freight cars in the loading yard on a mild February afternoon that, to me, failed to seem violent enough for the finish of Ziga. Perhaps I resent him, I say, because almost as though he had spat out a final curse, he has made mine seem no longer an honorable escape.

Life in the U. S. Contest Winners

The following list of the twenty-five $100 prize winners includes the titles of their pieces which it was impossible to include in the list on page 39:

Karen Allen, Ames, Ia., for *I Was Madame, the Palmist;* Anonymous for *An Experiment—Now Our Greatest Experience;* Anonymous for *A Million Maggots a Day;* G. Hilton Butler, Nashville, Tenn., for *Two Hundred Dollars for a Broken Back;* Gerald Chittenden, Concord, N. H., for *They Don't Eat Chocolates;* Sylvia E. Crowder, Tonkawa, Okla., for *Yellow Horse;* Alvaro de Silva, New York City, for *Only the One I'm After;* S. L. Dickinson, Middle Dam, Me., for *First Monday in March;* Isobel Evensen, Minneapolis, Minn., for *Pilgrim's Pride;* Grace Pomeroy Fearon, Scarsdale, N. Y., for *Between Things Ended and Things Begun;* Lee Gehlbach, New York City, for *Easy Money;* Robert Greenlees, Lawrence, Kan., for *The Ghost Behind the Grade;* Donald Hough, Chicago, Ill., for *I Hate Dogs;* John Clark Hunt, Berry Creek, Calif., for *Excerpts from a Lookout's Log;* Marlise Johnston, Lincoln, Ill., for *Streetcar Parade;* Samuel Kreisler, New York City, for *The Copy Boy's First Story;* Tennis E. Lyons, Hutchinson, Kan., for *Susie;* Polly Simpson MacManus, Chicago, Ill., for *Jetsam;* Winston Osborn, Rockwell City, Ia., for *Within These Gardens Growing;* Stella Walthall Patterson, Yreka, Calif., for *Truly Rural Teaching;* M. Watkins Reeves, Lynchburg, Va., for *The East Side Escapes into Eden;* Morton L. Sonnenfeld, Philadelphia, Pa., for *Friday Nights;* Brice Taylor, Arlington, Va., for *Royal Diversion;* Eleanor West, Auburn, Ala., for *Tent City;* Tom Whitecloud, La Verne, Calif., for *Blue Winds Dancing.*

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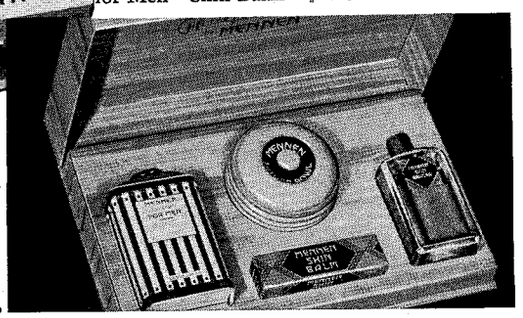
MENNEN *Gift* BOXES are ideal gifts for YOUR STAFF

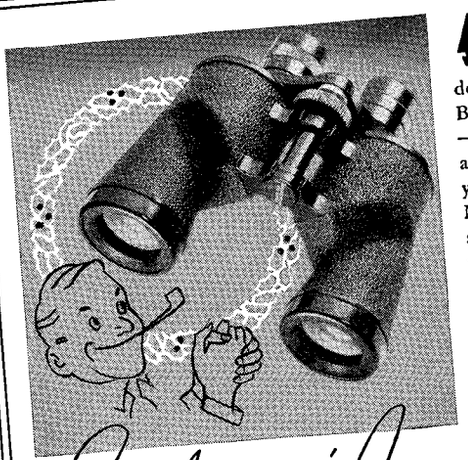
For your staff—your business acquaintances and personal friends—for postmen, traffic officers—for every man—these new Mennen boxes are ideal gifts—*attractive* and *useful*... just what a man would pick out for himself!
(*At Drug and Department Stores*)

Left: Silver-and-Emerald Gift Box contains tube of Mennen Lather Shave (Menthol-iced) or Brushless Shave—Skin Bracer—Talcum for Men—Skin Balm—$1.25.



Right: "Wood-Grain" Gift Box contains Mennen Lather Bowl or Brushless Jar—Skin Bracer—Talcum for Men—Skin Balm—$2.25.

THE MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



What finer Christmas gift could any lover of the outdoors ask, than a Bausch & Lomb Binocular? "The World's Best—By Any Test," B & L glasses are endorsed by world famous yachtsmen, hunters, Army and Navy officers, naturalists and sports authorities. *Shown at left, 7 power, 35 mm Binocular, $86.*

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40 pages of useful binocular information. Tells how to select a binocular, describes features of twelve Bausch & Lomb Sport Glass and Binocular models, $16 to $132. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 541 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Sportsman's Joy
AT CHRISTMAS

BAUSCH & LOMB *Binoculars*
THE WORLD'S BEST—BY ANY TEST

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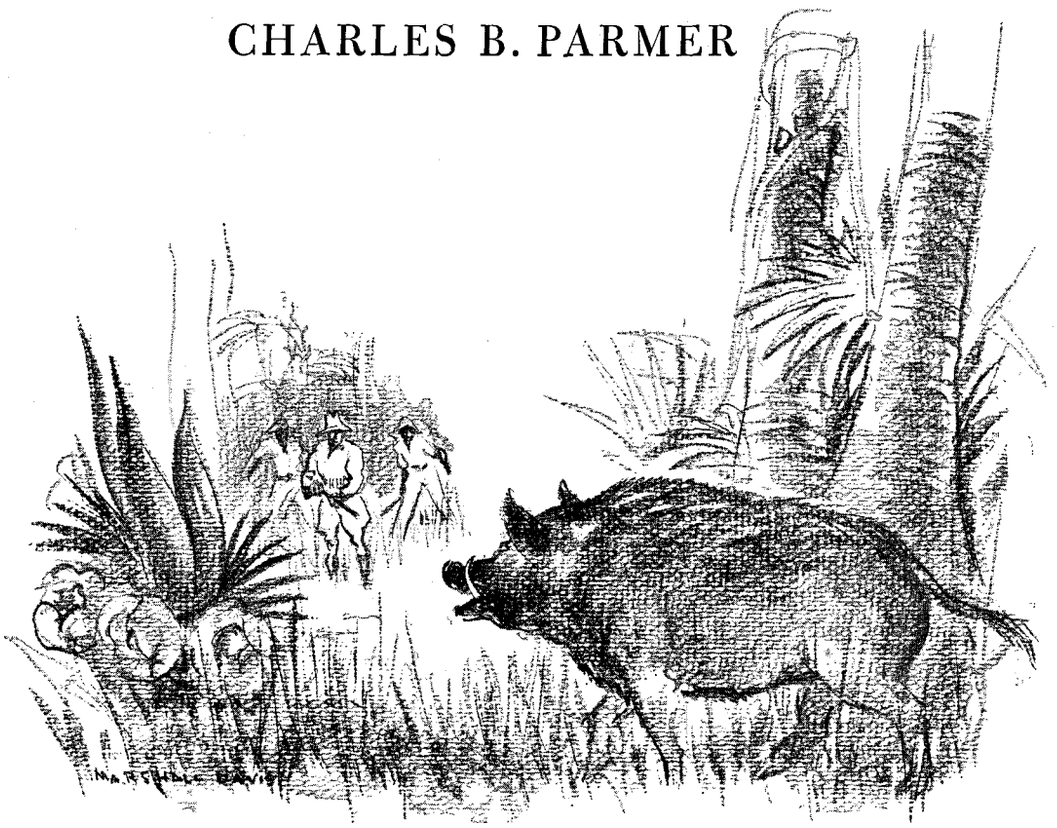
Sports Along the Pirate Trail

CHARLES B. PARMER



DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL DAVIS

The islands of the Caribbean have made a discovery, long overdue: that Anglo-Saxon sports, such as horse racing, golf, tennis—once so decorously featured—do not excite visitors keen for something exotic under the Latin sun. So the islanders have dug into their past.

Of course, fishing, sailing, bathing—indigenous to the three thousand-odd islands, islets, and keys which rise from the sapphire sea—still continue to hold their lure. But it is *jai alai* and cock-fighting which will be emphasized in certain major islands, and boar hunting which will entice the intrepid.

True, these are sports of the populace, inherited from Brethren of the Coast and Spanish conquerors, but in the past they were kept in the background for fear of offending our Puritan conscience. Now the islanders learn that our conscience is jettisoned when we go abroad. They find we want thrills, and they will furnish thrills by stepping up to high voltage their ancient and often gory pastimes—pastimes in keeping with the exotic flavor of the tropics. Here the days grow long and warm, and time seems to halt. Brilliant sun points far-off keys, where palm fronds wave lazily against turquoise backdrops. A barren rock, gray with memories, marks approach to an island port. Twilight, thick with gold and purple shadows, creeps down as you sail through tortuous channels overhung by towering rock masses. Then a turn into the sea again, as the sun slips behind the rim of the world; and black night blots out all.

No matter which isle you choose in the Greater or Lesser Antilles, fighting fish lie waiting for you—fish imbued with the combative spirit of the Caribs, which seem to resent your presence in those waters.

You are lazing along in a small power-boat, when three yards ahead something flashes out of the water, then dives into the waves—six slim feet of animated motion. Your guide shouts warning. It is the great barracuda. You recall the story of the barracuda which leaped from the sea, piercing the body of a man who was leaning over the side of a boat.

To land this brute you need more than heavy rod and reel and ocean line. You need the luck of the gods. And once you make a strike, prepare for the battle of the years, for your prey seems endowed with human cunning. He races off, flashes back, even dives beneath your boat as it bobbles in the frothing seas. It's a fight to the death. When you land this fellow, you have captured not a mere fish, but a man-killer.

Jai alai, one of the world's fast and deadly games, will be featured in Spanish ports. When understood, this is more thrilling than a swift hockey match, more fascinating to watch (if you have a *peso* on the outcome) than the roll of the roulette ball. The sport has been in-

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"By the mark, ten... the deep, twelve..."

Cunard White Star sounds the seven seas for your pleasure travel

Off Tourane or Rio, off Havana or Cherbourg, you'll hear the leadsman's cry . . . sounding the ocean depth as his ship approaches harbor at slow speed . . . confirming the electric flash of the fathometer on the bridge. "By the mark, ten" is the call as his cast reaches the 10-fathom leather marker . . . "the deep, twelve" as the next try shows a depth between the spaced markers of knots, leather and bunting.

Symbolic fathomings! They plumb beneath that shipboard life which Cunard White Star has perfected through nearly a century. They show you the solid basis on which this pleasure world is built . . . British seamanship, backed by its ultimate safeguard: human vigilance. Make your trip by Cunard White Star, wherever you go. Book through your local agent or Cunard White Star . . . 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., New York.

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Where the Aquitania spends her winter is always news . . . awaited, literally, by a distinguished public. Next February the accomplished star promises a performance polished in every cue, timed to the greatest dramatic effect at every climax. Her appeal is her own, first of all . . . people speak of her as a person—proud, beloved—served like a queen by her devoted staff. But the goals of her voyage shine out, too . . . four island resorts, plus La Guaira in Venezuela, picturesque Bahia—with five days and four nights in gay, radiant, opulent Rio de Janeiro!

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Enjoy Europe's autumn splendor . . . theatres, cabarets in full swing . . . Paris Exposition, too! Sail in the world's newest liner Queen Mary, fastest direct to France . . . or in the Aquitania or Berengaria, among the world's largest ships . . . weekly from New York to Cherbourg, Southampton. Or choose any of the 15 'leisure liners' sailing regularly from New York, Boston and Montreal to Britain and the Continent. Low round trip fares from

$275 Cabin, $224 Tourist, $167 Third Class

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Dec. 28	Berengaria	5	80.00
Jan. 7	Georgic	6	80.00
Jan. 15	Georgic	8	105.00
Jan. 21	Britannic	12	157.50
Jan. 26	Georgic	18	225.00
Feb. 5	Britannic	18	225.00
Feb. 16	Georgic	18	225.00
Feb. 26	Britannic	18	225.00
Mar. 9	Georgic	14	180.00
Mar. 19	Britannic	12	157.50
Apr. 2	Britannic	8	105.00

6-Day Cruises to Nassau in the Carinthia every Saturday, Jan. 29 through Mar. 26. Rates: 6-Day Cruises from $75, one way from $65, round trip with stop-over from $95.

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146 days—$1900 up

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CUNARD WHITE STAR

THE BRITISH TRADITION DISTINGUISHES CUNARD WHITE STAR

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Suddenly a player sends the pelota *into a low corner*

troduced into Florida, but off its locale it becomes as tame as a lion hunt in a well-guarded zoo. Something is missing. Perhaps the Latin atmosphere of abandon . . . the weird throbbing of Cuban drums . . . the tense smiles of *señoritas*. . . .

Not unlike rackets, *jai alai* is played on a 220-foot long *fronton* (court) enclosed by stone walls on three sides, with spectators tiered up on the fourth behind protective netting. Two men play on a side. To each player's wrist is strapped a *cista* (a slender, curved willow-and-chestnut basket resembling a split gourd). The *pelota,* a ball slightly smaller and harder than a baseball, is hurled from a *cista* against the far wall, caught on rebound in an opponent's *cista,* and again hurled against the wall. The player failing to catch the ball, and properly return it, loses a point—and 30 points make a game.

You will go to the night games, for the crowd then is largest, and the crowd is half the spectacle—a mingling of cavalier and riffraff, each with his girl of the moment. You find the *fronton* jammed from lowest tier to highest box. Waddling below you, by the net, are fat little men in baggy breeches, derbies over ears, crying odds in Spanish. They are the bookmakers. "Even money against the Blues!" A spectator's hand raises. A bookmaker takes a red ball—hollowed in the center—and tosses it to the hand. The ball is caught. Money, and the bettor's name, is placed inside. The ball is tossed back. Throughout the play, as odds change, these red balls fly up and down amongst the crowd—and a Cuban bookmaker never drops a ball.

A sudden hush falls in the *fronton.* (You are in old Havana, now.) The players—the Whites and the Blues—march forth to the drum's ruffle, bow like matadors, turn, and pass a few preliminary balls against the far wall.

Crack-plonk-crack-plonk-crack! The ball arcs from *cista* to wall to *cista* again, takes on beautiful rhythm of sound and movement. The drums throb, flutes lilt gaily in the orchestra balcony. *Señoritas* are wagering gloves, fans, on the skill of men in shirts of white, or shirts of blue.

A whistle blasts. The drums stop in mid-beat. Again the *fronton* hushes its cacophony. Now the ball goes into play. More swiftly. *Crack-plonk!* On and on goes the sound, the graceful swing of *cista'd* arms, the arcing of the *pelota.* The crowd is quiet—so tensely quiet that you hear the slippered feet of the players as they leap forward and back to receive and toss.

So perfect is this opening play that you get the illusion of jugglers playing with a harmless little ball and you forget that the *pelota,* hard as stone, hurtles from the wall with the speed of a crafty pitcher's bean ball. One slip, and the *pelota* crashing against a player's head may mean death. A split-second error in timing, and an arm or thigh is broken.

You watch for the first aggressive move. Suddenly a player, with savage thrust, sends the *pelota* into a low corner. *Crack!* It caroms back like a whiplash . . . close to the floor . . . a man lunges desperately . . . catches . . . hurls it high and hard . . . a beauty of a shot!

Hundreds are on their feet, shouting, demanding red balls, screaming defiance at the bookmakers. The red balls are flying back and forth. The Whites now are favorite. Men are hedging their bets, making fresh ones, bettors are fighting among themselves for the bookmakers' attention, trying to make bets before the odds change again. Girls and chaperones forget dignity and cry encouragement to their favorites. . . .

Now the men in white and the men in blue are playing for money and blood.

A tall chap, with the words *official interpreter* on his cap, seeks you out. If the *señor* wishes to make a bet, he will record it. Pay the moment the game ends. The score, now, is 26 to 19, favor of the Whites. You are offered enticing odds on the Blues. You like the way one Blue swings his *cista.* You want to

The Gray Shawlneck leaps into the air, his hackles widespread

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bet he will stage a comeback. *Don't!*

Don't bet on a lagging *jai alai* team. It won't be like having a wager on a game thoroughbred coming from behind in the stretch, running over horses to get to the wire first. Remember, these players are Latin. Sometimes—all too often—they won't fight to the finish when the score is strongly against them. One will unstrap his *cista,* toss it down. His partner does the same. No more tonight, *señors.* We will play another time. Too bad you made your bets.

While *jai alai* has the blessing of the leisure classes, cockfighting in the Caribbean—like prize fighting in the States—makes appeal to those loving sports rough and raw. It is the people's pastime. You see feathered warriors tethered to doorposts as you ride through poorer sections of Havana and Santiago, Port au Prince and San Juan—even in the Leeward and Windward Isles. And if you think your bird is better than this Red Cavalier, well, *señor* or *m'sieu* . . .

Outside the cities—it would be across the railroad tracks back home—are cockpits where you fight your fowl. These stadia are twenty feet in diameter, surrounded by tiers of benches filled on Sundays and feast days with human beings howling for blood. For generations these fights have been emotional outlets for the gambling masses. Only recently have they become part of the amusement scene for tourists, made so by shrewd showmen eager to stage a *main* (a series of fights) at any hour a cruise ship drops anchor.

You will shun these special fights. Generally, they are between rheumy old birds ready for the graveyard. You will go on a Sunday, say to a *main* advertised to the populace. Here you push your way to the pitside, where barefooted, sombreroed peasants chatter fight lore till the birds arrive.

They come! The first two birds, each in the arms of his handler. By the pitside is a delicate scale; while hundreds watch, each bird is weighed. Yes, they *feel in*—that is, each weighs within two ounces of the other.

"Heel up your cocks!"

With shears each handler clips surplus tail and wing feathers, then saws off the natural tip of each spur. Over the stump he straps an inch-and-a-half steel gaff, with its curved and murderous end.

The handlers leap into the ring, place the birds on the earth, holding them by their tails. The fighters strain to get at one another. Yes, they are in fighting shape. Now they are taken up and held

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Tropic Isles
Desert Oases
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All summer — All day
All spring — All night
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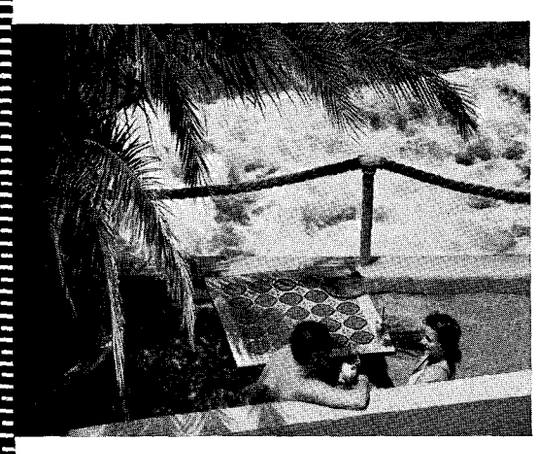

WHAT makes Southern California fun to visit isn't just interesting people doing interesting things. It's where they do them, and when, and how, and why...plus the languorous sun, lazy Pacific, whiffs of orange blossoms, snowy peaks, movie studios, the excitement of Santa Anita, the desert's mystery...

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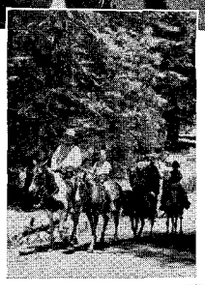

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SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

within a foot's distance. They peck viciously, then the referee calls, "Pit your birds!"

Each bird is dropped to earth, the handlers leap over the rail. The Red Cavalier, his crimson feathers sparkling in the sunlight, runs forward. The Gray Shawlneck—his eyes flashing venom—shuffles, estimates his distance, leaps into the air, his hackles widespread, gaffs gleaming like miniature bayonets.

The Red ducks, wheels, throws up dust, turns on the Gray, now landing at the far side of the pit. The Gray makes an about-face. Again they face each other, but a score of feet apart. For an instant they shuffle. The Gray leaps forward, the Red advances, jumps into the air, pulls in his head, and with both feet drawn back whirrs over the Gray. Again you see the flash of steel spurs. The Gray rolls over as the Red lands on the other side, rolls over, leaps to his feet, turns, faces the Red.

"Señor! I give you three to one that the Gray is beaten!" A native pounds your back and offers these enticing odds. The Gray was knocked down—got up—is carrying the fight to the Red. You like to see a fighter get up and unleash his wallops—you finger your money. . . . *Don't make the bet!*

Your eyes may not be trained to see the fine points of this sport. The native's are. As the Red whirred over the Gray, he saw those murderous spurs uncoil with tremendous force, pierce with lightning thrusts into the Gray's body. Now the Gray is wobbling . . . the Red leaps straight at him . . . both feet shoot forward like needle-pointed pistons . . . the Gray is down, is rolling over . . . the Red is on top of him, savagely jabbing into his breast . . . the Gray's head flops against the earth—he is still. The Red jabs a spur into the prone body once more, steps up on him, raise his beak, crows lustily.

Down in Jamaica you find no *jai alai*, no cockfighting, for the island is more British than a Trollope novel. But if you wish daring, native sport, journey by motor to Whitehall in midwest Jamaica, a hundred miles from Kingston. Then follow a narrow red trail which winds into the Land of Look Behind. (It is so marked on large-scale maps.) Trail's end is at a string of wattle huts necklaced around a bald mountain. This is Accompong, Kingdom of the Maroons, where wild-boar hunting is prime sport.

These Maroons are descendants of African slaves who fled their Spanish masters, and mated with Indian natives. Later, giving much trouble to

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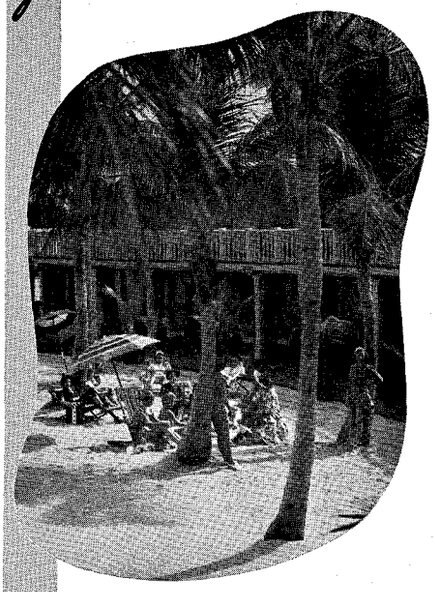

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British settlers, they were granted this mountain fastness tax-free, on condition they behave and govern themselves. They have done both for a century.

A *conquistador,* Don Alonzo Enriquez de Guzman, wrote of finding here a breed of wild boar, ". . . somewhat smaller than those in Castile, having navels on their backs. I say this because I have seen them; for I shall tell no lies, because I must give an account to God of what you may here read."

These mountain boars now are normal, but ferocious, and have the habit of ravaging outlying crops at night. The Maroons wage constant warfare against them, making dangerous sport of a defensive measure. Colonel Henry A. Rowe, a black Maroon chieftain who daily reads Shakespeare, will welcome you when you come lusting for combat with these beasts.

It wouldn't be a Maroon boar hunt without the Maroon army, so the entire garrison (about twenty barefoot men) will sally forth with you, armed with ancient firing pieces. (You will carry a modern shotgun.)

You will leave before dawn, having as an objective Broadleaf Water, a mountain spring about twenty miles distant by jungle trail.

When the dogs start baying, you are all eagerness for the kill, but your guides know their pigs. A hillside clearing lies ahead—you wish to push through. But you are stopped in a clump of undergrowth. "Wait here," the Chief says succinctly.

So you take your gun and stand at the clearing's edge.

"Look!"

A black hand points across the opening. You see a growth of saplings—they are shaking crazily, as though a drunken man were barging through. It is the boar. You glimpse his grayish-black body as he leaps a fallen trunk, dives into tall grass. He has scented your party and is looking for trouble. You see his back as he plunges through the grass—he is rushing toward you.

For a split second you are fascinated by the fierceness of his rush, the power in those short legs throwing the huge body forward. A Maroon shouts:

"Shoot—shoot!"

You take aim. Fire.

The beast leaps upward, emits a mighty snort, now plunges wildly at you—as though blinded. You fire again. The boar staggers to his knees, squeals terribly, then stumbles and rolls over within a few yards of you. He kicks once—twice—and is still.

Perhaps another boar is raised and

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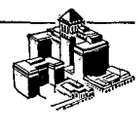

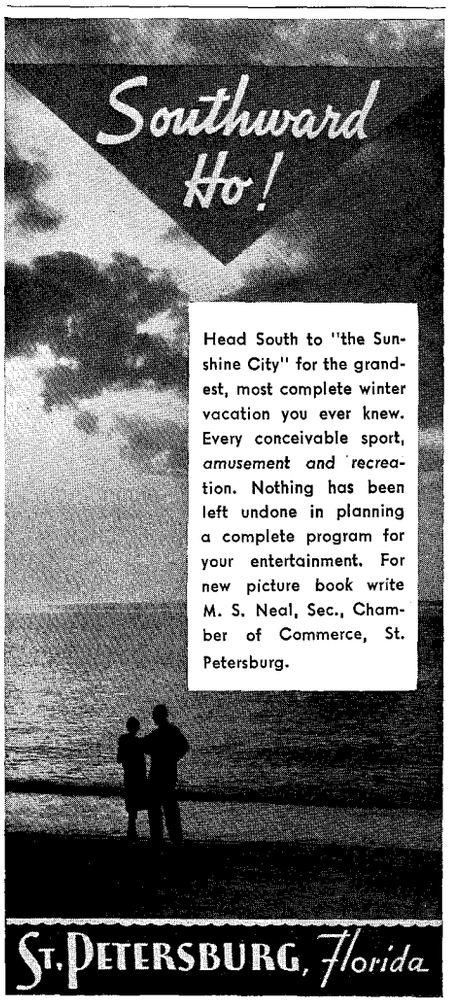
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shot soon afterward. And if a third, then your hunt is a great success. After the game is cleaned, the feet of each boar are tied over a sapling especially cut, then swung between two men, and the homeward march begins.

By and by you reach the wattle huts of Accompong. Almost a thousand people (the entire kingdom) are on the mountaintop, waiting to acclaim you. Gentle folk in Port Antonio and Spanish Town, Montego Bay and Falmouth will be discussing over high tea the acts of Edward the Abdicator. But here in Accompong, as the moon rides high, you will dance the Boar's Head Dance, and Maroon damsels will serve rum drinks from gourd dippers to the mesmeric rhythm of drum beats.

Of course, if *jai alai,* cockfighting, and boar hunting are too strenuous, you may always play a vigorous game of ping-pong on the club veranda. But if you go down the pirate trail, why not have a taste of the ancient sports?

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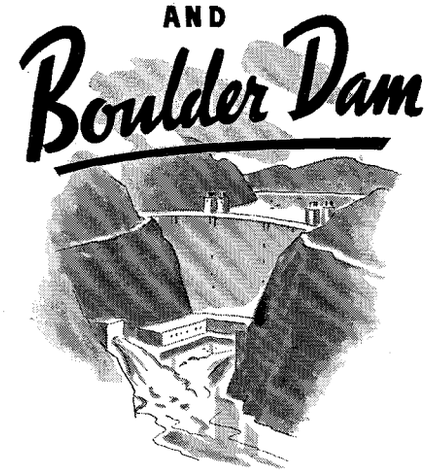

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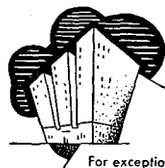

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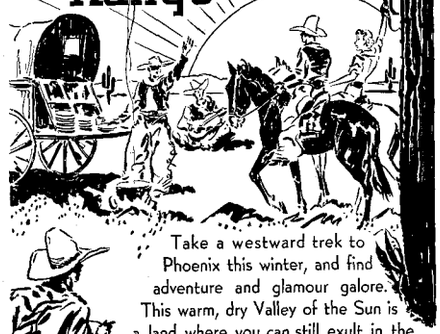

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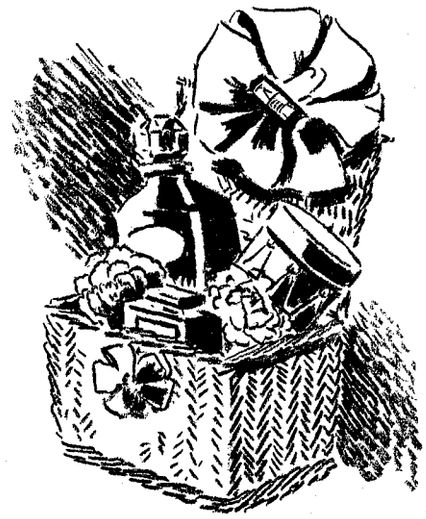
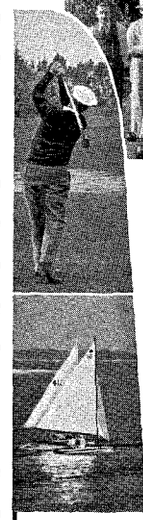
Park & Tilford's Cocktail Baskets are another first-rate idea. There's no liquor in them, but there's everything else that companions it. The de luxe basket boasts a full-size shaker, a combination bar spoon, jigger, and bottle opener; recipes by Oscar of the Waldorf; fresh lemons, limes, and oranges; bitters, grenadine, cube sugar, maraschino cherries, green-mint cherries, and pitted olives. Appetizers range from *pâté de foie gras* to jars of lobster paste and deviled ham, as well as such favorites as smoked-turkey paste, Norwegian bristlings, caviar, salted nuts, pretzels, etc., $15. Less elaborate baskets on the same idea begin at $7.50.

*

Quite new in leathers is a Viennese pigskin dyed a warm, rich reddish-brown, like the gingerbread men one sees in confectioners' windows on the Continent. The uniqueness of the color, and its adaptability to costumes of various hues, as well as black, make it an excellent choice in gifts for the traveler. Mark Cross has the first gingerbread pigskin ever brought to America. The bag sketched has not only unusual distinction of design, but is thoroughly practical for travel. In the curve of the top lies a concealed handle—not a floppy



one, but a leather-covered handle built on flexible steel which keeps it flatly hidden when not wanted, yet ready to spring up for use. Open the bag, and you'll find a gusseted zipper pocket, another of the envelope type for jewels, and a convenient open one for hastily accumulated papers. Change purse and leather-covered mirror are stitched in white like the bag itself, and there's plenty of room besides for all those things that pile up willy-nilly in handbags. The square vanity and the gloves



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Particularly at Christmas-time, The Salvation Army endeavors to give that "little more" which makes the difference in the celebration of the festive season. Last Christmas 557,053 dinners were given to needy poor, and in addition 299,536 children were made happy with toys and warm clothing.

REMEMBER

The Salvation Army in your Christmas benevolences and

REMEMBER

The Salvation Army in your will.

Make Checks Payable to The Salvation Army and Send to
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EDWARD J. PARKER
National Secretary
122 West 14th Street, New York City

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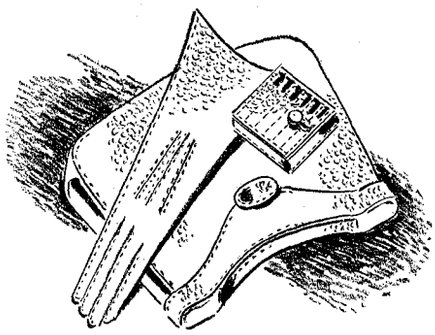
are of matching leather, and similarly stitched. Bag, $38.50; gloves, $3.95; vanity case, $5. . . . Bill folds, cigarette cases, key rings, passport cases, as well as luggage, may all be had in this same leather. . . . The key rings make a very amusing little gift, with their sturdy leather ends ornamented by colored animals in relief. There's room enough too, on the reverse side of these leather squares or disks, to have the owner's name stamped, and some such all-purpose address as the American Express. Key rings begin at $1. . . . In men's things you'll find almost anything you can think of that's appropriate in



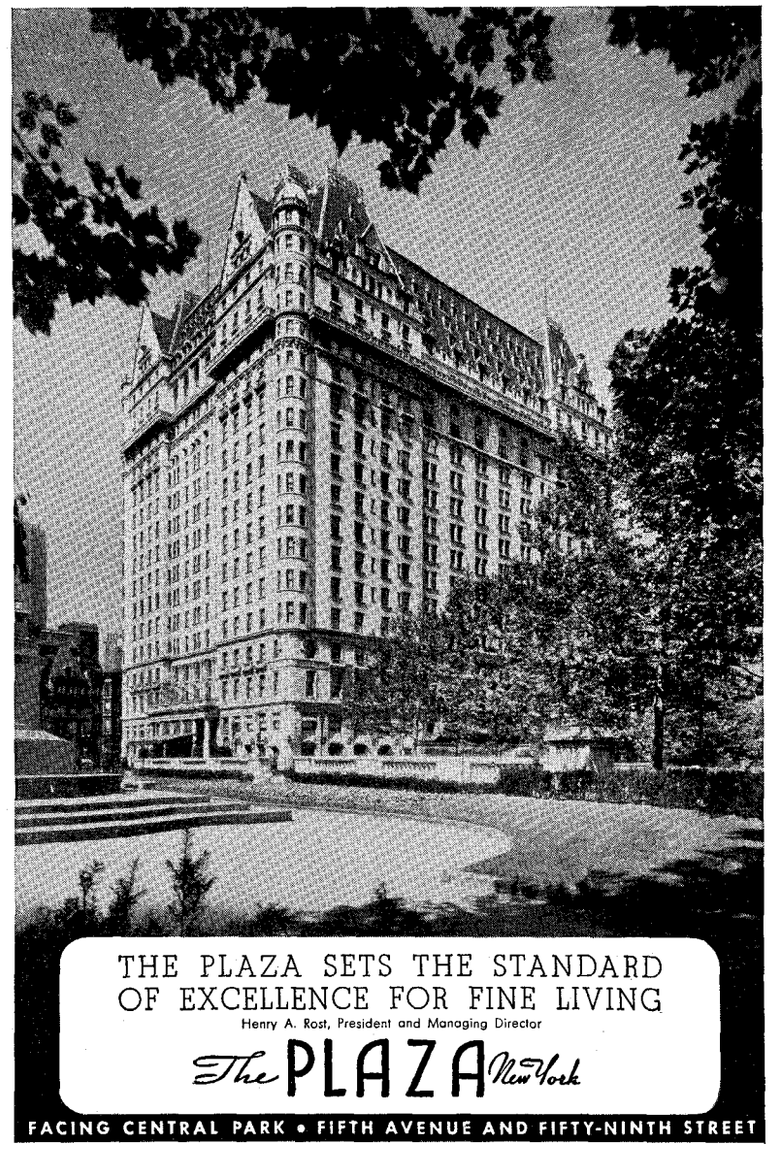
leather, beginning with a comb and steel file in a gingerbread pig case at $1.25.

For the traveler intent upon watching his weight, there is a featherweight scale, neatly made to fit into a zipper leather case. With cowhide case, $11.50. Another Mark Cross idea.

*

Parfum Charbert have made charming capital of the bon-voyage-hamper idea. Panniers holding perfume, eau de cologne, and a drumstick lipstick may be had in the four outstanding Chabert scents — *Of Thee I Sing, Gardenia, Drumbeat,* and *Carnation.* De Luxe size sketched, $27.50; the small pannier, just as attractively done up, $5.

A silver thimble-size cowbell is Elizabeth Hawes' latest contribution to travel ease. It is guaranteed to catch the ear of the most preoccupied waiter, and is said to work equally well under all contingencies of language. $3.50. . . . Lenci has designed a romantic picture frame, perfect for the young thing who must travel from her love. It's a window in a gabled peasant cottage; each shutter (and the shutters work) bears a single heart design, while on the sill stands a row of delightfully colored tiny flower pots. At Saks Fifth Avenue, $2.95. . . . For the miniature-camera fan, Zeiss has a new inexpensive magnifier, the Visolett. Just the thing for making objects in small prints stand out in relief, $2.75 and up. —K. K.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OF EXCELLENCE FOR FINE LIVING
Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director
The PLAZA New York
FACING CENTRAL PARK • FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1st, 1937

State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK

Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared HARLAN LOGAN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the EDITOR-PUBLISHER of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

PUBLISHER: Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
EDITOR: Harlan Logan, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
MANAGING EDITOR: Jo Chamberlin, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
BUSINESS MANAGER: Harlan Logan, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Charles Scribner's Sons	597 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Charles Scribner	597 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
E. T. S Lord	597 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
. . . . None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of Sept., 1937.

PERCIVAL A. BEDFORD, Notary Public, Queens Co.
(SEAL)

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)

Clerk's No. 95, Register's No. 4218
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co.
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 127
Register's No. 9-B-155

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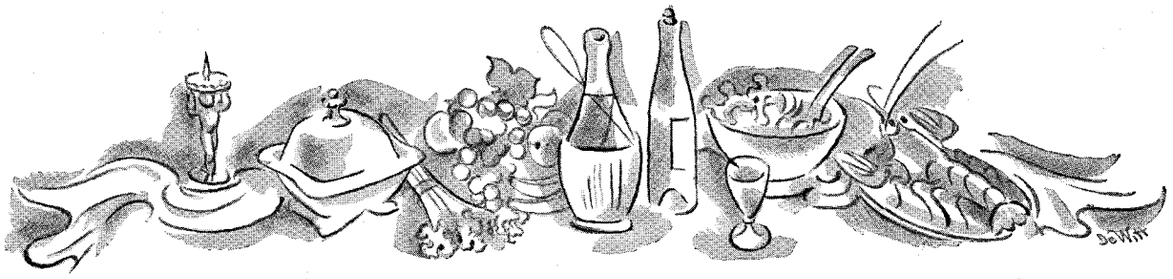


Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

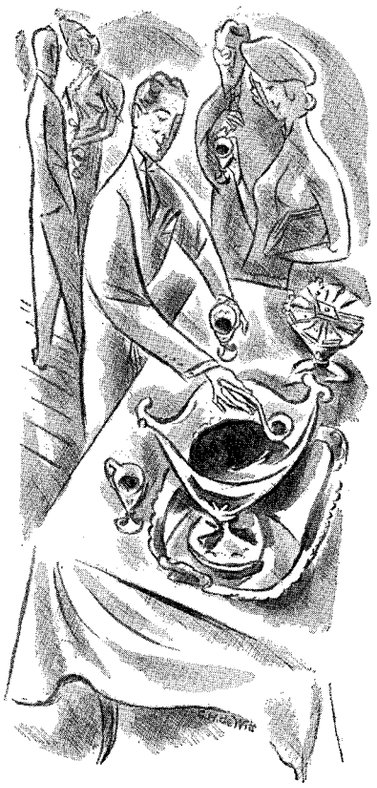
If any evidence is required of the interest in good living which is sweeping the country, a glance at the mail received by this department since its first appearance in the September issue will quickly supply the answer.

The magazine had hardly been on the newsstands a week when questions began to flow in, regarding special menus for festive occasions, advice in the selection of wines and other beverages, and recipes for mixed drinks of many types.

Some of our readers are quite impatient and want to receive by return mail all of the recipes to which casual reference was made in our first article, despite the announcement made at the time that these recipes would appear in due course in the magazine.

There is, in particular, a gentleman in Augusta, Georgia, who is highly indignant because he has not yet received a recipe for sauerkraut cooked in the Alsatian style. Unfortunately, the business of sending out individual copies of recipes scheduled to appear eventually in this department would reach altogether too vast proportions were we to attempt it. However, before we get at the real concern of the moment—that is, new suggestions for Christmastide festivities—let us appease our Georgia friend's wrath and thank him for his interest by presenting right here and now the sauerkraut recipe which, incidentally, has been requested by several other readers.

Here, then, is the best method of preparing sauerkraut ever to come to our attention. This is the manner in which it was cooked at a luncheon given in our honor in April of this year by Frederick Boeckel, President of the Syndicate of Alsatian Winegrowers, at his home in Mittelbergheim, amid the vine-clad hills surrounding the city of Strasbourg.



There were several other courses, not omitting the *pâté de foie gras* for which Strasbourg is universally famous. But the main dish was the sauerkraut, served in a huge dish surrounded with thin slices of ham, pork, and Strasbourg sausages.

Your true Alsatian wants no store-bought sauerkraut. He makes it himself in the fall and nurses it along for weeks before it is ready to be served. This is a refinement which we cannot seek to emulate, and it is advisable, therefore, after you have purchased your sauerkraut, to set it to soak in cold water for a few hours, after which it should be drained and all of the water pressed out.

When the time comes to prepare the dish, season your kraut with salt and pepper and braise it over a slow fire in a pan lined with slices of bacon. Now add a small bunch of aromatic herbs made up of 8/10 of an ounce of parsley stalks and roots, 1/10 of an ounce of bay leaves, and 1/10 of an ounce of thyme all well tied together. Having placed this in the midst of your sauerkraut, add 3 carrots cut in quarters, 3 medium-sized onions each stuffed with a clove, 3 ounces of juniper berries, and ½ ounce of peppercorns enclosed in a small canvas bag. Finally, add 6 ounces of goose drippings, or lard, and one pound of pork, which should be withdrawn after one hour's cooking.

At this stage moisten, enough to cover the kraut, with a small quantity of broth, preferably chicken; top it all with slices of bacon, and then cook in the oven for five hours with the lid on.

At the time of serving, withdraw the carrots, onions, juniper berries, and peppercorns. Drain well and serve on dish surrounded with ham, pork, and sausages.

Next in importance in the SCRIBNER mail is the old question in regard to the propriety and advisability of serving, before a good dinner, a cocktail made with potent spirits—gin, whiskey, or rum—as a base. A definite statement is wanted as to whether or not one of these potent cocktails will spoil the appetite, and in that case do we recommend sherry?

The answer is: No, we do not—meaning by that, we do not recommend sherry as a substitute for the great American cocktail.

Sherry is a magnificent wine and for years we have prided ourselves on our ability to appreciate it. We are particularly partial to sherry; before the meal, after a meal, and at any other hour of the day. But fond of it as we are, our partiality does not reach the point

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HERE'S TO A GOOD OLD FASHIONED HOLIDAY

—and a gallant bowl of Egg Nog, based on this time-honored formula:

1 doz. eggs, 2 qts. rich milk, 1 bottle MYERS'S Jamaica Rum, sugar and grated nutmeg. Separate egg whites and yolks. Beat whites, add 1 cup sugar, stirring thoroughly. Beat yolks, add milk, stir in RUM and slowly pour egg whites into the bowl, stirring slowly. Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top. Place in ice box to chill.
Recipe for 12 people.

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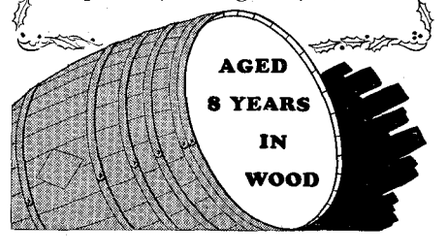
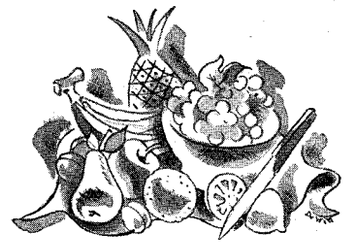


Mr. Fougner Recommends:



CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

(Recipe supplied by Joseph Donon, one of the best-known chefs in America.)

½ pound salt pork, chopped fine
½ pound seeded raisins
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
½ teaspoon soda
½ pound currants
½ pound figs, chopped fine
2 ounces citron, chopped fine
¼ cup brandy
1¼ cups flour, well browned

Reserve some flour to dredge fruit, put remainder in shallow pan and brown in oven, being careful not to let it burn; then let it get cool.

Put pork through chopper, dredge fruits with flour, and mix browned flour with soda. Mix sugar, pork, molasses, and brandy together; add flour and fruit last, stirring slowly.

Bake in a buttered deep dish in a moderate oven.

Turn it out on a platter, pour over it some hot brandy, light and let burn.

THE PENDENNIS CLUB

(The best of all Christmas eggnogs.)

To yolks of 18 eggs use 3 pints of the best Bourbon whiskey—3 quarts of heavy cream and about 1½ pints of granulated sugar with a grating of nutmeg.

First, if the eggnog is to be served at four or a little later, put the whiskey and sugar together at nine in the morning, and let it stand for three hours.

Have ready the yolks beaten to a light froth, drop the eggs a little at a time, stirring constantly to keep from curdling—when it is perfectly smooth, cover the bowl again and let stand for two and one-half hours (this cooks the eggs thoroughly).

Have ready the cream, whipped well, and add it to the whiskey and egg. Pack the bowl in ice for an hour or more and it is ready to serve.

Never use the whites of the eggs. The mixing is the main thing—if not strong enough, you can add more whiskey after it is mixed.

The above will serve between thirty and forty persons.

For Expert Advice

SCRIBNER'S SUGGESTS

. . . that you write to G. Selmer Fougner for assistance in planning a simple or elaborate dinner . . . a new drink . . . an unusual salad . . . an after-theater supper.

Mr. Fougner, conductor of the department "Wines, Spirits and Good Living," is particularly interested in being of assistance to men who like to entertain and who take pride in their table. Recipes and dishes from all corners of the world are his specialty. If you would make your party or dinner an extraordinary occasion, drop a line to —

G. SELMER FOUGNER
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue, New York

where we concede to sherry any greater appetite-promoting qualities than those of a good cocktail.

Too many cocktails will, beyond a doubt, wreak havoc with the prospective diner's ability to appreciate and enjoy the food to follow. But so will too many glasses of sherry.

Mind you, we said a "good cocktail!" For among the three thousand-odd cocktails for which recipes have been launched since repeal, there are, to our way of thinking, less than twenty-five which may be termed good cocktails, and less than ten which may be considered stimulating appetizers. But there are bad sherries too.

But enough of all this. In a later installment of this series, we shall discuss in greater detail the American cocktail.

The year-end holiday season is at hand and all of our remaining space must be devoted to timely recipes for filling the flowing bowl at the approaching Christmastide. Of punches and bowls suitable to these festive occasions we hold recipes galore, but the best of all is a Christmas Bowl, the recipe for which was given to us some time ago by a good friend, Kendall Banning. He tells us that it came down to him from his mother who, in turn, received it from her parents.

The happy incident of its conception by Calvin Banning, Esquire, of Pleasant Valley, Connecticut, sometime Colonel of the Continental Army, together with the recipe for its compounding, is presented here as transcribed by his great-great-grandson, Kendall Banning.

On one memorable occasion the squire, in the course of his journeyings in France, was overtaken by a storm of most unusual violence that raged throughout the Valley of the Guiers Mort, in December of the year 1781. By dint of persuasion, administered in the form of lusty quaffs from his own flask, the squire prevailed upon the coachman to urge forward his horses to the historic monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, within whose ancient walls the party planned a lodging for the night, but where the inclemency of the weather ordained they were to be happily ensconced for nigh unto a fortnight.

There was the squire made welcome by the good brothers of the Carthusian

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order, who, coming Yuletide, bade their guest prepare a toddy with which fittingly to toast the season in the great hall, where the ceremony had been observed for some seven centuries. Whereupon, the squire, as was his wont at Fairfield Manor, compounded his famous Christmas Bowl, a manner of punch, whereto he added, in honor to his hosts, a most strange and delectable liqueur, which the good monks themselves had made after a secret process for many years. So fragrant was the taste of this precious fluid which is distilled from the flowers and herbs of the fields, and so luscious the champagne to which it was added as a flavor, that the resultant compound was, as the venerable Brother Hoggson observed, "a veritable nectar in which is concentrated the aroma of the blossoms of spring and the laughter of the peasant maids of France."

So delectable was this festal cup that each year thereafter, in token of esteem, the brothers sent to the squire a goodly flagon of their product, a taste of which was ever after added to the Christmas Bowl with which the squire regaled his friends to lure back again the beauty and the happiness of youth.

CHRISTMAS BOWL

Into a large bowl place the slices of one orange and of one lemon. Upon this fruit, pour a small wine glass of a rich, golden liqueur known as Chartreuse, and over this throw a handful of sugar —more or less, to please the taste.

Then put the bowl in a cool place till these ingredients become well mingled, perhaps in the course of an hour.

Then, over this sweetening, pour a quart of good red claret, and still another quart of champagne, the bottle of which should be opened at the last moment in order to retain, so long as may be, the sparkle and the aroma that make this wine so justly famous.

And, at the last, place in the center of the bowl a large cake of ice, in order that the punch may be chilled and kept cold and refreshing to the palate.

This quantity should serve the needs of four wise people, although if the evening be long, this bowl may be consumed by three without cause for distress, so harmoniously are the ingredients blended.

THE ARCHBISHOP

Of all cups, those having wine for their basis require the greatest care in their preparation. The following recipe, tried out on a wintry night of the Christmas week in faraway Norway, proved particularly delightful. Seated before a huge fireplace in which six-foot logs, standing upright, were burning, the guests were served a marvelous concoction called, The Archbishop.

Take a good-sized orange, stick it full of cloves and roast it before the fire, or in a warm oven. When the orange has acquired a good brown color, cut it into quarters and take out the pips. Then put it into a saucepan and pour over it a bottle of claret. Add sugar to taste; let it simmer for fifteen minutes and then strain and serve, piping hot.

THE FLAMING BOWL

If it be true that wine cups "improve social intercourse, found friendships, and represent the symbol of true brotherhood," the Flaming Bowl, for which the recipe follows, might well have prompted that saying. The memory still lingers of a New Year's Eve party in a country home in England where it was served, never to be forgotten.

Brew one quart of strong tea; strain carefully and pour into an earthen or heatproof bowl. Add two bottles of red wine and the juice of one lemon and one orange, and heat thoroughly.

Now place the bowl on a serving board and wreathe it with pine, mistletoe, and holly. Two small iron bars—in the absence of which plain pokers or a pair of fire tongs will do—are laid across the top of the bowl to support a large two-pound loaf of sugar.

Soak the sugar with old Jamaica rum, set it afire, and carry the bowl, all aflame, to the festive table. The remainder of the bottle of rum should now be poured slowly over the melting sugar. The alcohol fades away in the blue flame; and amid a great glow of inward and outward cheer you may:

Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality——

Mr. Fougner, well-known authority on foods, wines, and liquors, will be happy to offer suggestions in the planning of dinners, parties, and special occasions. Write him, explaining your needs, in care of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, *597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

After Dinner

enjoy coffee and conversation with

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SCRIBNER'S

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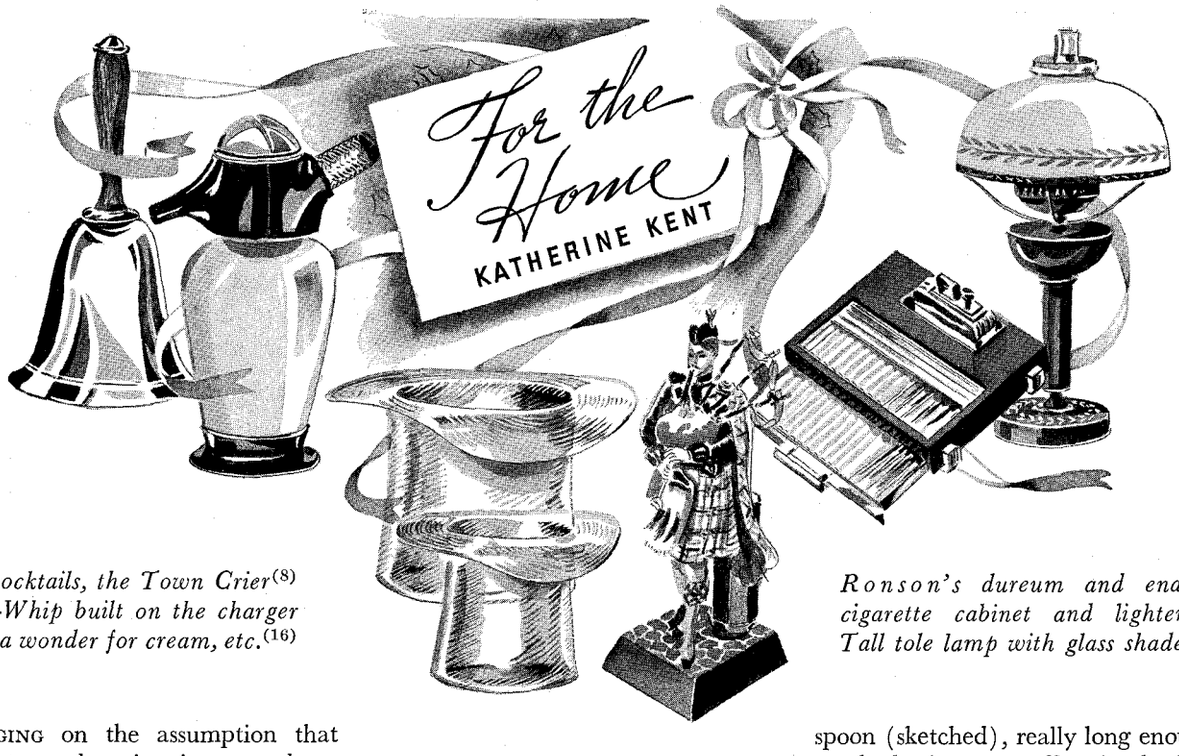
For the Home

KATHERINE KENT



For cocktails, the Town Crier(8) *—Nu-Whip built on the charger idea, a wonder for cream, etc.*(16)

Glass high hats for nuts, popcorn, or what you will(9)*—Scotch table lighter from abroad*(17)

Ronson's dureum and enamel cigarette cabinet and lighter(18) *Tall tole lamp with glass shade*(19)

PLUNGING on the assumption that Christmas shopping is never done, despite the lures the shops have been setting this month and more, I'm turning over to you, without further rubric, all of my shopping notes that this column will hold.

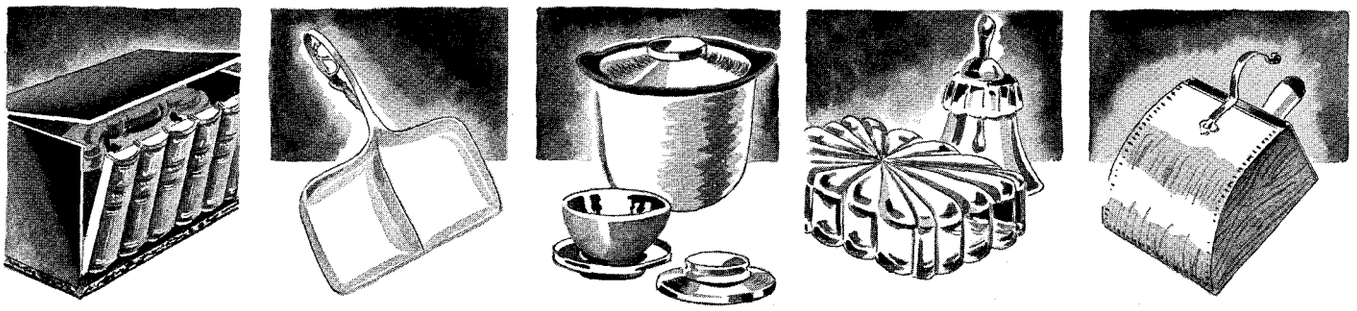
In serving ware, tarnish-proof metals decidedly to the fore, in fine, rich finishes and really excellent designs, entirely different from the prosaic things turned out in the name of practicability some seasons ago . . . pre-eminent among these are argental, Danish silver, and aluminum, all solid metals and not plated-ware.

In aluminum, Russel Wright[1] again scores tops . . . among the new gems from this one-man-school-of-design: Ramekins (sketched) or rust pottery (for individual oven dishes or for soup) with spun-aluminum-and-maple covers that become saucers as the serving is set, about $1.30 each . . . tureen-type casserole (sketched) for chowder, soups, or baked beans, in matching oven-proof ware, $3.70 . . . or, for creamed dishes, a shallow casserole with spun-aluminum-and-maple cover with matching tray, about $6. . . . For the little gift that must be perfect of its kind, see the new jam jar of reed-trimmed, white earthenware with spun-aluminum-and-maple cover, a great big handle, and a spoon long enough never to slip out of finger grasp, $2.70. . . . Quaint, yet modern as its spun-metal-and-wood cover and tray, is a squat little mustard set of rust pottery, all for $1.70!

Quite Scandinavian in design, and like hammered silver in finish there's argental,[2] produced in our own country by the Metalcraft Guild . . . an excellent gift in this metal, and not likely to be a repeater, is the huge fish platter with broiling plank (sketched) at $17.50 . . . so, also, the handsome turkey-dressing spoon (sketched), really long enough to reach the inmost stuffing in the largest bird, $4. . . . In the same tradition are pyrex-lined casseroles and ramekins, salad plates, and almost every conceivable piece for serving. . . . Simple in line, and really quite stunning are two other types of fine craft pieces created by the Metalcraft Guild: Nordane Bronze,[3] designed by Carl Sorenson, whose method of oxidizing into this metal is comparable to ancient bronze . . . and the other achievement is enamel on copper[3] used on such pieces as ash trays, candy boxes, bowls, and plates. . . . Many of the last are one-of-a-kind creations. . . . In Danish Silver[4] (made in this country by The Danish Silversmith), a number of excellent small pieces of lovely workmanship and charming design. . . . For example, the small two-compartment serving dish (sketched) —just right for salted nuts and mints, or as a relish server, $7.50.

Gifts of unusual character created for the home that mirrors fastidious taste: In leather, a telephone hideaway[5] designed to look simply like a row of six calf-bound books, tooled in gold. A touch of the finger opens the case, re-

NOTE: Shops carrying the articles mentioned in this column, and also those illustrated, are listed on page 98 under the number-symbol used in the text and with the sketches.



Telephone hideaway (5) *Danish silver* (4) *By Russel Wright* (1) *Baroque crystal* (7) *Roll scoop* (11)

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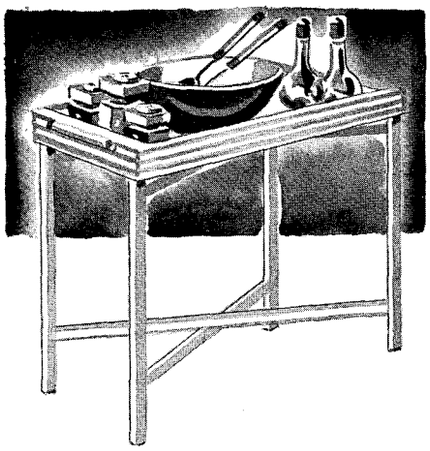
vealing the telephone resting on its velvet seat, within walls of deep-hued silk, $19.75. . . . From the same artist in leather, a House Date Book,[5] a sort of house and hearth diary. The pages carry only the month and number of the day, leaving it to the book's keeper to write in the year. Hence each page reveals successively, on its lines, the events of that month and day, year after year, $7.75. . . . For the fireplace, a new idea out of gone-by days—coal boxes[6] of the decorous mid-eighteen hundreds, with their original painted designs faithfully restored. All one-of-a-kind pieces, of course—as grand to hold Sunday newspapers, or for logs, as they are for their original use of coal, $65. . . . Delicate and charming as a winter-bound pool, is the all-crystal baroque tea-bell[7] (sketched), $7.50. . . . For the modern fireplace, andirons of chromium and

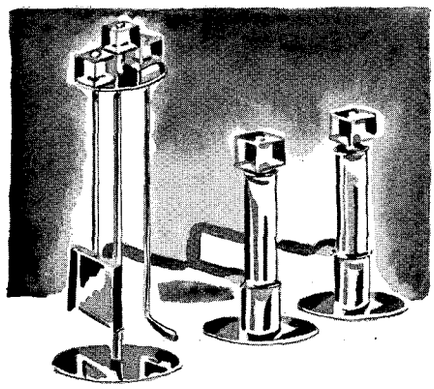


The Saladmaster—Birch with gay painted accessories(20)

crystal in cylindrical, round, or in flat-surfaced designs, with matching fireplace tools.[7] The set sketched, $10.95 for the andirons, and the same sum for the accessory set.

Glad tidings for the bar: The Town Crier[8] (sketched), that looks at first glance like the old country dinner bell, is really a first-rate shaker, strainer and all. With ice in, it rings a merry call, $10. . . . High hats[9] of spiral-striped glass, a great big one for popcorn or potato chips, a midget one for peanuts or what you like, $9.50 and $2.75 respectively (both sketched). . . . Slightly baudy, but well enough done to be amusing, and make gaiety (stag) gayer are the "Little Nudist" glasses[10] that come in a wide variety of decoration, and in every beverage size. Better seen than described. Highball size, $1 each.

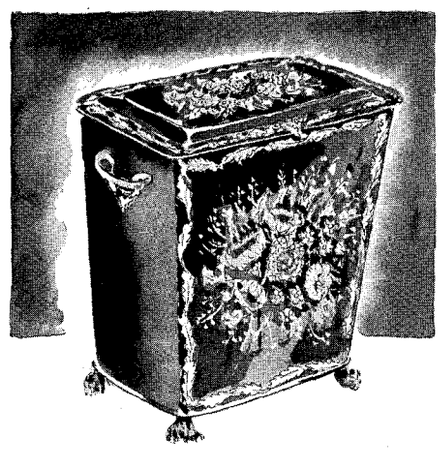
Out of the Carolina mountains, charming hand-fashioned things of wood and metal[11] to endear the giver: A scoop for hot rolls, fashioned after the sugar scoops



In crystal and chromium(7)

of early days, in maple and copper with grooved base to prevent steaming, $3.25. . . . Maple-handled, wrought-iron fireplace accessories for the Colonial room. Hearth Broom, $2.50; Toasting Fork, $1.30; Broiling Rod, $1.20. . . . A guest book bound between polished-wood covers bearing a quaint old tavern legend, $1. . . . Miniature bucket (sketched) filled with Fire-Glo to make radiant the Yule Log fire, $2.50. . . . A splint-wood basket[12] to hang by the fireplace, stocked with fifty gayly wrapped packages each filled with Fire-Glo, $3.85. . . . From the Shenandoah Community Workers, miniature cradles[13] fashioned after those that rocked the Founding Fathers, filled with fifty resinous pine faggots to spice the smokiest flames, $3.75. . . . And from some unidentified spot where East meets West comes a simple roughish fabric bag,[14] adorned with a huge brown-taffeta bow, and filled with sandalwood chips to bring that final magic aura of the Holy East upon the hearth, $5. . . . Finally a gift from our own Virgin Islands—saddle blankets,[15] indigenous to these isles—big-looped, shaggy cotton affairs, very smart, very new for mainland bath-mats. Dubonnet, yellow, green, and natural, $7.50 and up.

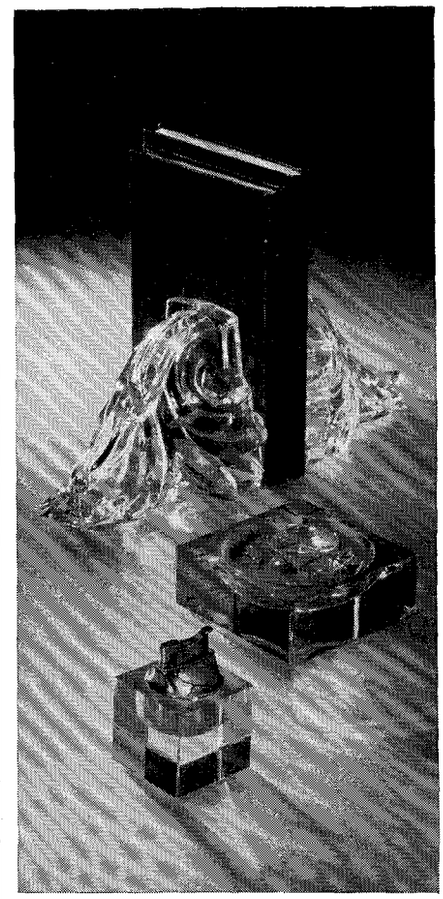
Gadgets everywhere, but here's the latest and brightest one that's bound to



Antique coal box(6)

CLEAR

Give-Aways



They're gifts you won't see all over town. They have an opulent air that makes you think they cost much more. Those leaf book ends, for instance, are about as happy a way of saying "Merry Christmas" as you'll find. Of pressed glass, they're modern enough for stream-lined tastes, perfect for 18th Century addicts, and inexpensive enough for every one at $3.95 a pair. The ash tray and companion lighter are clean, sweeping squares of crystal specially priced for the set at $10. Mail orders invited. *Street Floor*

W & J

Sloane

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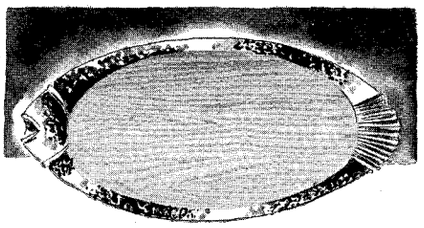


Fish platter of argental(2)

capture the heart of every gadget-lover: *Nu-Whip*,[16] an innocent enough looking shaker-type vessel with a small-size charger and a dispenser nozzle at its head, like those of its big brother, the Sparklet. No, not another water-charger, nor another would-be champagne-maker. Nu-Whip simply whips cream, eggs, and everything of that sort. Put in a *half-pint* of cream, let's say, give it the charge, and presto—you have a *pint and a half* or more of whipped cream. It does an equally efficient job with eggs, or just the whites, insuring superb sponge and angel-food cake. A first-rate gift for the bachelor kitchenette as well as for the regular household. Takes up scarcely any space and does a splendid job, $6.95.

*Limitation of space makes it impossible to list all the shops where all the articles mentioned can be purchased. Those marked with a star have a good nation-wide distribution. Miss Kent will be glad to help you locate the shop nearest your home.

All prices names are *list prices*. We can assume no responsibility for the variations from these made by the individual shops.

*[1] Russel Wright ware carried by: *New York City*, Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer; *Chicago*, Marshall Field; *Cleveland*, Halle Bros.; *Pittsburgh*, J. Horne; *Cincinnati*, Shillito; *Denver*, Neustadter; *Memphis*, Broadnax; *Los Angeles*, Bullock's Wilshire; *San Francisco*, Roos Bros., The White House; *Wash., D. C.*, Woodward & Lothrop.

*[2] *Boston*, R. H. Stearns; *Chicago*, C. D. Peacock, Marshall Field; *Cincinnati*, F. Herschede; *Denver*, Neustadter; *N. Y. C.*, Ovington's; *Los Angeles*, Bullock's Wilshire; *St. Louis*, Hess & Culbertson; *Wash., D. C.*, J. Garfinckel.

[3] *N. Y. C.*, Georg Jensen.

*[4] *Boston*, R. H. Stearns; *Chicago*, C. D. Peacock; *Cleveland*, Halle Bros.; *Cincinnati*, H. S. Pogue, Herschede; *Dallas*, Ada Walne; *Denver*, Boutell; *Detroit*, J. L. Hudson; *Minneapolis*, S. Jacobs; *N. Y. C.*, Ovington's; *San Francisco*, V. C. Morris; *St. Louis*, Hess & Culbertson, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney; *Phila.*, Wanamaker.

[5] *N. Y. C.*, Lewis & Conger.

[6] *Cleveland*, Palmer & Riley; *Chicago*, C. D. Peacock; *Columbus*, Rees; *Miami*, Moore; *N. Y. C.*, Rosenbach Galleries, Lord & Taylor, Olivette Falls; *Seattle*, Haze Mart.

[7] *N. Y. C.*, Hammacher Schlemmer.

*[8] *Cincinnati*, H. S. Pogue; *Chicago*, Von Lengerke & Antoine; *Dallas*, Nieman Marcus; *New Orleans*, Maison Blanc; *N. Y. C.*, Abercrombie & Fitch, W. & J. Sloane, Hammacher Schlemmer; *Phila.*, Wright, Tyndall & Van Roden; *Wash., D. C.*, Woodward & Lothrop, Jones, McDuffee & Stratton.

[9] *N. Y. C.*, W. & J. Sloane.

[10] *Cleveland*, Halle Bros.; *Chicago*, Mandel Bros.; *Los Angeles*, Barker Bros.; *N. Y. C.*, Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger.

*[11] Articles from the *Three Mountaineers: Baltimore*, Lycett; *Boston*, R. H. Stearns; *Los Angeles*, Bullock's Wilshire; *N. Y. C.*, Lewis & Conger; *Seattle*, The Bon Marche; *Wash., D. C.*, J. Garfinckel, Woodward & Lothrop.

[12] [13] *N. Y. C.*, Lewis & Conger.

[14] *N. Y. C.*, Lord & Taylor.

[15] *Boston*, Ruth Batchellor; *Chicago*, Marshall Field; *Minneapolis*, Eleanor Beard Shop; *New Orleans*, Katz & Besthoff; *N. Y. C.*, W. & J. Sloane; *Phila.*, Catherine F. Comly, Inc., Kitty McCoy Shop; *San Francisco*, City of Paris; *St. Louis*, Eva M. Hirsch; *West Palm Beach*, Worrell.

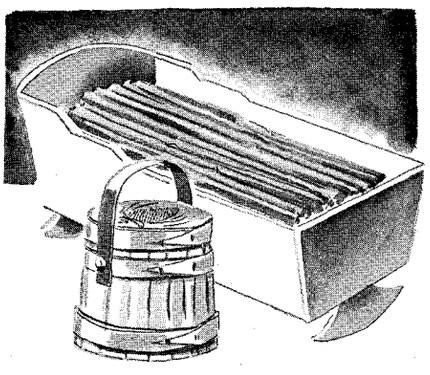
*[16] *Boston*, Jordan Marsh; *N. Y. C.*, Lewis & Conger; *Providence*, Shepard.

[17] *N. Y. C.*, Abercrombie & Fitch. Scotch Lighter, $10.

*[18] *Boston*, Jordan Marsh; *Chicago*, Von Lengerke & Antoine; *Cleveland*, R. Deutsch; *Detroit*, Sallann; *N. Y. C.*, Abercrombie & Fitch, Ovington's; *Phila.*, J. Middleton. Ronson Lighter, $30.

*[19] Tole Lamps designed by Herman Kashins: *Baltimore*, Hutzler; *Boston*, R. H. Stearns, R. H. White; *Cincinnati*, Shillito, H. S. Pogue; *Cleveland*, Higbee, Sterling & Walsh; *Chicago*, Marshall Field, John M. Smyth; *Dallas*, Nieman-Marcus; *Dayton*, Rike Kumler; *Los Angeles*, Barker Bros., Bullock's Wilshire; *Minneapolis*, Young-Quinlan; *N. Y. C.*, Altman, Lord & Taylor, W. & J. Sloane, Stern Bros.; *Orlando*, Yowell Drew; *Phila.*, Wanamaker, Strawbridge & Clothier; *Salt Lake City*, Dinwoody; *San Francisco*, W. & J. Sloane, City of Paris; *Wash., D. C.*, W. & J. Sloane. The lamp sketched is $15.50.

[20] *Chicago*, Marshall Field; *Cleveland*, Higbee; *Dayton*, Rike Kumler; *Los Angeles*, Barker Bros.; *N. Y. C.*, Sloane, Altman, Wanamaker; *Washington, D. C.*, Woodward & Lothrop. The *Saladmaster* complete is $19.



Faggots(13) *and Fire-Glo*(11) *for the Christmas hearth*

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Miller McClintock

(*continued from page* 13)

The rise of Dr. McClintock as a prophet of the new engineering is astonishing both to himself and the highway engineers whose works he finds it his unfortunate job to criticize. He never intended to become anything but a schoolteacher. It was his restless search for a subject that was alive which got him into trouble, and now he finds himself permanently in the pot.

He likes it. In addition to his Harvard work he has been, since 1933, director of the Traffic Audit Bureau, Inc., which is to the outdoor-advertising field what the Audit Bureau of Circulation is to newspapers and magazines. This organization delves into the daily movement of people and the pattern they make in trade, interpreting facts in trade potentials for certain spots or areas. From his records in this work Dr. McClintock can tell you what the traffic flow by streetcar, pedestrian, and automobile is at any location in more than 7000 cities and towns in the United States and Canada. It fascinates him because it finds out about people in terms of "market dynamics instead of market statics." "It interprets trade in terms of where people do things instead of where they sleep," he explains.

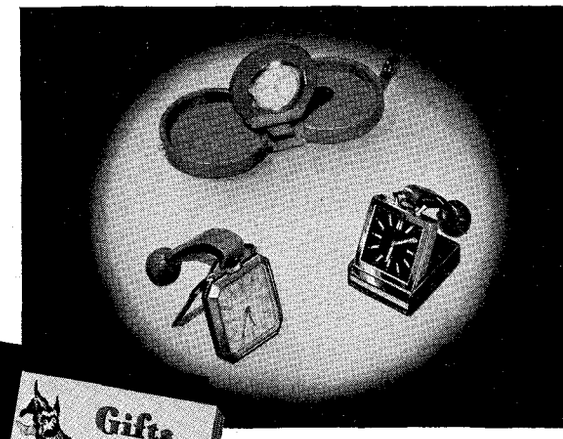
Nowadays, in his New York office, which overlooks the Grand Central Station automobile ramp, a pre-McClintock adaptation of the limited way, he speaks of automatic channelizers to guide cars around curves, infra-red lights to take control of the car when internal-stream friction is threatened, electric bumpers, radio devices for warning of intersectional friction, highway illumination turned on by the passing cars, and other gadgets which must come to the automotive world.

He divides his time between Harvard and New York, maintaining a residence at Scarsdale, N. Y., where Mrs. McClintock looks after two small sons, aged 10 and 8. His greatest interest, of course, is the annual class of twenty-eight which is graduated from the Harvard Bureau. All these men are engineers. They do not get degrees for their postgraduate work, but they all get jobs, immediately. The 1937 class is already at work, turning our cities into the topsy-turvy land of tomorrow. Their philosophy is expressed concisely by their director:

"We are not interested in planning city streets for less than an average speed of sixty miles an hour," he says. Oddly enough, it is just sixty-two miles from London to Canterbury.

★ ★ ★

HERE COMES CHRISTMAS



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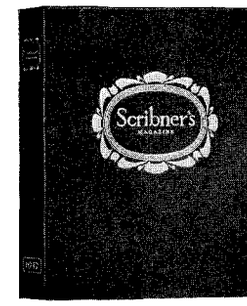

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Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page 77*)

1. A slow ten-year drop in consumption
2. Istanbul
3. A message urging Puerto Ricans to revolt
4. The Big Apple
5. Peiping
6. Capitol Limited (New York Central) [it is a B. & O. train]
7. Starch made from the cassava plant
8. Captain
9. Gelett Burgess
10. Four pennies side by side
11. Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*
12. Gently thaw it between your hands
13. Bobbs-Merrill
14. Jadwiga Jedrzejowska
15. Diaphragm
16. Germany's Minister of Propaganda
17. A republic
18. Appear in the rôle of a tramp
19. ROOSEVELT REDUCES NATIONAL DEBT
20. Microphones hidden in your office
21. The Texas Company
22. Millet
23. A lady named Clara Barton
24. 11 feet 4⅞ inches
25. *The Arts*
26. The angora-goat market
27. Director of U. S. Census of Jobless
28. The liner *Leviathan*
29. CHAR-nell [a burial place]
30. Motorcars [recently set a 200-mile record at 171.05 m.p.h.]
31. Oxford
32. Whiskey [$27,000,000 in 1936]
33. New kind of snake that interests him
34. Detroit Tigers
35. Harry Bridges
36. Name the points of the compass in order

37. Cardenas
38. Studying wild life on the mesa
39. Appoint young Soviets to high jobs
40. Chairman of the S.E.C. [Landis]
41. Transcontinental & Western Air
42. Sleeping sickness
43. Parted her towline and got lost
44. Broadcast four times weekly
45. Redeemable
46. "Seversky planes are known everywhere"
47. Doing something about "pirate" submarines in the Mediterranean
48. Indiana
49. Opened a tearoom in Berlin
50. 70 years [he is 68]

*

The correct answers to Section II of "The Scribner Quiz" (page 79) are:

1. Break the engagement
2. Write to Daphne "Adorable Lady, I'll give you half my author's profits if you'll pull down the shades"
3. Claim that he's rotten at bridge, refuse to play purely out of consideration for his partner
4. Arrange to take the boy out of his environment and pay for his supervision and training
5. Wind up his affairs, retire, let everybody go to blazes
6. Marry Joan
7. Borrow heavily and gamble on the play's success
8. Say he has been summoned home and postpone his conference
9. Discharge the girl without explanation, never reconsider the subject
10. Surreptitiously write his few important letters himself

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